This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

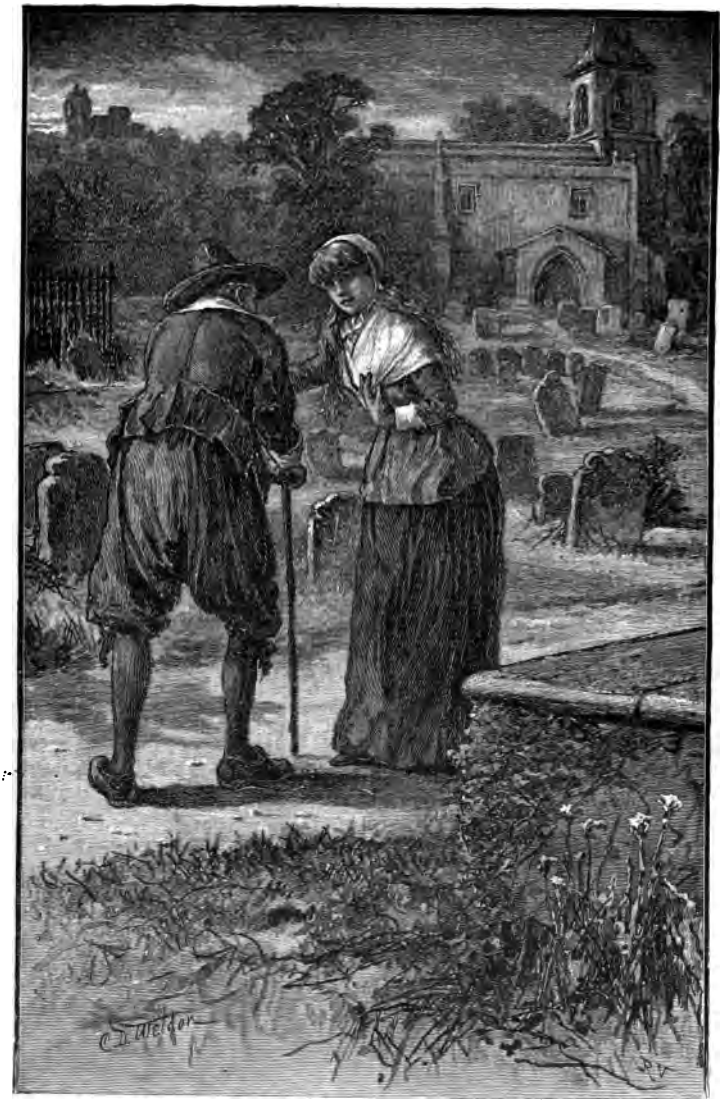
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06924130 9

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L



"Curfew must not ring to-night." (See page 209.)

BARNES' NEW NATIONAL READERS.

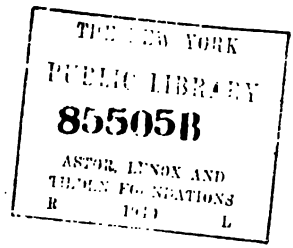
NEW

NATIONAL

FIFTH READER.

BOARD OF EDUCATION
New York City.
M. D. G. S. No. 30
FEB 8 '86

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.



Copyright, 1884. A. S. BARNES & CO.

PREFACE

With the publication of this book, our series of readers designed for the use of graded and ungraded schools, is completed.

Concerning the simplicity and careful gradation of the letter-press, a word of explanation is necessary.

It is evident, even to the casual observer, that pupils terminate their school life at a much earlier age now than ever before.

This is due, in part, to—

1.—Better methods of instruction, which advance pupils more rapidly toward the completion of their course of study.

2.—A feverish desire on the part of the young to commence their life-work.

3.—The humble circumstances of many parents, who, consequently, need the assistance of their children in the every-day affairs of life, and take them from school by the time they have finished the third reader.

The average age at which most pupils complete *the course of study in* our public schools has been

ascertained to be about thirteen and a half years. From this it is evident that many can not be more than ten years old.

How utterly impossible it is for pupils of such an immature age to understand or comprehend the masterpieces of our literature, can be realized only by those teachers who have exhausted every expedient to accomplish such a result.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that the authors of this series of readers, who have had many years' experience in the school-room, have kept this fact constantly in mind; and they confidently believe that the New National Series will be found more pleasing, interesting, and intelligible to young minds than any others ever issued.

If teachers of High Schools, Seminaries, and Academies do not find that abstruse and difficult kind of literature which they desire for the most advanced pupils, let them await the appearance of "Barnes' Collegiate Reader and Speaker," which is in preparation and will be issued shortly.

That these readers may lighten the labors of the teaching fraternity every-where, and add to the pupil's interest and pleasure during many hours of hard study, is the fervent wish of

THE AUTHORS.

LESSONS IN PROSE.

LESSON		PAGE
1.—Soldier Fritz (I)	From the German by *J. C. Pickard.*	33
2.—Soldier Fritz (II)	" " " " "	38
4.—Malibran and the Young Musician		44
5.—Anecdotes about Ants (I)	*Sir John Lubbock.*	49
6.—Anecdotes about Ants (II)	" "	53
8.—Benjamin West (I)	*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*	60
9.—Benjamin West (II)	" "	64
11.—Mother Nature's Fairies	*Mary W. Allen.*	71
12.—Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata		77
14.—Elephant Hunting in Africa (I)	*Sir S. W. Baker.*	84
15.—Elephant Hunting in Africa (II)	" "	89
17.—Bamboo (I)	*A. R. Wallace.*	96
18.—Bamboo (II)	" "	100
20.—An Iceberg	*R. H. Dana, Jr.*	106
21.—The Emperor's New Clothes	*Hans C. Andersen.*	109
23.—Paper		115
24.—*The Soldier's Reprieve*	*Mrs. R. D. C. Robbins.*	120

LESSON		PAGE
26.—Bee Hunters	*A. R. Wallace.*	128
27.—The Coast of Norway . . .	*Harriet Martineau.*	132
29.—Land and Sea-Breezes	*M. F. Maury.*	140
30.—The First Night at School . .	*Thomas Hughes.*	144
32.—The Sagacity of the Spider. . .	*Oliver Goldsmith.*	152
33.—A Good Investment	*Freeman Hunt.*	158
35.—Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture .	*Douglas Jerrold.*	166
36.—The American Flag . . .	*Henry Ward Beecher.*	170
38.—The Hurricane	*John J. Audubon.*	175
39.—Is a Turtle a Fish?	*Alexander Hunter.*	180
41.—Stanley's Search for Livingstone .	*Edward King.*	187
42.—Typhoons and Water-Spouts . .	*Philip H. Gosse.*	193
44.—Aladdin's Cave	*Benjamin F. Taylor.*	201
45.—An Exploit of Sir William Wallace.	*Sir W. Scott.*	205
47.—Nicholas Nickleby Leaving School.	*Charles Dickens.*	212
48.—Mark Twain's Watch	*S. L. Clemens.*	219
50.—An Incident in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh (I)		227
51.—An Incident in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh (II)	*Sir Walter Scott.*	232
53.—Scenes in the Yellowstone Country .	*W. F. Phelps.*	239
54.—The Discovery of Phosphorus . .	*Rodney Welch.*	243
56.—The Burning of Moscow (I) . . .	*J. T. Headley.*	251
57.—The Burning of Moscow (II) . .	" "	254
59.—The "Ariel" among the Shoals (I).	*J. F. Cooper.*	261
60.—The "Ariel" among the Shoals (II)	" "	268
62.—*The First Ship of Peter the Great* .	E. Schuyler.	276

LESSON PAGE

63.—My First Day in the Quarry . . *Hugh Miller.* 282

65.—An Heroic Deed . . . . . *Freeman Hunt.* 289

66.—On Conversation . . . . . *Sir Matthew Hale.* 294

68.—Generous Revenge 302

69.—The Onset of the Iroquois . *Francis Parkman.* 307

71.—Tropical Vegetation in South America. . . . .
Charles Kingsley. 317

72.—Franklin's Visit to His Mother . *Freeman Hunt.* 321

74.—The Sky . . . . . *John Ruskin.* 331

75.—A Dinner Party in Ancient Thebes . *Mrs. J. D. Steele.* 335

77.—The Discovery of America (I) . *Washington Irving.* 342

78.—The Discovery of America (II) . " " 348

80.—Lost on the Floes (I) . . . . *Elisha K. Kane.* 356

81.—Lost on the Floes (II) . . . . . " " " 362

83.—Beneath the Falls of Niagara . . *John Tyndall.* 370

84.—The Coliseum at Rome . . *Charlotte M. Yonge.* 376

86.—The Golden Temple of Peru . . *W. H. Prescott.* 383

87.—Capture and Escape of General Wadsworth.
S. A. Drake. 387

89.—The Rubber Trees of the Amazon *Herbert H. Smith.* 396

90.—Anecdote of Sir Matthew Hale 401

92.—Silk-Worms . . . . . *John Henry Gray.* 408

93.—Latour d'Auvergne 413

96.—Capture of Quebec. . . . . *Warburton.* 428

98.—The Battle of Thermopylæ (I) . . *C. M. Yonge.* 440

99.—*The Battle of Thermopylæ* (II) . . . " " 446

LESSON PAGE

GOLD DUST 459

DEFINITIONS 463

PROPER NAMES 477

LESSONS IN VERSE.

3.—LITTLE FEET . . . . . *Florence Percy.* 42

7.—WHAT I LIVE FOR . . . . . *G. Linnæus Banks.* 58

10.—THE OLD FARM-HOUSE 69

13.—THE FROST SPIRIT . . . . . *John G. Whittier.* 82

16.—GRADATIM . . . . . *J. G. Holland.* 94

19.—SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE 104

22.—THE SUNBEAM . . . . . *Mrs. Hemans.* 114

25.—OUR COUNTRY . . . . . *W. J. Parbodie.* 126

28.—KENTUCKY BELLE . . . . . *Constance F. Woolson.* 135

31.—THE BRAVE AT HOME . . . . . *T. Buchanan Read.* 151

34.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS . . . . *Kate P. Osgood.* 164

37.—THE BISON TRACK . . . . . *Bayard Taylor.* 173

40.—LEGEND OF THE CAÑON . . . *Jeremiah Mahoney.* 184

43.—AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE . . . . . *Alice Cary.* 197

46.—"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT," *Rosa H. Thorpe.* 209

49.—CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE . . . *Frederick Whittaker.* 224

52.—TRUE HEROISM 237

55.—THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR . *Alfred Tennyson.* 248

58.—A THANKSGIVING . . . . . *Lucy Larcom.* 259

61.—*THE SONG OF STEAM* . . . . . *G. W. Cutter.* 273

64.—*MIDSUMMER* . . . . . J. T. Trowbridge. 287

LESSON			PAGE
67.	THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE		299
70.	THE VANE ON THE SPIRE	*B. F. Taylor.*	313
73.	THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE	*William E. Aytoun.*	328
76.	VIRGINIUS	*T. B. Macaulay.*	339
79.	THE CAVALRY CHARGE	*B. F. Taylor.*	354
82.	THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD	*Theodore O'Hara.*	367
85.	A ROMAN LEGEND	*Henry W. Longfellow.*	380
88.	SNOW-BOUND (Selection)	*John G. Whittier.*	392
91.	THE AMERICAN FLAG	*Joseph Rodman Drake.*	405
94.	THE DEAD GRENADIER	*B. F. Taylor.*	419
95.	SCENE FROM "KING JOHN"	*Shakspeare.*	422
97.	ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD	*Gray.*	435
100.	THE RAVEN	*Edgar A. Poe.*	454

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The publishers desire to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Harper & Brothers, Charles Scribner's Sons, and S. C. Griggs & Co., for permission to use some of their valuable copyright matter in this book.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

ALLEN, MARY W., 71.
ANDERSEN, HANS C., 109.
AUDUBON, JOHN J., 175.
AYTOUN, W. E., 328.
BAKER, SIR S. W., 84, 89.
BANKS, G. LINNÆUS, 58.
BEECHER, H. W., 170, 459.
BRYANT, WILLIAM C., 459.
BURKE, EDMUND, 459.
BYRON, LORD, 460.
CARY, ALICE, 197.
CHANNING, W. E., 460.
CHESTERFIELD, P. D. S., 459.
CLEMENS, S. L., 219.
COLERIDGE, S. T., 459.
COLTON, W., 461.
COOPER, J. F., 261, 268.
COWPER WILLIAM, 460, 462.
CUTTER, G. W., 273.
DANA, R. H., JR., 106.
DICKENS, CHARLES, 212.
DRAKE, JOSEPH R., 405.
DRAKE, S. A., 387.
DRYDEN, JOHN, 461.
EMERSON, R. W., 459, 460.
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, 461.
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 152.
GOSSE, P. H., 193.
GRAY, JOHN HENRY, 408.
GRAY, THOMAS, 435.
HALE, MATTHEW, 294.
HAWTHORNE, N., 60, 64.
HEADLEY, J. T., 251, 254.
HEMANS, FELICIA D., 114.
HOLLAND, J. G., 94.
HOLMES, O. W., 459.
HUGHES, THOMAS, 144.
HUNTER, ALEX., 180.
HUNT, FREEMAN, 158, 289, 321.
IRVING, WASHINGTON, 342, 348.
JERROLD, DOUGLAS, 166.
KANE, ELISHA KENT, 356, 362.
KING, EDWARD, 187.
KINGSLEY, CHARLES, 317, 462.
LARCOM, LUCY, 259.
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W., 380, 460, 461, 462.
LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN, 49, 53.
MACAULAY, T. B., 339.
MAHONEY, JEREMIAH, 184.
MARTINEAU, HARRIET, 132.
MAURY, M. F., 140.
MILLER, HUGH, 282.
O'HARA, THEODORE, 367.

Osgood, Kate P., 164.
Parbodie, W. J., 126.
Parkman, Francis, 307.
Percy, Florence, 42.
Phelps, W. F., 239.
Pickard, J. C., 33, 38.
Poe, Edgar A., 454.
Prescott, W. H., 383.
Read, T. B., 151.
Robbins, Mrs. R. D. C., 120.
Ruskin, John, 331, 462.
Schuyler, Eugene, 276.
Scott, Sir W., 205, 227, 232, 461.
Shakspeare, William, 422, 459, 461, 462.
Smith, Herbert H., 396.
Steele, Mrs. J. D., 335.
Swift, Jonathan, 460, 461.
Taylor, Bayard, 173.
Taylor, Benjamin F., 201, 313, 354, 419.
Tennyson, Alfred, 248, 460.
Thorpe, Rosa H., 209.
Thomson, James, 459.
Tyndall, John, 370.
Wallace, A. R., 96, 100, 128.
Warburton, 428.
Welch, Rodney, 243.
Whittaker, Frederick, 224.
Whittier, J. G., 82, 392, 460.
Woolson, Constance F., 135.
Yonge, Charlotte M., 376, 440, 446.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	ENGRAVER.	PAGE
The Curfew	*C. D. Weldon.*	*Robert Varley.*	2
Elephant Hunting. .	*Paul Frenzeny* .	*Paul Del Orme.*	87
Soldier's Reprieve . .	*C. M. McIlhenney*	*J. A. Bogert.*	122
Exploit of Wallace .	*Schell & Hogan.* .	*Samuel Davis.*	208
Custer's Last Charge .	*W. M. Cary* . .	*Horace Baker.*	226
The "Ariel".		*E. R. Tichenor.*	272
Little Mabel	*J. S. Davis* . .	H. W. Miller.	300
Widow of Glencoe. .	*George White* . . .	W. Mollier.	330

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	ENGRAVER.	PAGE
VIRGINIUS	*W. St. J. Harper* . .	*H. Velten.*	340
LOST ON THE FLOES. .	*M. J. Burns.* .	*Wm. McCracken.*	365
LATOUR D'AUVERGNE. .	*Paul Frenzeny* .	*Samuel Davis.*	417
CAPTURE OF QUEBEC .	*T. De Thulstrup* .	*E. C. Held.*	434
THERMOPYLÆ	*George White*		448

Elocution is the art of using the voice for the proper expression of thought.

The divisions under which Elocution will be considered are ***Pronunciation*** and ***Expression.***

Before undertaking to put in application any system of rules for delivery, we must thoroughly understand the thoughts to be expressed. To listen to good reading will educate us for the expression of thought; but in no sense is it true that elocution can be learned by exact imitation. Our observation of another's performance may give us the general theory of expression; but our own improvement must depend altogether upon our own labors. "Practice makes perfect" is the motto constantly to be borne in mind: yet it must be ***intelligent practice,*** and not blind imitation, which can result only in making mechanical readers.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation treats of the Elementary Sounds of the Language, Articulation, Syllabication, and Accent.

The Phonic Chart on page 32 contains a list of the elementary sounds with their equivalents; and the continued practice upon *syllabication and accent in all* the books of this series, makes it *unnecessary to repeat in* abstract form what has already been *mastered by experience.*

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the act of uttering the elementary sounds, either separately or together in syllables.

One meaning of the word articulate is *to join* or unite, and the meaning of *articulation* as used in elocution is to utter words so as to exhibit every *joint*, i. e., *elementary sound.*

A vowel by itself is easily sounded, and a syllable containing one vowel and one consonant usually presents no difficulty; but where two, three, or more consonants are joined with a single vowel, considerable effort is sometimes necessary to articulate them correctly.

Examples.—*Well, twelve, twelfth, twelfths; read, breadth, breadths.*

The accented syllable of a long word may be in such a position as to render the articulation of the other syllables very difficult.

Examples.—Dis'so lu ble, ex'e cra ble, for'mi da ble.

The repetition of the same or similar sounds increases the difficulty of articulation.

Examples.—With this speech. This is a last surprise.

In the last two examples we may articulate so poorly as to change the meaning; as, With his peach. This is alas surprise.

A faulty articulation can be much improved by pronouncing words in a whisper.

This exercise does away with the use of loud speaking to counteract a poor articulation. As soon as we understand that words are made up principally of consonants, and that consonants have little or no sound of themselves, we see the importance of forming them correctly.

Suggestion.—Let the class practice occasionally upon the consonants, using such exercises as the following:

EXERCISE.

Pronounce in a whisper—

p, peep	b, bob	f, fife.	v, five
t, tight	d, did	th, thin	th, this
k, kick	g, gig	ch, chin	sh, shop
l, lull	m, make	n, noon	r, rare
s, sense	s, as	zh, azure	g, age
h, he	w, we	y, ye	c, cede

Another excellent exercise is to separate words into their elements, and then put them together again.

EXERCISE.

bob
b—o—b
b——o——b
b—o—b
bob

From what has been said, we may derive the following rules in regard to articulation:

I. Every sound in a word, whether vowel or consonant, should be pronounced.

II. Each syllable of a word should be pronounced distinctly.

III. The words in a sentence should be separated from one another.

The careless habit of running words together in reading is very *easily corrected by reading* the words of a sentence backward. *By the latter method* each word is separated rather more *widely from its successor* than is necessary in direct reading.

EXPRESSION.

Expression includes in its treatment the consideration of ***Tone of Voice, Rate*** or ***Movement, Force, Pitch, Emphasis, Pauses, Inflection,*** and ***Modulation.***

TONE OF VOICE.

Tone, or **Quality, of Voice** is the kind of sound, used in reading or speaking; as, a full tone, a quiet tone, or a loud tone.

The ***Tone*** should be in harmony with the thoughts expressed. In other words, ***Tone*** is regulated by ***sentiment.***

If the feelings to be expressed are quiet in their nature, the tone of voice will be quiet; if the sentiment is joyous, the tone will be full and clear. Horror requires a harsh, unnatural tone; fear, a suppressed tone, scarcely above a whisper.

The ***Conversational Tone*** of Voice is that used in expressing quiet or unemotional thoughts.

In speaking of a lesson as requiring to be read in a conversational tone, we mean that the conversational tone is the prevailing tone used. A change of tone for a few lines may occur in any reading lesson; but need not be taken into account in speaking of the general tone of the piece.

EXAMPLES OF CONVERSATIONAL TONE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give to his cousin, Lady Clare.

From "Lady Clare," by TENNYSON.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves,—these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow.

GIBBON.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are, a-breakfasting, you see!"

Nicholas did not see that any body was breakfasting, except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

From "Nicholas Nickleby," by DICKENS.

Suggestion.—Each member of the class should be required to furnish one or more short examples under each topic of ***Expression.*** Independent work will insure substantial progress.

A ***Full Tone*** of Voice is used to express such sentiments as great joy, sublimity, lofty courage, reverential fear, exultation, and others of a similar nature.

EXAMPLES OF FULL TONE.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

From "Death of the Old Year," by TENNYSON.

When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
Thou lookest forth in thy beauty from the clouds,
And laughest at the storm.

From "Ossian," by MACPHERSON.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

From "Paradise Lost," by MILTON.

Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt,—there is nothing thou canst contrive, propose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction.

From "Oration I. against Catiline," by CICERO.

The ***Middle Tone*** of Voice is adapted to the expression of sentiments not conversational, and yet too moderate in their nature to require a ***full tone.***

EXAMPLES OF MIDDLE TONE.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From "The Cloud," by SHELLEY.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

From "The Children's Hour," by LONGFELLOW.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone,
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

Remark.—Almost any quiet sentiment may find utterance in a ***middle tone*** of voice. Meditation, soliloquy, quiet pleasure, and happiness, are expressed incorrectly if given with a ***full tone***—they are exaggerated and appear unnatural; again, if given in a conversational tone, they are lacking in fullness of expression.

The size of a room affects in a measure the tone of voice used. A large room requires more volume of voice than a small room; and for this reason, the conversational tone in a large room would be discarded for the ***middle*** or even the ***full tone.***

The ***Calling Tone*** of Voice is used in loud exclamations, in addressing persons at a distance, and in unbridled passion.

Properly speaking, the ***Calling Tone*** is only a ***Full Tone*** used spasmodically. The name is used in this book simply for the sake of convenience. A pleasing substitute for the ***Calling Tone*** ***in a*** small room is a quiet utterance in imitation of an echo,—***calling tones as they*** would sound a long distance away.

EXAMPLE OF CALLING TONE

He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

From "Marmion," by SCOTT.

RATE OR MOVEMENT.

The ***Rate*** of reading may be moderate, fast, or slow.

No two persons in a class will read a lesson with the same rate, although every one in the class may accord to the lesson the same sentiment, and call the rate slow, or fast, or moderate. The difference will be only in practice, and not at all in theory.

Suggestion.—Reading in concert will do more to correct the faults of individuals in regard to time than any amount of admonition. A sluggish or a rapid reader will realize his defect as soon as he reads with others, and is obliged to regulate his time according to theirs.

A ***Moderate Rate*** is suitable for all kinds of quiet discourse, whether conversational, narrative, or descriptive.

Conversational subjects should be treated neither too slowly nor too rapidly. Even if the articulation of a speaker is clear and distinct, he will weary his hearers by speaking too rapidly, and the effect of what is said will be in part lost.

EXAMPLES OF MODERATE RATE.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

From the "Inchcape Rock," by SOUTHEY.

In Columbus were singularly combined the practical and the poetical. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge, whether procured by study or observation, which bore upon his theories.

From "History of Columbus," by IRVING.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

From "Bugle Song," by TENNYSON.

In the second of the three examples the time is slightly different from that of the first and third, and yet they would all be examples of moderate rate.

A ***Fast Rate*** may be used in expressing such feelings as delight, anxiety, terror, and violent anger.

EXAMPLES OF FAST RATE.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?

From "The Hurricane," by BRYANT.

"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

From "Lochinvar," by SCOTT.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men.

From "Les Miserables," by HUGO.

A ***Slow Rate*** is in keeping with the expression of solemnity, grandeur, reverential fear, and like emotions.

EXAMPLES OF SLOW RATE.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

From "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by WOLFE.

Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public *rejoicing, they took* their flight together to the world of *spirits.*

From "Adams and Jefferson," by WEBSTER.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
From "Apostrophe to the Ocean," by BYRON.

The degree of slowness or rapidity will depend upon the intensity of the feelings. In the case of anger, for instance, if we have perfect control of ourselves, we may speak slowly and deliberately; but if the feeling masters us, our utterance will be as rapid as possible.

PITCH.

Pitch is the elevation or depression of the voice in speaking.

This elevation or depression is reckoned from the ***natural pitch*** of the voice, or, as it is sometimes called, the ***key*** of the voice. As the musical range of all voices is not the same, we have no fixed method of reckoning pitch, and can only describe it with reference to individual voices.

Natural Pitch is that used in ordinary conversation.

With the delivery of very joyful sentiments, our voices will rise to a higher pitch than is used in conversation; but in expressing calm sorrow or sad emotions of any kind, we shall use a low pitch.

Pitch, then, as well as ***tone, force,*** and ***rate,*** depends altogether upon the sentiments to be expressed.

Middle Pitch is that used in ordinary conversation and in the delivery of unemotional thoughts.

EXAMPLES OF MIDDLE PITCH.

Surly, dozing humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
From "To the Humble-Bee," by EMERSON.

To him who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

From "Thanatopsis," by BRYANT.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.

From "Hamlet," by SHAKSPEARE.

High Pitch is used in expressing thoughts that require considerable force for their proper delivery, or of which the sentiment is light and joyous.

EXAMPLES OF HIGH PITCH.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!

From "The Barefoot Boy," by WHITTIER.

And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel!

From "The Launch of the Ship," by LONGFELLOW.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

From "Ode to the Skylark," by SHELLEY.

Low Pitch indicates great serenity of mind, and is used to express deep joy, calm sorrow, and kindred emotions.

EXAMPLES OF LOW PITCH.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

From "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by WOLFE.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sung low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter-log with many a muffled blow.

From "The Closing Scene," by READ.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.—*From "Oration at the Laying of the Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument," by* WEBSTER.

TRANSITION.

A change of sentiment will always be accompanied with a change in the manner of delivery. Such a change is called a **Transition.**

In almost every narrative or descriptive selection, there will be slight changes or variations in feeling, and the reading should be varied to express such changes.

Two faults to be avoided in reading are ***Monotony,*** or sameness of tone, and ***Sing-Song,*** or a regular method of elevating and lowering the voice by a system of false transitions having no reference whatever to the sentiment.

We have considered under ***Expression*** the topics which relate to the sentiment of what we read. We must now consider the topics which relate to the delivery of separate sentences and their parts, phrases, and words.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the use of special force in the utterance of certain words for the purpose of exhibiting their importance to a listener.

Emphasis is of various degrees, from the slight force given to *the important words in ordinary* discourse, to the strongest *force given to words in emotional* utterances.

Absolute Emphasis belongs to words naturally important to the meaning; as, "We have not ***long*** to ***live.***" "The ***sun*** begins to ***rise.***" "He ***never*** said that."

In the last example given, the meaning of the sentence will be changed if we emphasize each of the different words—

He never said that. (Some one else said it.)
He ***never*** said that. (At no time in his life.)
He never ***said*** that. (He may have thought it.)
He never said ***that.*** (It was something else he said.)

If there is any doubt as to which words in a sentence are ***emphatic,*** we must carefully consider the meaning of the sentence as affected by the sentences which precede and follow it.

Relative Emphasis belongs to words which gain importance through contrast with other words; as, ***"Yesterday, hope*** animated every breast; ***now*** we find ourselves in the depths of ***despair."***

The words "yesterday" and "now," "hope" and "despair," have added to the emphasis naturally belonging to them, the special emphasis due to their contrasted meaning.

Emotional Emphasis is given to words which express a depth of feeling not belonging to them in unimpassioned discourse:—

1. By increasing the force when the same word is repeated; as, "I ***never*** would lay down my arms—***never,*** NEVER, NEVER!"

2. By prolonging the sounds of words; as, "He was a ***squ-e-e-z-ing, wr-e-nch-ing, gr-a-sp-ing, scr-a-p-ing, cl-u-tch-ing, c-o-v-et-ous, o-ld sin-ner."***

The example just given is called an ***elocutionary climax.*** There ***should*** be increased force given to each of the words as they ***follow one another.***

3. By loud exclamations; as, "Victory!" "Hurra!" "A *horse,* a *horse!* my *kingdom* for a *horse!*"

4. By stopping between words; as, "Cæsar paused on the bank of the Rubicon. *Why* | *did* | *he* | *pause?* *Why* | does | a man's heart | palpitate |, when he is on the point of committing | an unlawful | deed?"

This last mode of emphasis shows the force that can be added to what we say by making such pauses as will aid in giving thoughts their full importance. The use of too many or too long pauses will, however, overdo the effect of emphasis and ruin the force of expression.

PAUSES.

The **Pauses** used in reading are either to make the meaning clear, or to emphasize certain words or phrases. The former are called *Grammatical Pauses;* the latter, *Rhetorical Pauses.*

The *Grammatical Pauses—period, colon, semicolon,* and *comma*—are written in all cases where the sense would be obscure without them.

Rhetorical Pauses are used to add emphasis to certain words or phrases; as, "This | is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar | less |, but that I loved Rome | more."

Rhetorical Pauses occur:

1. After an emphatic subject; as, "This | is my answer."

2. Before any emphatic word; as, "Now, | now is the time for action! We must conquer, or | die."

The *rhetorical pause* before "now" calls special attention to the time; that before "die" to the dreadful alternative. The speaker's evident reluctance to say "die" raises expectation on the *part of his hearers, and thus* makes the word more emphatic.

The **Cæsural Pause** occurs either at or near the middle of every line of poetry, and is used to rest the voice and to mark the rhythm (flow) of the measure.

EXAMPLE.

There is a land | of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven | o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns | dispense serener light,
And milder moons | emparadise the night.

MONTGOMERY.

In solemn measure, the *cæsural pause* occurs after the middle of each line; and in lively measure, before the middle of each line. When the lines of poetry are very short, the *cæsural pause* is sometimes placed after each line.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a bending or turning of the voice at the close of a syllable or word.

The *rising inflection,* marked thus (′), is a turning of the voice upward; the *falling inflection,* marked thus (`), is a turning of the voice downward.

EXAMPLES.

"Hear ye yon lion′ roaring in his den′?
'Tis three days since he tasted flesh`."

"Do you hear the rain′, Mr. Caudle′? I say`, do | you | hear | the | rain′? Nonsense`! you don't impose on me`; you can't` be asleep`!"

"Affected passion′, intense expression′, the pomp of declamation`, all` may aspire′ after it,—they can not reach` it."

"Will you go to-day′ or to-morrow`?
"Where do you expect to go`?"

From the above examples, we may derive the following rules:

1. Questions which may be answered by *yes* or *no, regularly* require the *rising inflection.*

2. Questions which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the *falling inflection*.

3. The *rising inflection* is used upon one of two contrasted words or phrases, the *falling* inflection upon the other.

4. The *rising inflection* is generally used upon all the words or phrases of a series except the last, which takes the falling inflection.

Remark.—The *rising inflection* regularly indicates hesitation or doubt; the *falling inflection*, determination or decision.

The use of the inflections upon series of words, in contrasts, is to avoid unpleasant sameness of sound. Emphasis may require the use of falling inflections only, as in the case of using *calling tones*.

The *Rising Circumflex*, marked thus (ˇ), is a slight downward turn of the voice followed by a rise; and the *Falling Circumflex*, marked thus (ˆ), a slight rise followed by a downward turn.

EXAMPLES.

"Shine,ˇ shineˇ forever,ˆ glorious ˆ flame,ˆ
Divinestˇ giftˇ of godsˇ to manˆ!"

"To-morrowˇ, didst thou sayˇ?
Methought I heard Horatioˆ say, To-morrowˆ."

MODULATION.

Modulation is the agreeable variation of sounds in speaking, caused by the proper use of tone, pitch, force, emphasis, and inflection. By employing all the means conducive to intelligent reading, the thoughts we express receive full force and afford both pleasure and interest.

The register, or extent, of the *speaking voice* from its lowest to its highest pitch, will vary with individuals, and no fixed scale of vocal tones *can be used with* benefit in class practice.

Middle Pitch can be determined without difficulty, since it is the part of the voice used in conversation. To make the ***conversational tone*** flexible is the most important matter to be considered in reading. Unemotional reading is difficult.

THE MONOTONE.

The **Monotone** consists in the repetition of the same musical note, and the partial absence of emphasis and inflection. The use of the ***monotone*** indicates great solemnity.

Those who read a passage without any variation whatever, ruin the effect by the monotony of their reading. The correct use of the monotone seems to lie in dwelling upon the same note through a number of words, and, in case of a change to a higher or lower note, in holding the new note through several words.

EXAMPLE.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

BIBLE.

READING POETRY.

In reading poetry, the ***phrasing,*** or grouping of words according to sense, seems to be more difficult than in prose, on account of the rhythm and the rhyme; but the sense is most important and must be preserved.

The ***cæsural pause*** is usually preceded by a slight increase and followed by a slight decrease of force.

The regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables in poetry—the ***rhythm***—requires no *effort on the part* of the reader to make it evident.

Rhymed verse sounds better when the rhymed syllables are not emphasized.

Any tendency to emphasize regularly certain syllables in each line, or to repeat the same inflections in each line, constitutes what is called ***sing-song***, and must be carefully guarded against.

Suggestion.—Members of the class should be called upon to explain, by examples of their own selection, all points relating to elocution. Practice is better than theory.

PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā	as	in	lāke	ạ	as	in	whạt	ŏ	as	in	bŏx
ă	"	"	ăt	ē	"	"	bē	ū	"	"	ūse
ä	"	"	fär	ĕ	"	"	lĕt	ŭ	"	"	ŭp
ạ	"	"	ạll	ī	"	"	īçe	û	"	"	fûr
â	"	"	âre	ĭ	"	"	ĭn	ōō	"	"	tōō
å	"	"	åsk	ō	"	"	sō	o͝o	"	"	lo͝ok

CONSONANTS.

b	as	in	băd	m	as	in	mō	w	as	in	wē
d	"	"	dọ	n	"	"	nō	y	"	"	yĕs
f	"	"	fŏx	p	"	"	pụt	z	"	"	frōze
g	"	"	gō	r	"	"	răt	ng	"	"	sĭng
h	"	"	hō	s	"	"	sō	sh	"	"	shē
j	"	"	jŭst	t	"	"	tōō	th	"	"	thĭnk
k	"	"	kīte	v	"	"	vĕrў	th	"	"	thē
l	"	"	lĕt								

EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

ạ	like	ŏ	as	in	whạt	ȯ	like	ŭ	as	in	ȯme
ê	"	â	"	"	whêre	ô	"	ạ	"	"	fôr
ę	"	ā	"	"	thęy	ụ	"	o͝o	"	"	pụt
ē	"	û	"	"	hēr	ў	"	ī	"	"	bў
ī	"	û	"	"	gīrl	ў	"	ĭ	"	"	kĭt'tў
ọ, ụ	"	ōō	"	"	tọ, rụle	ew	"	ū	"	"	new

CONSONANTS.

ç	like	s	as	in	răçe	n̨	like	ng	as	in	thin̨k
ȼ	"	k	"	"	ȼăt	s̨	"	z	"	"	hăs̨
ġ	"	j	"	"	ȼāġe	x	"	ks	"	"	bo͝x

1.—SOLDIER FRITZ.

PART I.

cŏr′po ral, *an officer of the lowest grade in a company of soldiers.*
rĕġ′i ment, *a body of soldiers, consisting usually of ten companies.*
vĕt′er an, *one who has been long in service.*
ser′ġeȧnt (sär), *an officer next in rank above a corporal.*
mag nĭf′i çent, *grand, fine.*
bĕcȟ′ȯn ing, *making a sign to another.*
ăd′ju tant, *a staff officer who is appointed to assist the colonel in his duties.*
e mō′tionș, *movements of the mind or soul; feelings.*
lĭb′er al ly, *freely; with a generous regard for others.*
pro mōt′ed, *raised in rank.*

Soldier Fritz[N] was the little son of a corporal in the Prussian army, and lived in Brandenburg. He loved to play soldier himself, and that is why he was called Soldier Fritz.

His father, during a war with the French, was with his regiment on the Rhine.[N] Once, when writing to his family, he told them how he sometimes suffered for want of vegetables. "If I only had a peck of our fine potatoes," said he, "how good they would taste!"

By day and by night, Soldier Fritz thought and dreamed *of his poor father*; and, at last, without

the knowledge of his mother, he filled a bag with the finest potatoes in the cellar, and started off to find his father.

At noon, on the first day of his journey, he came to a small village, went into the first inn he saw, and sat down on a bench to rest. There were many guests in the large room, and among them an old crippled soldier with a wooden leg.

"What do you wish, boy?" asked the soldier, rising, striding toward Fritz, and measuring him in astonishment from head to foot.

"I wish to go to the Rhine," was the answer. "My father has been promoted and is a sergeant, but he doesn't care for that, so long as he has no potatoes. So I wish to carry him some, and have picked out the best. Here they are in this sack."

"Why, you strange boy!" said the soldier, "tell that again, if you are in earnest, and so that you can be understood." Fritz did so, and all listened attentively. When he had done, tears stood in the eyes of the veteran, and all the rest were much affected.

"You are a real soldier's child, and my old heart trembles with joy as I look at you." So saying the veteran caught Fritz and kissed him. Then the others did the same, and even the big landlord was moved to his inmost soul. Nor would they let him think of going farther that day. He had to stay at the inn, where he was waited on as if he were a real prince.

In the evening he told his story to the new guests, and was at last led to a chamber and put *into a soft bed,* where he slept a refreshing sleep

nd while he was sleeping, the old soldier told the uests it would be a shame to let so brave a boy o farther without a penny for his journey.

All gladly opened their purses and gave liber- lly for the good boy. The landlord kept the money ll morning, when he awoke the boy, gave him a ood breakfast, sewed the money into the lining f his jacket, and bade him good-by with hearty ishes for his welfare.

From this place he went on foot till evening, hen he was again obliged to pass the night in a illage. Here he told his story as before and was enderly cared for.

At length, after journeying many days, he saw n the distance the first sentinel of the Prussian amp, and hastened toward him with flying feet. 'Do you know where I can find my father?" he sked, out of breath.

"Stupid boy!" said the sentinel harshly; "do you suppose I know your father's name, and to what regiment he belongs?"

"Why he belongs to the Brandenburg regiment of grenadiers, and his name is Martin Bollermann, and he is a sergeant."

"Well, if that is true, then hunt him up! You may pass."

Fritz ran on; came to a second sentinel, and a third, and at last fell into the hands of an adjutant, who examined him closely. The more he heard, the more friendly he became, and finally patted the boy's cheek very kindly.

"Come with me," he said; "I think we shall soon be able to find your father."

He *went on to a large,* magnificent tent, from

the top of which waved a broad banner. Fritz trudged cheerfully along by his side, carrying his potato sack, and, at the officer's beckoning, followed fearlessly into the tent. Here he saw an elderly, magnificently dressed officer, sitting in a large arm-chair at a camp-table, and apparently studying a map. He scarcely looked up, and merely nodded his head a very little as Fritz's attendant respectfully approached him.

"That is surely a general," Fritz thought, as he remained standing near the entrance. He was right. The adjutant spoke in a low tone to the general, who soon turned his eyes from the map, listened attentively to the adjutant's story, now and then casting a hasty look at Fritz. After giving the officer an order and dismissing him, he beckoned to Fritz, who at once obeyed, and with soldierly bearing stood before the general.

"What is your name?" the general asked.

"Fritz Bollermann, and I am called Soldier Fritz."

The general smiled and asked again: "Where do you come from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"Why have you come?"

"To bring potatoes to my father."

"Is this really true?" said the general to himself. "Have you them actually there in your sack?" he added aloud.

"Yes, the best in our whole cellar," said Fritz, taking the sack from his shoulder and opening it. "Only see, sir! all of them round and smooth as pebbles."

"Well, well, my son, they are very fine and give one a first-rate appetite. But now go into the ne

room and stay till I call you! Leave your sack here meanwhile!"

Fritz went as ordered, and seated himself in a large arm-chair. Wearied by the hard march of the day, and more perhaps by his emotions, he was soon nodding and at last fast asleep. So the general found him when, about half an hour after, he stepped into the room. He let the boy sleep on, and went out softly.

While Fritz was thus forgetful of every thing, the general was busy in his behalf, and did not rest till he found the old sergeant, Martin Bollermann, of the Brandenburg regiment. He had him forthwith ordered to come to supper and at the same time invited some of his highest officers. Nor did he forget to give his cook certain necessary orders.

Notes and Questions.—Fritz is used as a familiar name for Frederic.

The river Rhine was formerly the boundary between France and Prussia, and the desire for its possession caused many wars between the two countries.

Where is Brandenburg? How do you distinguish between a village, a town, and a city?

Elocution.—This lesson should be read in a conversational tone of voice. The words spoken by each one of the various speakers, should be rendered in such a manner as to represent the feelings of the speakers.

Language.—Explain the meaning of the following expressions—

"My old heart trembles with joy." "Flying feet."
"Was moved to his inmost soul." "Hunt him up."

In the last paragraph, the general *ordered* the sergeant to come to supper and *invited* his officers. Explain the difference in meaning between the words. What would be the difference in meaning in case the words *commanded* and *requested* had been used?

2.—SOLDIER FRITZ.

PART II.

nō′tĭçe a ble, *likely to be seen.*
sig nĭf′i cant, *expressing a meaning; standing as a sign.*
păm′pered, *fed luxuriously.*
fĭl′ial (fĭl′yal), *becoming a child in relation to his parents.*
en răpt′ūred, *delighted beyond measure.*
per çēīve′, *notice; observe.*
ăl tĕr′nate ly, *by turns.*
stăm′mered, *hesitated in speaking.*
cŏn′de sĕn′sion, (sĕn′shŭn), *courtesy shown to one lower in rank.*
cam pāīgn′, *the time that an army keeps the field.*
ģĕn′ū ine, *real; natural.*

The guests assembled in good season, and took their seats at the table. Some were astonished to find at the general's table a mere sergeant, in sergeant's uniform. But most of all, was the sergeant himself astonished.

The most noticeable thing, next to the sergeant, was a large, covered dish, in which the guests supposed there was, without doubt, something very costly and delicious; and they cast many longing looks toward it. The general observed their curiosity, but gave not the slightest hint to satisfy it. He smiled when he looked at the dish, and exchanged occasionally a short, significant look with his adjutant. Curiosity became extreme.

At length, the general, with loud voice, ordered the sergeant to take off the cover, and the eyes of all were turned at once to the mysterious dish. What did they see? Potatoes in the skin, which, indeed, appeared wonderfully clean and inviting, but which disappointed not a little the pampered taste of the dainty guests, who had expected *something quite* different. The only one who heartily

rejoiced was Sergeant Bollermann, and he could scarcely keep back an exclamation of the greatest surprise and delight.

"Till now," said the general, while a bright smile played about his lips—"till now, you have been my guests; but if you wish to enjoy those splendid potatoes, you must turn to Sergeant Bollermann; they belong to him." The officers shrugged their shoulders scornfully. The general seemed to care but little for their displeasure.

"If you knew in what way the potatoes came into our camp, you would deem it an honor to receive only one of them."

"How so? How did it happen?" they asked. "Tell us, if you please."

"I? O no! I have no skill in telling fine stories. But since I see that you, as well as our honest Bollermann, are somewhat tormented by curiosity, I will try to gratify you in another way. Adjutant! bring in my story-teller, please." The adjutant disappeared; all looked eagerly toward the entrance.

The heart of Bollermann beat as if it would burst, for a faint suspicion of the truth seemed to dawn in his mind. He grew white and red by turns and did not perceive how steadily and with what intense interest the eyes of the general were resting upon him. Soon the curtain was drawn, and in came, at the adjutant's side, happy and looking around with bright and fearless eyes, Soldier Fritz.

"Fritz!" cried the sergeant, forgetting all respect for his superiors, and springing forward with outspread arms. "Fritz! how came you here?" The

boy made no reply, but leaped with a loud cry to his father's breast, and the two held each other in a long and close embrace. The officers gazed with deep emotion at this wonderful spectacle, and in the eyes of the general—a dear, good man—glistened tears of joy.

"Tell us, my boy, why and how you came hither," he said; "but first be at ease and sit down at the table. You need not hesitate to do so—not if it were a king's table. Your true filial love has earned the honor."

The officers were all attention, as Fritz, holding his father's hand, related his story. Their stern bearing became more kindly, and their faces brighter. They could but be pleased with the boy who loved his father so heartily as to come a hundred miles and more to bring him a favorite dish. The old sergeant was wholly lost in joyful emotions, and alternately laughed and wept.

When the story was ended, he forgot by whom he was surrounded, and embraced his brave son again and again, pressed hundreds of kisses upon his lips, and asked him many questions, all of which Fritz answered frankly.

At a hint from the general, all present left the tent, and the enraptured father remained with his dear boy. An hour after, the general came back, and gave the brave old sergeant a great writing in one hand, and a large purse full of gold pieces in the other.

"Here is your discharge,[N] friend, with a promise of your full pay as a life-long pension; and there is a small present for your worthy son, which we *officers have* collected. Keep it for him until he is

grown and can make good use of it; and now go home to wife and children, who will be greatly rejoiced to see husband and father once more."

"O my general, your Grace[N] is too kind," stammered the delighted sergeant, who did not know at what to rejoice most—the condescension of the officers, or the pension, or the wealth of his son Fritz. "How have I earned such favor?"

"By your brave conduct during the whole campaign; by the wound which you received in the last battle, and which disables you for your whole life-time; and finally, by your boy, Soldier Fritz.

"In him I have seen that you must be a good father. Such a one our king can better use at home than in the field. Go then in peace, old comrade, and with God's help train all your boys like this one, who is a genuine, true soldier child. Farewell! and do not forget to send Fritz to my regiment when he is large enough to bear arms for his king."

Translated from the German, by J. C. PICKARD.

Notes.—A ***discharge*** from military service is given either on account of old age, or disability for service from wounds or illness. A ***discharge with full pay as a pension*** was the highest honor that could be given for faithful service.

Grace is a term of respect used in some countries in addressing those of very high rank.

Elocution.—Point out the inflections used in the third and fourth paragraphs on page 39.

Mark the emphatic words in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—What is meant by the following—

"A favorite dish." "In good season."

"A faint suspicion of the truth began to dawn in his mind."

Composition.—Select six points in the story, that seem to be important, and use them as an outline in reproducing the story in your own language.

8.—LITTLE FEET.

fūt'ūre (fūt'yụr), *time to come.*
al lūred', *tempted; led into danger.*
be trāyed', *misled; given into the hands of an enemy by fraud.*
māz'eş, *confusing places.*
am bĭ'tion (bĭsh'ŭn), *desire for office or honor.*
cŭll, *pick out.*
de lūd'ed, *led into error.*

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

Those white-rose feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a woman's load:
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road—
Love for a while will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair;
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded—
Poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander?
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Where sunlight never fades?
Will they go stumbling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk hand in hand with love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be, to which this life is only
A round of happy days.
But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?
Ah, who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

Biography.—Florence Percy (Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen) was born in 1832, in the town of Strong, Maine. At an early age, the death of her mother cast a gloom over her young life. The effects of her bereavement may be noticed in an undertone of sadness throughout her writings.

Mrs. Allen's career as a writer began at a very early age, with the publication of some verses. The enviable popularity to which she has attained, is due to a tenderness and grace of style, which loses none of its charm even in the treatment of homely subjects.

Elocution.—What is the feeling or sentiment expressed in this poem? With what tone of voice should it be read? What time and force should be used?

The articulation should be clear and crisp.

Point out three or four cases in the poem where certain words receive emphasis through repetition.

Show the changes in inflection due to contrasts in the fourth stanza.

Language.—Explain the meaning of the following—

"The untried borders of life's mysterious land."

"The mother's eyes are shrouded away from sight of men."

Composition.—Make each stanza the basis of a paragraph, and treat the subject in prose form.

Notice the changes that must be made in turning the poetry into prose:—(1.) In the words used. (2.) The arrangement of words in the sentences.

4.—MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

pŭb'lish er, *one who sends a book or writing into the world.*

crown, *a piece of money, in value a little more than $1.20.*

lŭx'ū ry (lŭk'shu rў), *any thing delightful to the senses.*

rĭv'et ed, *fixed.*

mўr'i ad, *a very great number.*

pounds, *English money; each pound equals about $4.84.*

ac cŏm'plished, *educated; carefully trained.*

tăl'ent ed, *possessing great skill in any direction.*

stā'tion, *condition of life.*

de ĭgn'ed (dānd), *condescended.*

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre,[N] a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole *day he had not tasted* food. Yet he sat humming *to keep up his spirits.* Still, at times, he thought

of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor, sick mother as a good, sweet orange—and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"If I could only go," thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands. His eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said: "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too

poor to get food and medicine. I thought that if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, perhaps some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat,—very tall and stately she was,—took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you, a child? And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness,—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Pierre could scarcely realize his good fortune. He bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of what had happened.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his eyes riveted upon her glorious face. Could he *believe that the* grand lady, all blazing with jewels, *and whom* everybody seemed to worship, would *really sing his* little song?

Breathless he waited. The band—the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, O, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—O, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were walking on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day, he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre—always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted—he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her *early, happy death*, he who stood by *her bed, smoothed her pillow*, and lightened her *last moments by his undying affection*, was the

little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer[N] of the day.

All honor to those great hearts, who, from their high station, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

Biography.—Madame Malibran, the celebrated vocalist, was born in Paris, in 1808. While she was still very young, her reputation as a singer extended over Europe, and she was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. The admiration which she won as a vocalist, was increased by the many kind acts done by her in private life. Her generosity was remarkable, and the large sums of money which she gained were expended in works of benevolence. Her early death, in 1836, was universally deplored.

Notes.—*Pierre* is a French name, corresponding to our name Peter.

The term *composer* is applied only to authors of musical compositions.

Elocution.—In what manner should the descriptive parts of the lesson be read?—the conversational? How many different persons are introduced as speakers? The words of each person should be delivered in such a manner as to express the feelings with which they were uttered.

What different feelings or sentiments receive expression in the lesson?

Language.—In the sentence—*"Thousands had wept at his grief,"* if the word *thousands* is thought to convey a meaning greater than the truth, we say that it is an example of hy per' bo le or exaggeration.

"As if walking on the air" means that the happy feelings of Pierre made him forgetful of the effort of walking. The expression is both a comparison and hyperbole.

Since the meaning we give to the words used in the above comparison is different from what would usually be given to them, the words are said to be employed in a figurative sense.

Figures of comparison are of two kinds: 1. Sim'i le, when an introductory word such as *like, as,* or similar words, is employed; 2. Met'a phor, when the introductory word is omitted.

Composition.—Select four points in the story, that are of *special importance, and treat* them in your own language.

What constitutes a paragraph in writing prose?

Does conversation come under the rules for paragraphing?

6.—ANECDOTES ABOUT ANTS.

PART I.

ehlō'ro fôrmẹd, *rendered senseless by chloroform.*
an tĕn'nạe, *feelers of insects.*
it'ti tūdẹs, *positions.*
ipi'ral, *winding.*
n'dĭ vĭd'ū al, *a single one.*
om mū'ni cātẹ, *make known.*
con dĕmṇẹd', *sentenced to punishment.*
re ṣĭst'anç̣e, *opposition.*
ex pĕlḷẹd', *forced out.*
com mū'ni ty, *a collection of persons having common rights.*
ĭn'va lĭd, *feeble; weak.*

The behavior of ants toward one another differs much, according to circumstances—whether, for instance, they are alone, or supported by friends. An ant which would run away in the first case, will defend itself bravely in the second.

On one occasion, several ants belonging to one of my nests were feeding on some honey spread on a slip of glass.[N] One of them had got thoroughly entangled in it. I took her and put her down just in front of another individual belonging to the same nest, and close by I placed a drop of honey.

The ant devoted herself to the honey and entirely neglected her friend, whom she left to perish. I then chloroformed one, and put her on the board among her friends. Several touched her, but while I watched them for two or three hours, none took any particular notice of her.

On the other hand, I have only on one occasion seen a living ant expelled from her nest. I observed once an ant carrying another belonging to the same community away from the nest. The condemned ant made a very feeble resistance.

The first ant carried her burden hither and *thither for some time,* evidently trying to get away

from the nest, which was enclosed by a barrier of fur. After watching for some time, I provided the ant with a paper bridge, up which she immediately went, dropped her victim on the far side, and returned home. Could this have been a case in which an aged or invalid ant was being expelled from the nest?

In order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another, I made the following experiments. I took six ants from one of my nests and imprisoned them in a bottle, one end of which was covered with a layer of muslin. I then put the muslin close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently small to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only see one another, but could also communicate freely with their antennæ.

We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not see, however, that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have been fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner.

Accordingly, I put two ants from one of my nests into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin, as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants *from another* nest of the same species. The ants *which were at liberty* took no notice of the bottle *containing their* imprisoned friends. The strangers

in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably.

The whole day, one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected around it—a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were several ants round the bottle containing the strangers; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends.

Seven days after, the ants had eaten through the muslin and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment; but as I found two ants lying dead—one in the bottle and one just outside—I think that there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected.

In one of my nests, was an ant without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest; but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, and apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some specimens of the little yellow ant, that directly attacked her.

I at once set myself to separate them; but owing either to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough though well-meant handling, or to both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from her *nest came* by. She examined *the poor sufferer carefully*, then picked her up *gently and carried her* away into the nest. It

would have been difficult for any one who witnessed this scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings.

Again, on another occasion, I perceived a poor ant lying on her back and quite unable to move. The legs were in cramped attitudes, and the two antennæ rolled up in spirals. She was, of course, altogether unable to feed herself. After this I kept my eyes on her. Several times I tried uncovering the part of the nest where she was. The other ants soon carried her into the shaded part.

One day the ants were all out of the nest, probably for fresh air, and had collected together in a corner of the box; they had not, however, forgotten her, but had carried her with them. I took off the glass lid of the box, and after a while they returned as usual to the nest, taking her in again. The next day she was still alive, but shortly afterward, notwithstanding all their care, she died.

At the present time I have two other ants perfectly crippled in a similar manner, so that they are quite unable to move; but they have been tended and fed by their companions, the one for five, the other for four months.

Notes.—***A slip of glass*** means a long, narrow piece of glass. The word ***slip*** has as many as fifteen different meanings in this country. Mention four of the different uses of the word, explaining the meaning of each.

Elocution.—Point out the ***inflections*** in the last three lines of the first paragraph, and state the purpose for which they are employed.

Language.—Explain the meaning of figures of comparison in *the following sentences*, and state whether they are ***metaphors*** or ***similes.***

"*One, two,* or more ants **stood sentry.**"

Did not this ant possess **humane feelings?**

6.—ANECDOTES ABOUT ANTS.

PART II.

ĭs'o lāt ed, *placed by itself.*
de vĕl'opẹd, *formed by natural growth.*
lär'vạe, *insects which have just left the egg.*
mōạt, *a ditch.*
mōld, *soft earth.*
ĕăp'il la ry, *fine, like a hair.*
im mĕrsẹd', *dipped.*
at trăc'tion, *the act of drawing toward.*
mĭn'i mĭzẹ, *reduce to the smallest amount.*
ex pē'di ent, *means.*
ĭn'ter pōsẹ', *put between.*
ac çĕsẹ'i blẹ, *easy to get at.*

I have made a number of experiments on the power of smell possessed by ants. I dipped camel's-hair brushes into peppermint-water, essence of cloves, lavender-water, and other strong scents, and suspended them about a quarter of an inch above the strips of paper along which the ants were passing in the experiments before recorded.

Under these circumstances, while some of the ants passed on without taking any notice, others stopped when they came close to the pencil, and evidently perceiving the smell, turned back. Soon, however, they returned and passed the scented pencil. After doing this two or three times, they generally took no further notice of the scent.

This experiment left no doubt on my mind; still, to make the matter even more clear, I experimented with ants placed on an isolated strip of paper. Over the paper, and at such a distance as almost, but not quite, to touch any ant which passed under it, I again suspended a camel's-hair brush dipped in lavender-water, essence of cloves, *and other scents.*

In these experiments the results were very

marked; and no one who watched the behavior of the ants, under these circumstances, could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell.

I then took a large queen ant and fastened her on a board by a thread. When she had become quiet, I tried her with some tuning-forks,[N] but they did not disturb her in the least. I then advanced a feather very quietly, so as almost to touch first one, and then the other of the antennæ, which, however, did not move.

I then dipped the pencil in essence of musk and tried again; the antenna was slowly drawn back. I then repeated the same with the other antenna. If I touched the antenna, the ant started away apparently smarting. I then experimented with essence of lavender, and with a second ant. The results were the same as before.

Many of my other experiments point to the same conclusion; and, in fact, there can be no doubt whatever that in ants the sense of smell is highly developed.

In order to test the intelligence of ants, it has always seemed to me that there was no better way than to ascertain some object which they would clearly desire, and then to interpose some obstacle which a little ingenuity would enable them to overcome. I therefore placed some larvæ in a cup, which I put on a slip of glass surrounded by water, but accessible to the ants by only one pathway, in which was a bridge consisting of a strip of paper two-thirds of an inch long and one-third of an inch *wide.*

Having then put a black ant from one of my *nests near these* larvæ she began carrying them off,

and by degrees a number of friends came to help her. I then, when about twenty-five ants were so engaged, moved the little paper bridge slightly, so as to leave a chasm just so wide that the ants could not reach across. They came and tried hard to do so; but it did not occur to them to push the paper bridge, though the distance was only about one-third of an inch, and they might easily have done so. After trying for about a quarter of an hour, they gave up the attempt and returned home. This I repeated several times.

Then thinking that paper was a substance to which they were not accustomed, I tried the same with a bit of straw one inch long and one-eighth of an inch wide. The result was the same. I repeated this more than once.

Again, I suspended some honey over a nest of yellow ants, at a height of about half an inch, and accessible only by a paper bridge more than ten feet long. Under the glass I then placed a small heap of earth. The ants soon swarmed over the earth on to the glass, and began feeding on the honey. I then removed a little of the earth, so that there was an interval of about one-third of an inch between the glass and the earth; but though the distance was so small, they would not jump down, but preferred to go down by the long bridge.

They tried in vain to stretch up from the earth to the glass, which, however, was just out of their reach, though they could touch it with their antennæ; but it did not occur to them to heap the *earth up a little, though* if they had moved only *half a dozen particles*, they would have secured for

themselves direct access to the food. At length, they gave up all attempts to reach up to the glass, and went around by the paper bridge. I left the arrangement for several weeks, but they continued to go round by the long paper bridge.

Again I varied the experiment as follows: Having left a nest without food for a short time, I placed some honey on a small piece of wood, surrounded by a little moat of glycerine half an inch wide and about one-tenth of an inch in depth. Over this moat I then placed a paper bridge, one end of which rested on some fine mold. I then put an ant to the honey, and soon a little crowd was collected round it.

I then removed the paper bridge; the ants could not cross the glycerine; they came to the edge and walked round and round, but were unable to get across, nor did it occur to them to make a bridge or bank of the mold which I had placed so conveniently for them. I was the more surprised at this, on account of the ingenuity with which they avail themselves of earth for constructing their nests.

For instance, wishing, if possible, to avoid the trouble of frequently moistening the earth in my nests, I supplied one of my communities with a frame containing, instead of earth a piece of linen, one portion of which projected beyond the frame and was immersed in water. The linen then sucked up the water by capillary attraction, and thus the air in the frames was kept moist.

The ants approved of this arrangement and took up their quarters in the frame. To minimize evaporation, I usually closed the frame all round, leav-

ing only one or two small openings for the ants; but, in this case, I left the outer side of the frame open.

The ants, however, did not like being thus exposed; they therefore brought earth from some little distance, and built up a regular wall along the open side, blocking up the space between the upper and lower plates of glass, and leaving only one or two small openings for themselves. This struck me as very ingenious. The same expedient was, moreover, repeated under similar circumstances by the slaves belonging to my nest of Amazon ants.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Biography.—Sir John Lubbock, the eminent English physicist, was born in London in 1834. He is a graduate of Eton College.

The results he has achieved in his special work, and his charming style as a writer, have combined to render him a very popular author. He has contributed largely to various publications, writing upon the subjects to which he has given special attention. Among the works of which he is the author may be mentioned the following—"Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by the remains of ancient times, and the customs of modern savages," "The Origin of Civilization," and "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects."

Questions.—A tuning-fork is a two-pronged steel instrument used to give a certain fixed tone. For what purpose was it used with the ants? Of what is lavender-water composed? What is glycerine?

How many senses have we? What are they called? How many of these senses do the experiments described prove that ants possess?

What is shown in the last lesson as to the intelligence of ants?

Elocution.—To render the delivery of selections like the last two lessons effective, the reading should be somewhat slower than in conversation, and the articulation distinct, even to a greater degree than would ordinarily be thought essential.

Composition.—*Select three* points in regard to ants, and treat *each one of them in a single* paragraph.

7.—WHAT I LIVE FOR.

mär' tyrs (tûrs), *those who suffer loss or even die for a good cause.*
bärds, *poets.*
pā' tri ots, *persons who love their country.*
as sīgnèd', *pointed out.*
ĕm' ū lāte, *strive to equal.*
com mūn' ion (kŏm mūn' yŭn), *intercourse.*
dĭ vīnè', *godlike; heavenly.*
con vĭc' tion, *strong belief arising from proof.*
sā' ges, *wise men.*
fĭc' tion, *that which is imagined.*

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Elocution.—With what tone of voice should this poem be read? What rate and force should be used?

The peculiar double rhyme at the close of the first and third, and of the fifth, sixth and seventh lines, increases a tendency to sing-song, which must be carefully avoided.

The only lines to be closely joined in the reading occur in the fourth stanza.

Mark the inflections that should be used in the first and last stanzas.

Language.—In the expression *follow in their wake,* the comparison introduces the term *wake,* which means the track left by a ship; as a track upon the surface of water can last only for a few moments, the expression really means—follow them closely.

As Eden was of old is an example of what figure of comparison?

Composition.—Select six points, without regard to arrangement of stanzas, that would fairly cover the thoughts contained in the poem, and then use them in treating the subject in prose form.

8.—BENJAMIN WEST.

PART I.

zēal, *active interest; eagerness in favor of a person or cause.*
vā'ri e gāt ed, *having different colors.*
rue'fụl, *woful; mournful.*
im pēr'ti nençe, *rudeness.*
lŭl'a bīes, *songs to quiet babies.*
dĕx'ter ous ly, *quickly; skillfully.*
phȳs i ŏg'no my (fĭz), *face or countenance.*
ăn'çes tors, *those from whom a person descends.*
prŏph'e sīed (prōf), *foretold.*

In the year 1738, there was born in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant, who was named Benjamin West, and from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

An aged preacher, a friend of his parents, had prophesied about this child and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little child who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and *delighted himself* with gazing at the sleeping infant. *It was, indeed,* a very pretty sight. The little

personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand, there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first, Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But, when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of *red and black ink, she* uttered a scream of surprise *and joy.*

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!"

And then she threw her arms around Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers[N] of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow,[N] Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night.

The purple and gold clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, horses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn-doors or on the floor.

In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colors—red, blue, and yellow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue.

Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless *showed his gratitude* to the Indians by taking their

likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable, old, black cat that was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush. This was of so much use to him, that he applied to Madame Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! She was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful physiognomy. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

Notes.—Cardinal-flowers are of several varieties, and of brilliant colors. They derive their name, so it is said, from their color resembling that of a cardinal's cassock.

The colors of the rainbow are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, *and violet.*

Elocution.—*Mark the inflections* in the last paragraph.

9.—BENJAMIN WEST.

PART II.

ĕm'i nençe, *a high station among men; a lofty place.*
per plĕx'i ty, *doubt.*
a bĭl'i tiẹs, *qualities; talents.*
com mĭt'ted, *gave in trust.*
so brĭ'e ty, *calmness; gravity.*
văn'i ty, *idle show; empty pursuit.*
sim plĭç'i ty, *freedom from cunning or duplicity.*
lănd'scāpẹs, *portions of land and water which may be seen at one view.*
făc'ul ty, *gift; power.*
dis cōurse', *talk; conversation.*

About this time, Friend West received a visit from a Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was also a member of the Society of Friends.

The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds of beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen in the home of a farmer among the Friends.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre, and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin *appears to have* been born a painter, and Providence *is wiser than* we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they no doubt remembered the prophecy of their old friend respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who could have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning, he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner-hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or *two of food before* he hurried back to the garret *again.*

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes, was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture, of which old artists, who had spent a life-time in the business, need not have been ashamed. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him.

According to the ideas of the Friends, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

This was a difficult question; and, in order to

set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and talked the matter over from beginning to end.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had intended Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Friends resolved not to oppose his desire. They even admitted that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter, by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Friends of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors,—he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterward to Europe.

Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained *all the sobriety* and simplicity which he *had learned among* the Friends. It is related of *him, that, when he* was presented at the court of

the Prince of Parma, he kept his hat upon his head, even while kissing the prince's hand.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George the Third, and President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

When the Friends of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It is true, they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the "Death of Wolfe," thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

His picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a great number of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, there hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same picture that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few more wonderful changes than that of a little unknown boy of the Society of Friends, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished *English painter* of his day.

Let us each make the best use of our natural *abilities as Benjamin* West did; and, with the bless-

ing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it is but little matter whether we acquire it or not.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Biography.—Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of our best known American writers, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825.

There were times in the life of Hawthorne when, on account of poor health, he was compelled to give up literary work. On several of these occasions, he filled various minor positions of public trust.

The readiness of his mind for sudden changes of employment, may be illustrated by the following incident. In 1849, he was a surveyor of customs in Boston, and lost his position through a change in the national administration. It is related that on the very day he gave up his business duties, he began the composition of "The Scarlet Letter," one of his masterpieces.

Besides the work already mentioned, the most popular of Hawthorne's books are "Twice-told Tales," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and of his juvenile works,—"Tanglewood Tales," and "Wonder Book."

Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

Composition.—Select the points from the last two lessons, that could be used in a biographical sketch.

10.—THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

hĕärth′-stōnĕ, *stone before the fire; fireside.*
bā\zĕ, *a coarse woolen cloth with a long nap.*
flŭsk, *a vessel for carrying gunpowder.*
shōrn, *clipped; cut.*
pă\chĕd, *mended with pieces.*

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone,
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window-sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long, the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lies a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder-flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams, away,
And, in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft winds play with the snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy-chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

Elocution.—With what tone of voice, rate, and force should this poem be read?

Notice the pleasing effect of the rhyme at the middle and end of the first and third lines of each stanza.

Language.—In the second stanza, ***dew-eyed flowers*** means that *the sparkling dew-drops* upon the flowers give one the impression *of eyes. What is* the name of the figure?

Arrange the words of the third stanza in the order of prose.

11.—MOTHER NATURE'S FAIRIES.

con fi den'tial, *trusting; secret.*
ad o ra'tion, *the act of paying honors to a divine being.*
or'a tor, *a public speaker.*
plush, *a fabric with a soft nap on one side.*
can'o py, *a covering to protect one.*
knōl, *a little, round hill.*
ex pe di'tions, *marches; excursions.*
pro fū'sion, *great abundance.*
ar rāys', *dresses; envelopes.*
lav'ish, *great; plentiful.*
jos'tle (jos'l), *crowd against.*

"Spring-time is coming! search for the flowers!
Brush off the brown leaves, the darlings are here!
Joy of the spring-time picking the May-flowers!
Kiss the spring-beauties, the babes of the year!"

The winter is over and gone; the warm south-wind blowing over the snow-banks has melted them and they are now running away, joyous and free, down the hill-sides, and through the meadows, singing such a merry song that the birds and flowers are waking up and listening to it.

The day is gaining on the night, and the bright, life-giving rays of the sun shining on the damp ground, have warmed it; the myriad forms of growing root, stem, and leaf feel the warmth, and are already stretching themselves, preparatory to getting up.

The more courageous flowers that are not afraid of a cold morning, have rubbed their sleepy eyes, are up and dressed, and calling in their sweet, winning voices to their brothers and sisters.

Down in the valley, where the sun shines warm, along the low hill-sides, and in the hazel-thickets, *the Dog-tooth-violet*[N] *is* ringing his yellow bell, while *he gaily nods to* passers-by, This flower is really

a lily instead of a violet, but we will not try to change his name now. We all know him very well, and are glad to welcome his return with the first warm days of spring.

He first spreads out his mantle of green, white, and purple, so that his friends may know that before long he will be here himself. He is as good as his word; and as if by magic, we see him standing with his spotted cloak around him, and his yellow cap turned up, giving us a good view of his happy face. He has not rung in vain, for a whole troop of his companions are ready to welcome him.

Standing beside him, and willing to shake hands at any time, is that delicate little creature, the Spring Beauty. She is very frail, and does not seem able to bear much, and we will handle her very carefully as we look with wonder on her delicate beauty.

Her gauzy, rose-colored dress seems ready to melt at the touch, and we smile to see what a low bow her friend, the Dog-tooth-violet, gives her. She is a little queen, and he knows it. They are enjoying each other's society so well, that we can leave them to themselves; for in their quiet way, they are having a confidential chat that we will not listen to.

Farther on, where the thickets are lost in the deeper woods, we see the blue-bird's flower—the dainty Hepatica. Clustering among the dead leaves of the past summer, at the roots of the trees, or covering large patches in the upland forest, they cluster together in a timid, wide-awake manner. Very *gentle and loving* they seem to be, and though they *do jostle one another* a good deal, they never complain, *but smile* and wink, and go on stretching

up their downy necks that they may show their beautiful, new dresses to the blue sky, as it looks down at them through the bare branches of the trees.

Near by, within speaking distance, the Blood-root is unfolding her pearly spring dress; and shaking out all its creases, she arrays herself in it, and stands up looking like a bride in her gold and pearls.

These lovely spring blossoms, the fairies that attend Mother Nature in all her rambles through woodland and meadow, have been tenderly cared for by her through the long winter. She has had them tucked up most carefully in their snug, little beds, with snow-white blankets wrapped around them, and, by a gentle rocking, peculiarly her own, has kept them sleeping through the long, cold night. And now, when they hear her gentle voice calling them, they are only too glad to obey, and, like obedient children, come and go at her bidding.

The Buttercups, with their yellow dresses, fresh and new, are gilding meadows and uplands everywhere. They are not very particular, but are contented if they only have standing room. They open their eyes wide to the sunshine, and greet their friends, the daisies and violets, with a pleasant nod, while the children are delighted to reflect their little fat chins in their yellow cups.

These flowers are sturdy little fellows, some of them, and lift up their heads pretty high as they pass the gentle Wind-flowers, with the remark that they are too tender to live, and the Wind-flowers, *as though hurt by the* remark, gently close their *mild eyes, bow their* heads, and, before long, fade

away out of sight; while the Buttercup, in his strength and vain-glory, keeps on his march through the long summer days.

The voice of that little orator, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is heard just as soon as it is considered safe for him to speak without danger of getting cold and having a sore throat. He erects his pulpit, spreads his canopy over it, and then commences his speech, which well pays all that hear it. He is very attractive in his fanciful robe of green-spotted velvet, and is considered the king of his time; but as his labors and strength are spent almost entirely in the grand old woods, hundreds of his subjects are off at play, on the lawns, in the meadows, and by the brook side.

Those comical little beauties, the Dutchman's Breeches, may be seen any time climbing the low hill-side, or waving their feathery leaves in the margin of the woods; and, although they spend their time mainly in lolling about on the young grass, or even on the bare ground, their waxy-white garments are never soiled, and they are the envy of their neighbors.

The Columbine in her scarlet and gold, that lives in the rocky castle just above him, on the summit of the knoll, is shaking her head in displeasure at his laziness, telling him that he can never be any body as long as he is content to live such a quiet, humdrum life, never getting up on the highlands, or making any expeditions among chasms or dangerous depths; for her part, she delights in gazing down steep places, and clinging to the rock side, *enjoying many a chat* with the Harebells, whom *he never meets.* But the flowers all know the Col-

umbine, and feel that if she does hold her head so high up in the world, she is kind at heart and means well.

Far out on the distant prairies and bluffs of the West, are seen some rare gems of flowers. Queen among them all is the lovely Pasque-flower,[N] or, as it is called, the Easter-bell, because she presents her "lilies" at Easter. Before the ground has been warmed even by the early spring sun, we see her pushing up into view her flower-bud, covered with plush of the softest brown. She stands alone on the bare, cold ground, with the chill winds blowing over her; often making her first offering before there is even one blade of green grass to welcome her, and her sister flowers are yet sleeping soundly in their beds.

The beautiful brown plush of her cloak is lined with bluish-purple, shading to white; and when she unveils her face in all its beauty, a fairer one was never seen. Her Eastern cousins would gaze in delight if they could only see her, but they probably never will; for she is queen among the spring flowers of the West, and never leaves home.

The Dodecatheon,[N] or Shooting-star, as it is familiarly called, is a tall, graceful flower, hanging its crown of lilac and pinkish blossoms in wing-like clusters on the summit of the stem. It is a remarkable flower, noted for its grace and beauty, and grows in lavish profusion in the hazel-thickets.

But one long, bright, summer day would not give us time enough to tell the names, even of the darlings *east and west, that* people our groves, meadows, *and brook sides; beginning* with that fragrant, waxy

gem, the Trailing Arbutus, and closing our list with the last blossoms of the season, the waving Golden-rod and the classic Blue Gentian.

They smile on us from every nook the sun shines on, and lift their bright eyes to the sky in mute adoration, always receiving storm and sunshine alike, in quiet content.

MARY W. ALLEN.

Notes.—The Dog-tooth-violet is so called on account of two projections somewhat resembling blunt teeth near the base of its petals.

The Pasque-flower (pâsk) derives its name from *pasque,* an old French word meaning Easter. The flower blooms about the time of the Easter festival.

Do de căth'e on (*dodeka,* twelve; *theoi,* gods) is a name given by the poetic naturalist, Linnæus, inasmuch as the twelve flowers seemed to him to deserve the name of divinities.

Elocution.—State what inflections should be employed in reading the first paragraph on page 74.

Point out the position of *rhetorical* pauses in the first paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—The lesson, although prose in form, resembles poetry both in thought and language. It may therefore be called a *prose-poem.*

In the statement—"The day is gaining on the night," is the thought of a race between day and night suggested?—If so, name the figure of comparison employed.

When we speak of flowers as *rubbing their sleepy eyes, rising and dressing,* we attribute to them the actions of persons. A *metaphor* in which human characteristics are attributed to objects not properly possessing them, is called *personification.*

What figure of comparison is used in the expression—Dame Nature?

Composition.—Use as a subject for analysis and treatment—Buttercups and Daisies.

Remark.—The description of flowers will afford matter for an occasional composition, to those interested in the subject of *botany.* The habits of observation and classification acquired *through the study of* plants and other natural objects, will *lead to the systematic* arrangement of thoughts upon any subject, *and prove invaluable* aids to original composition.

12.—BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

so nä'tà, *a kind of musical composition.*
fi nä'le (fe nä'lā), *the end of a piece of music.*
in vŏl'un ta ri ly, *without choice; without intending.*
rĕv'er ent ly, *with fear, mingled with respect and love.*
ag i tä'to, *hurried; trembling.*
im pŭl'sĭve, *sudden; unexpected.*
ĭm'pro vĭze', *play something without preparation.*
ĭn'fi nĭte ly, *without bounds or limits.*
gro tĕsque' (grō tĕsk'), *wildly formed; ludicrous.*
com păs'sion ate ly, *with kindness, pity, or sympathy.*
ĕlf'in, *intricate; relating to elves.*
ĭn'ter lūde, *a short piece of music.*

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven;[N] for I wished him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F.[N] Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he *said.*

"Go in!" I exclaimed; "what can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the young lady——" He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you *play by ear? But* where do you hear the music, *since you frequent* no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while

there, I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings, her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to awake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the

young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"*You will come* again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost *tenderly, at the face* of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Biography.—Ludwig văn Beethoven (bā'tō ven), one of the greatest composers, was born at Bonn in 1770, and died in Vienna in 1827.

The works of Beethoven created a new epoch in the development of music, and the popularity of his compositions has not diminished with the lapse of years.

The picture of Beethoven that is given us by his biographers, is indeed a sad one. He was alone, deaf, and the object of unkind treatment on the part of those who should have been his friends. How nobly he rose above all petty annoyances, we can readily understand when we listen to the grand and solemn strains of his immortal music.

Notes and Questions.—Where is Bonn? Where is Cologne?

Sonata in F is the name of a musical composition written in the key of F.

Elocution.—The repetition of *I* in the seventh paragraph denotes hesitation or stammering. The dashes in the same paragraph are used to mark abrupt changes of thought due to mental confusion.

Find another example in the lesson, of repetition of words in stammering.

Language.—The first word of the lesson, *It*, has the following meaning:—***The events which I am about to describe*** or ***speak of.*** The use of the word *It* may shorten the expression of a thought; but it is too indefinite in meaning to be employed frequently. The use of the word in the case already referred to, causes the *instant inquiry*—*"What happened at Bonn?"*

Give two other examples in which *It* is employed, and *substitute its meaning in each case.*

13.—THE FROST SPIRIT.

stătʹūe (stătʹyu), *something solid formed into the likeness of a living being; an image.*
bāfʹfl̤d, *defeated; foiled.*
tôrʹpid, *having lost motion.*
Nor wēʹji an, *relating to Norway.*
glāzʹing, *rendering smooth like glass.*
ēʹvl̤, *not good; bad.*

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields
And the broad hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees
Where their pleasant green came forth;
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,
Which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night
Into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
On the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines[N] have bowed
As his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,
Where the fires of Hecla[N] glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above
And the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
  And the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
  And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
  Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter's chain,
  And in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
  Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
  His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
  When that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend
  As his sounding wing goes by!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Biography.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the author and poet, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. His parents were members of the Society of Friends.

Whittier worked on a farm and at the trade of shoemaking until eighteen years of age. After that he studied for two years in the Haverhill Academy.

In 1829, he became the editor of a paper in Boston; and since that time has been engaged in various kinds of literary work.

His poems are of a vigorous and picturesque order; and the adaptation of form to thought, as well as the lofty purity and simplicity of his style, has procured for his writings a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Among his best known works may be mentioned the following: "Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "Snow-Bound," and "Among the Hills."

Notes.—The pine trees of Norway are tall, straight, and strong; and these qualities make them desirable for masts of ships.

Mt. Hecla is an active volcano on the Island of Iceland.

Language.—*What is meant by* ***The Frost Spirit?*** *Mention another epithet applied to intense cold in the lesson.*

What figures of comparison occur throughout the lesson?

14.—ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

PART I.

ac cŏm'pa nĭed, *went with.*
ag ga gĕĕrs', *mounted native hunters.*
spĕc'ū lāt ing, *considering.*
im pĕn'e tra blĕ, *not to be entered.*
im plĭç'it, *perfect; very great.*
con frŏnt'ed, *stood facing.*
as sā'l'ants, *persons who attack.*
skĭrt, *run along the edge of.*
in vā'ri a bly, *without change.*
pŏs'i tĭvĕ ly, *expressly; in strong terms.*
ĭn ter vēn'ing, *coming between.*

Tracking was very difficult, as there was a total absence of rain; it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date, from those most recent, upon the hard and parched soil.

The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after fording the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in a bend of the stream, that was evidently overflowed when the river was full; this surface of many acres was backed by a large forest.

Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, within the forest.

We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpeting of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest, already declared to be the hiding-place of the herd.

In a few minutes, a fine, large elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked directly toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of *a high bank* of sand that had been left by the re-

tiring river in sweeping round an angle. We immediately dismounted and remained well concealed.

The question of attack was quickly settled; the elephant was quietly approaching the water, which was about a hundred paces distant from the jungle; this intervening space was covered with heavy, dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river.

I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand-bank about three feet high; and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat to the jungle.

Accordingly I led the way, followed by my head man with a rifle, while I carried my large elephant gun, which I called "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, which had just arrived at the water and commenced drinking.

We now crept cautiously toward him, as the sand-bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep.

Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us.

He lifted his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at his shoulder with the "Baby."

The only effect of the shot was to send him off at a great speed to the jungle; but at the same time the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like grey-hounds in a course, and, wisely keeping on a line with the jungle, they cut off his retreat. Then turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand.

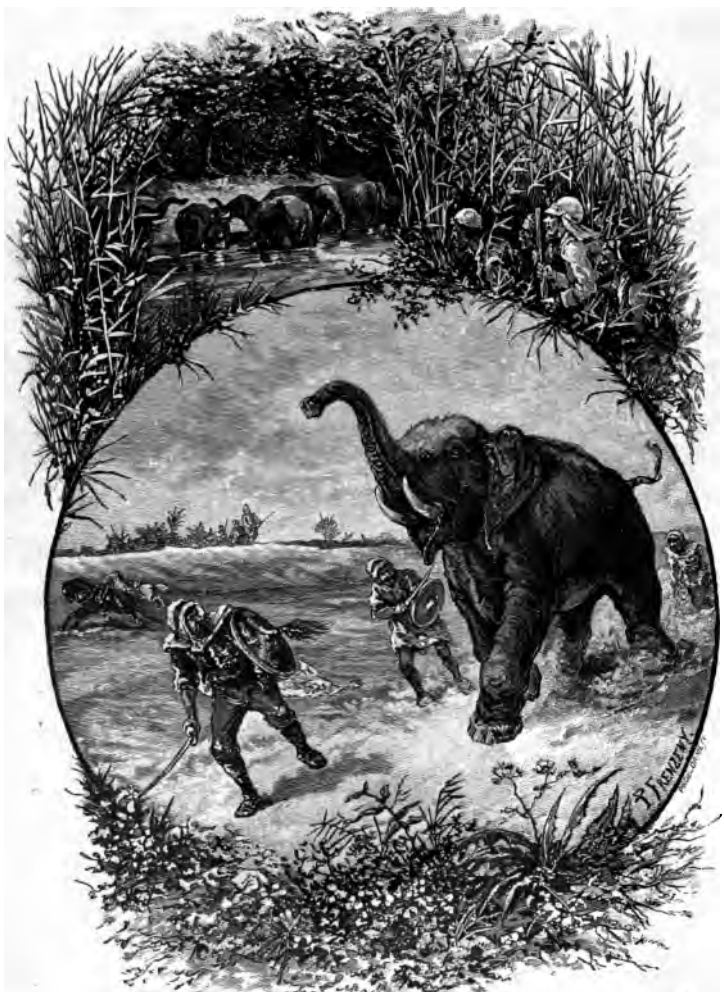
At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy; but now came the very gallant but foolish part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprung from their saddles, and upon foot, in the heavy sand, they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport, I never saw any thing so magnificent, or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was in a great rage, and, nevertheless, he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him.

This he avoided with great dexterity, turning with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk and trumpeted with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless, the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement, they had forsaken their horses, which had escaped from the spot.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L



"The elephant charged through the aggageers."
(See page 87.)

The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved one another, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephant charged the third, upon which the cautious animal immediately gave up the chase, and turned upon his pursuers.

During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight, the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from one of my large rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of one of the men who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him just in time to reach his leg.

Unfortunately, he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers, and charging across the deep sand, reached the jungle.

We were shortly upon his track, and, after running about a quarter of a mile, found him dead in a dry water-course. His tusks,[N] like those of the generality of Abyssinian elephants, were exceedingly short, but of good thickness.

Some of our men, who had followed the runaway horses, shortly returned and reported that during the fight they had heard other elephants trumpeting in the dense jungle near the river.

A portion of thick forest of about two hundred acres, *upon this side of* the river, was a tempting *covert for elephants,* and the aggageers, who were *perfectly familiar* with the habits of the animals,

positively declared that the herd must be within this jungle.

Accordingly we proposed to skirt the margin of the river, which, as it made a bend at right angles, commanded two sides of a square. Upon reaching the jungle by the river side, we again heard the trumpeting of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals, shoulder-deep in the river.

They were in the act of crossing to the opposite side, to secrete themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny hedge.

The aggageers advised that we should return to the ford that we had already crossed, assuring us that by repassing the river, we should most probably meet the elephants, as they would not leave the thick jungle until night.

Having implicit confidence in their knowledge of the country, I followed their directions, and shortly afterward we recrossed the ford, and arrived upon a dry portion of the river's bed, banked by a dense thicket.

Notes.— The hunting of elephants to obtain their tusks, has been almost entirely given up. In this country hard rubber and celluloid are manufactured into a great variety of useful articles, many of which were formerly made of ivory.

Describe the location of Abyssinia.

Language.— "Having the wind fair" in hunting, means that the wind is blowing toward the hunters, and not from them toward the animals hunted.

What figure of comparison is employed in the expression "Nimble as monkeys?"

Forsaken their horses means that the aggageers left their horses *and went toward the* elephants. ***To abandon*** any thing is to leave *it with no intention* of returning. ***To desert*** is to leave in direct *violation of duty.*

15.—ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

PART II.

lo͞om'ing, *appearing.*
qui-ĕk'sĭl ver, *a certain metal, white like silver.*
de lĭb'er ate, *careful; slow.*
ĕóv'ert, *a place which covers and protects.*
sus pĕnse', *the state of being in uncertainty.*
de çĭ'sĭve, *prompt; determined.*
sĕv'ered, *cut; separated.*
sĭn'ew (sĭn'yu), *that which unites a muscle to a bone.*
glăde, *a clear space in a forest.*
quiv'ered, *shook with slight motion.*
çir cŭm'fer ençe, *the distance around a body.*
ăc'cu rate ly, *exactly; carefully.*

Jali now took the management of affairs. We all dismounted and sent the horses to a considerable distance, lest they should, by some noise, disturb the elephants. We soon heard a crackling in the jungle on our right, and Jali assured us that, as he had expected, the elephants were slowly advancing through the jungle on the bank of the river, and would pass exactly before us.

We waited patiently in the bed of the river, and the crackling in the jungle sounded closer as the herd evidently approached. The strip of thick, thorny covert that fringed the margin, was in no place wider than half a mile; beyond that, the country was open and park-like, but at this season it was covered with parched grass, from eight to ten feet high: the elephants would, therefore, most probably remain in the jungle until driven out.

In about a quarter of an hour we judged by the *noise in the jungle about* a hundred yards from *the river, that the elephants* were directly opposite

us. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly, by himself, into the bush, and to bring me information of their position.

In three or four minutes he returned. He declared that it would be impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow; but that I could use the rifles, as the elephants were close to us. He had seen three standing together, between us and the main body of the herd.

I told Jali to lead me directly to the spot, and, followed by Florian and the aggageers, with my gun-bearers, I kept within a foot of the little guide, upon whom I depended, as he crept gently into the jungle.

We advanced stealthily, until Jali stepped quietly to one side and pointed with his finger. I immediately observed two elephants looming up through the thick bushes about eight paces from me.

Determined to try fairly the forehead-shot, I kept my ground and fired a quicksilver and lead bullet from one of the large rifles. It struck her exactly in the center of the forehead. The only effect was to make the huge beast stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her immense ears thrown forward, she charged. I then fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot.

Checked in her rush, she backed toward the dense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching a large rifle from one of my trusty men, I ran straight at her, took deliberate aim at the forehead, and fired once more. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I *fired my last barrel*, Jali rushed in, and with one

blow of his sharp sword, severed the sinew of the hind leg. In an instant she was utterly helpless.

I had fired three accurate shots and all had failed to kill. There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead-shot, so fatal to the Indian[N] elephant, could not be relied upon with the African species.

I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggageers quitted the jungle to remount their horses, as they expected the herd had broken cover on the other side of the jungle; in which case, they intended to give chase, and if possible to turn them back into the covert and drive them toward the guns.

We accordingly took our stand in the small, open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was only provided with one single-barreled elephant-gun.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggageers who had headed the herd and were driving them back toward us.

In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a savage elephant, and the continued shouts of the aggageers, assured us that they were bearing down exactly in our direction; they were apparently followed, even through the dense jungle, by the wild and reckless Arabs.

I called my men together, and told them to stand fast, and to hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. For a moment the jungle quivered and *crashed; a second* later and the herd,

headed by an immense elephant, thundered down upon us.

The great leader came directly toward me, and received in the forehead the contents of both barrels of my large rifle as fast as I could pull the triggers. The shock made it reel backward for an instant and fortunately turned it aside, and the rest of the herd followed their leader. My second rifle was rapidly handled, and I made a quick shot with both barrels at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them both stone dead.

At this moment the "Baby" was pushed into my hand by another of my men, just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, which had already charged headlong after its companions, and was disappearing in the jungle.

Bang! went the "Baby," and around I spun like a weathercock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer deep into the bridge.

My "Baby" not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant must be dead, as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly behind the shoulder.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging[N] four from this herd, in addition to the single one in the morning—total, five. Florian killed one, and the aggageers one—total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian.

Having my measuring-tape in a game-bag, that was always carried by one of the men, I measured *accurately one of* the elephants that had fallen, with

the legs stretched out, so that the height to the shoulder could be exactly taken. From foot to shoulder, in a direct line, nine feet, one inch; circumference of foot, four feet, eight inches.

We now left the jungle and found our horses waiting for us in the bed of the river by the water-side, and we rode toward our camp, well satisfied with the day's sport.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

Biography.—Sir Samuel White Baker, the African traveler and explorer, was born in 1821, at Thorngrove, England.

Baker studied civil engineering, and early in life, went to Ceylon. There, led by love of field-sports into the recesses of the island, he gave evidence of that love of adventure which was to make him famous as an explorer.

In 1862, Baker, accompanied by his wife, visited Khartoum, and then ascended the White Nile. After a perilous journey, they succeeded in reaching a vast lake, which he named the Albert 'Nyan'za. For this exploit, Baker was knighted by the Queen of England.

The principal literary works of Baker are: "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Albert 'Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile," and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia."

Notes.—The Indian species of elephant mentioned in the lesson, is found in Hin do stan', Cey lon', and other parts of the East Indies.

Bagging is a word used by sportsmen, and referred originally to small game, which could be carried in a bag. In a broad sense, the word is applied to the capture of game of any size.

Language.—A sentence is a thought expressed in words, and consists of the combination of a ***subject*** and a ***predicate.***

The ***predicate*** of a sentence is an ***action-word*** (verb) with or without modifying words; the ***subject*** is a single word or a collection of words, which taken with the ***predicate*** forms a complete thought.

Sentence.—"The great leader came directly toward us."

The subject of this sentence consists of the ***name-word*** (noun) "leader," modified by the words "great" and "the"; and the ***action-word*** "came," modified by "directly" and "toward us."

The modifiers of a ***name-word*** are called ***adjectives;*** of an ***action-word, adverbs.***

16.—GRADATIM.[N]

de pōs̱ẹ̣d′, *conquered; laid aside.*
săp′phīr̤ẹ̣ (săf′ĭr), *a precious stone of a blue color.*
vạụlt′ed, *arched.*
slāụn, *put to death.*
sĕn′sū al (sĕn′shụ al), *relating to the body.*
as pīr̤ẹ̣′, *long after.*

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the solemn dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Biography.—Josiah Gilbert Holland was born in Belchertown, Massachussets, in 1819, and died in New York City, in 1882.

Holland was engaged in the practice of medicine for a number of years; but gave up his profession to engage in educational and literary work.

In 1870, he became the editor of "Scribner's Monthly," and kept up his association with that periodical until the time of his death.

Holland's reputation was chiefly due to his prose writings, although his poems "Katrina" and "Bitter-Sweet" are widely and favorably known. His principal prose works are: "The Bay Path," "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "Miss Gilbert's Career," and "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Notes.—The title of this poem—"Grā dā'tĭm," means ***step by step.***

Elocution.—With what tone of voice, rate, and force should this poem be read?

In the fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, there should be a slight increase of force given to each member of the ***series of words,*** in order to give them the proper emphasis. An increase of force of the kind suggested is called an ***elocutionary climax.***

Mark inflections used in the last stanza.

Language.—***Is not reached*** in the first stanza means can not be reached.

Count in the second stanza means consider.

What figure of comparison is used frequently throughout the poem? Select one or two examples of the figure and explain their meaning in ordinary language.

Point out *the lines in the first two* stanzas which rhyme.

17.—BAMBOO.

PART I.

ap prē′ci āt̨e, *estimate truly.*
ĕăl′a băsh e̱s, *the fruit of a tree of that name.*
gō̤u̱rd̨s, *fleshy fruit with one cell and many seeds.*
fa çĭl′i ty, *ease.*
rat tăn′, *the stem of a plant growing in India.*
ē las tĭç′i ty, *springiness.*
çĭr′c̨u̱it (sĭr′kit), *distance round.*
sŭb′sti tūt̨e̱s, *persons or things put in the place of others.*
ĭn se c̨ū′ri ty, *want of safety; danger.*
çe lĕr′i ty, *speed; swiftness.*
ē c̨o nŏm′ic̨ al, *not marked with waste or extravagance.*
dĭ ăg′o nal, *crossing at an angle.*

During my many journeys in Borneo, and especially during my various residences among the natives, I first came to appreciate the admirable qualities of the bamboo. In those parts of South America which I had previously visited, these gigantic grasses were comparatively scarce, and but little used where found; their place being taken, as to one class of uses, by the great variety of palms, and as to another, by the hard rind of calabashes and gourds. Almost all tropical countries produce bamboos; and, wherever they are found in abundance, the natives apply them to a variety of uses.

Their strength, lightness, smoothness, straightness, roundness, and hollowness, the facility and regularity with which they can be split, their many different sizes, the varying length of their joints, the ease with which they can be cut, and with which holes can be made through them, their hardness outside, their freedom from any pronounced taste or smell, their great abundance, and the rapidity of their growth and increase, are all qualities *which render them* useful for a hundred different

purposes, to serve which, other materials would require much more labor and preparation. The bamboo is one of the most wonderful as well as beautiful productions of the tropics, and one of nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man.

The Dyak[N] houses are all raised on posts, and are often two or three hundred feet long and forty or fifty feet wide. The floor is always formed of strips, about three inches wide, split from large bamboos, so that each may be laid nearly flat, and these are firmly tied down with rattan to the joists beneath. When well made, this is a delightful floor to walk upon barefooted, the rounded surfaces of the bamboo being very smooth and agreeable to the feet, while at the same time affording a firm hold.

But what is more important, they form, with a mat over them, an excellent bed, the elasticity of the bamboo and its rounded surface being far superior to a more rigid and flatter floor. Here we at once find a use for bamboo which can not be supplied so well by any other material without a vast amount of labor. Palms and other substitutes require much cutting and smoothing, and are not so good when finished.

When, however, a flat, close floor is required, excellent boards are made by splitting open large bamboos on one side only, and flattening them out so as to form thin boards eighteen inches wide and six feet long, with which some Dyaks floor their houses. These, with constant rubbing of the feet and the smoke of years, become dark and polished, like walnut or old oak, so that their real material can *hardly be recognized.*

What labor is here saved a savage, whose only tools are an ax and a knife, and who, if he wants boards, must hew them out of the solid trunk of a tree, and give days and weeks of labor to obtain a surface as smooth and beautiful as the bamboo thus treated affords him!

Again, if a temporary house is wanted, either by the native on his plantation, or by the traveler in the forest, nothing is so convenient as the bamboo, with which a house can be constructed with a quarter of the labor and time required when other materials are used.

The natives of the interior make paths for long distances, from village to village, and to their cultivated grounds, in the course of which they have to cross many gullies and ravines, and even rivers; or sometimes, to avoid a long circuit, to carry the path along the face of the precipice. In all these cases, the bridges they construct are of bamboo, and so admirably adapted is the material for the purpose, that it seems doubtful whether they would ever have attempted such works if they had not possessed it.

The native bridge is simple but well designed. It consists merely of stout bamboos crossing each other at the roadway like the letter X, and rising a few feet above it. At the crossing they are firmly bound together, and to a large bamboo which lies upon them, and forms the only pathway, with a slender and often very shaky one to serve as a hand-rail.

When a river is to be crossed, an overhanging tree is chosen, from which the bridge is partly suspended and partly supported by diagonal braces

from the banks, so as to avoid placing posts in the stream itself, which would be liable to be carried away by floods.

In carrying a path along the face of the precipice, trees and roots are made use of for suspension; braces arise from suitable notches or crevices in the rocks; and, if these are not sufficient, immense bamboos, fifty or sixty feet long, are fixed on the banks or on the branch of a tree below.

These bridges are traversed daily by men and women carrying heavy loads, so that any insecurity is soon discovered, and, as the materials are close at hand, immediately repaired.

When a path goes over very steep ground, and becomes slippery in wet or dry weather, the bamboo is used in another way. Pieces are cut about a yard long, and opposite notches being made at each end, holes are formed through which pegs are driven, and firm and convenient steps are thus constructed with the greatest ease and celerity. It is true that much of this will decay in one or two seasons; but it can be so quickly replaced, as to make its use more economical than that of a harder and more durable wood.

Notes and Questions.— **Dy'ak** is a name given to the natives of the island of Borneo.

Where is the island of Borneo?

Elocution.—In reading long sentences, exercise particular care in regard to ***pauses*** and ***inflections***. Unless the pauses are made in the proper places, the meaning of the sentences will be obscured. If the ***falling inflection*** is used before the close of long descriptive sentences, listeners will think that the sentences are completed before they are.

Avoid reading long sentences rapidly, for if the reader shows that he is in a hurry, the sentences will appear to be even ***longer than they are.***

855951R

18.—BAMBOO.

PART II.

prŏp′er tiẹs, *qualities belonging to something.*
dĕc′o rāte, *adorn; make beautiful.*
ăq′ue dŭcts, *artificial channels for conveying water.*
per fĕc′tion, *the highest degree of excellence.*
u tĕn′sils, *vessels used in a kitchen.*
in sĕrt′ing, *setting within something.*
ob lïque′ly (ob leek′), *inclined at an angle.*
çўl′in der, *a body of roller-like form.*
sĕrv′ïçe a ble, *useful; adapted to any good end or use.*
ĕov′et ed, *wished for eagerly.*

One of the most striking uses to which bamboo is applied by the natives, is to assist them in climbing lofty trees. One day I shot a small animal, which caught in a fork of a tree and remained fixed. As I was very anxious to get it, I tried to persuade two young men who were with me to cut down the tree, which was tall, perfectly straight, and smooth-barked, and without a branch for fifty or sixty feet.

To my surprise they said they would prefer climbing it, although it would be a good deal of trouble; but after a little talking together, they said they would try. They first went to a clump of bamboos that stood near, and cut down one of the largest stems. From this they chopped off a short piece, and splitting it, made a couple of stout pegs, about a foot long, and sharp at one end.

Then cutting a thick piece of wood for a mallet, they drove one of the pegs into the tree and hung their weight upon it. It held, and this seemed to satisfy them, for they immediately began making *a quantity of pegs* of the same kind, while I looked

on with great interest, wondering how they could possibly ascend such a lofty tree by merely driving pegs in it, the failure of any one of which at a good height would certainly cause their death.

When about two dozen pegs had been made, one of them began cutting some very long and slender bamboo from another clump, and also prepared some cord from the bark of a small tree. They now drove in a peg very firmly at about three feet from the ground, and, bringing one of the long bamboos, stood it upright, close to the tree, and bound it firmly to the first two pegs, by means of the bark cord, and small notches near the head of each peg.

One of the men now stood on the first peg, and drove in a third, about level with his face, to which he tied the bamboo in the same way, and then mounted another step, standing on one foot, and holding by the bamboo at the peg immediately above him, while he drove in the next one. In this manner he ascended about twenty feet, when the upright bamboo becoming thin, another was handed up by his companion, and this was joined on by tying both bamboos to three or four of the pegs.

When this was also nearly ended, a third was added, and shortly after, the lowest branches of the tree were reached, along which the young native scrambled, and soon sent the little animal tumbling headlong down.

I was exceedingly struck by the ingenuity of this mode of climbing, and the admirable manner in which the peculiar properties of the bamboo were made available. *The ladder* itself was perfectly safe,

since if any one peg were loose or faulty, and gave way, the strain would be thrown on several others above and below it. I now understood the use of the line of bamboo pegs sticking in trees, which I had often seen, and wondered for what purpose they could have been put there.

This method of climbing is constantly used in order to obtain wax, which is one of the most valuable products of the country. The honey-bee of Borneo very generally hangs its combs under the branches of the tappan, a tree which towers above all others in the forest, and whose smooth, cylindrical trunk often rises a hundred feet without a branch. The natives climb these lofty trees at night, building up their bamboo ladder as they go, and bringing down gigantic honey-combs.

These furnish them with a delicious feast of honey and young bees, besides the wax, which they sell to traders, and with the proceeds buy the much coveted brass wire, ear-rings, and gold-edged handkerchiefs with which they love to decorate themselves. In ascending durio and other fruit trees, which branch at from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, I have seen them use the bamboo pegs only, without the upright bamboo which renders them so much more secure.

The outer rind of the bamboo, split and shaved thin, is the strongest material for baskets; hen-coops, bird-cages, and conical fish-traps are very quickly made from a single joint, by splitting off the skin in narrow strips left attached to one end, while rings of the same material, or rattan, are twisted in at regular distances.

Water is brought to the house by little aque-

ducts formed of large bamboos split in half and supported on crossed sticks of various heights to give it a regular fall. Thin long-jointed bamboos form their only water vessels, and a dozen of them stand in the corner of every house. They are clean, light, and easily carried, and are in many ways superior to earthen vessels for the same purpose.

They also make excellent cooking utensils; vegetables and rice can be boiled in them to perfection, and they are often used by travelers. Salted fruit or fish, sugar, vinegar, and honey are preserved in them instead of in jars or bottles. In a small bamboo case, prettily carved and ornamented, the native carries his materials for betel chewing, and his little long-bladed knife has a bamboo sheath.

His favorite pipe is a large hubble-bubble, which he will construct in a few minutes, by inserting a small piece of bamboo for a bowl obliquely into a large cylinder about six inches from the bottom, containing water, through which the smoke passes to a long, slender bamboo tube.

There are many other small matters for which bamboo is daily used, but enough has now been mentioned to show its value. In other parts of the archipelago I have myself seen it applied to many new uses, and it is probable that my limited means of observation did not make me acquainted with one-half the ways in which it is serviceable to the natives.

A. R. WALLACE.

Biography.—Alfred Russell Wallace is an eminent traveler and scientist. He is known as the author of several works on natural history, and as a contributor to a number of prominent periodicals. Our knowledge of the Eastern Archipelago and of South America has been greatly enlarged through his travels.

19.—SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.[N]

ẹ̈ẽ′rĭẹ̈ (ẽ′rў), *the nest of a bird of prey.*
poiṣẹ̈, *balance.*
vo lŭpt′ū ọ̈ŭs, *given up to pleasure.*
ăz′ūrẹ̈ (ăzh′ūr), *a fine blue color.*
hĕr′it aġẹ̈, *property passing from one to another.*
pĕn′non, *flag or streamer.*
ėrā′vẹ̈n, *cowardly.*
pĭl′grimṣ, *wanderers.*
eẋ ŭlt′, *be glad; rejoice.*

I build my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest,
Where the lightnings flash and the thunders crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash;
For my spirit free henceforth shall be
A type of the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly from my aerie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky;
On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light;
For I love to play in the noontide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring with a tireless wing,
On a feathery cloud I poise and swing;
I dart down the steep where the lightnings leap,
And the clear, blue canopy swiftly sweep;
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless Liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand
Like the watch-towers high of a patriot band;
For I may not bide in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,

Where Luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give to me in my flights to see
The land of the pilgrims ever free!
And I never will rove from the haunts I love,
But watch, from my sentinel track above,
Your banner free, o'er land and sea,
And exult in your glorious Liberty.

O, guard ye well the land where I dwell,
Lest to future times the tale I tell,
When slow expires in smouldering fires
The goodly heritage of your sires,—
How Freedom's light rose clear and bright
O'er fair Columbia's[N] beacon height,
Till ye quenched the flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear, from your pennon fair,
The stars ye have set in triumph there;
My olive branch on the blast I'll launch,
The fluttering stripes from the flag-staff wrench,
And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see,
A craven race in the land of the free!

Notes and Questions.—The American Eagle is used as an emblem of freedom. Mention some of our coins upon which it is placed.

Columbia is a name applied to the United States in honor of Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Describe the flag of our country. What does each star stand for? How many stripes are used? What do the colors signify?

Elocution.—Read the lesson in a full and clear tone of voice, expressive of courage and a sense of freedom.

Language.—What is the force of the suffix *et* in the word *eaglet*? In some words the letter *l* is prefixed to the suffix, making it *let, as in stream-let, wave-let.*

Such words as roar and crash are called *mi met' ic*, because their *sound gives an idea of their* meaning.

20.—AN ICEBERG.

ir rĕg'ū lar, *not well formed.*
cāv'i tiẹs, *hollow places.*
pĭn'na clẹs, *high points.*
ĕl'e ment, *portion.*
com bīnẹd', *joined; united.*
Ĭs'lẹs (Īlz), *islands.*
hēav'ing, *swelling; rising.*
a stĕrn', *behind a ship.*
un cọụth', *awkward; strange.*
sub lĭm'i ty, *nobleness; awe.*

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the companion-way[N], and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, cook?" asked the first man who came up.

"On the port[N] bow."

And there, floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an immense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring its beauty and grandeur.

No description can give any idea of the strangeness and beauty of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion as its base rose and sunk in the water, and

its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, as well as its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay to, quite near it, for the greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular, heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprung up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

No pencil has ever yet given any thing like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses stuck in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and

the fearful groaning and crackling of their parts—the picture can not give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire[N].

R. H. DANA, JR.

Biography.—Richard Henry Dana, jr., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815, and died in 1881.

When about twenty years of age, he made a voyage to San Francisco, an account of which was published in 1840 under the title of "Two Years Before the Mast." Probably no other book has been written which gives such an accurate picture of sailor-life; and its popularity, both in this country and in England, has been remarkable.

Mr. Dana was for many years a distinguished member of the Boston Bar, but his national reputation is due to his books. "The Seaman's Friend," containing a treatise on practical seamanship, was published in 1841, and republished in London in 1856.

Notes.—*Port* signifies the side of a boat which is at the left hand of a person looking toward the bow.

The *companion-way* is the name of a staircase leading from the deck to the cabin of a ship.

Sapphire is a gem of a bluish color.

Elocution.—The long sentences used in description, should be read somewhat more slowly than conversation. The pauses, both grammatical and rhetorical, should be carefully regarded.

Point out the location of the rhetorical pauses in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—Let us select a *subject* and a *predicate* from the lesson and join them to form a sentence.

Example.—"A breeze" (*subject*) "sprung up" (*predicate*). Adding an *adjective* to the *subject* and an *adverbial phrase* to the *predicate*, we have

"A strong wind sprung up toward morning."

This is called a *simple sentence* because it contains only a single *subject* and a single *predicate*.

If we join to this sentence another sentence—"We sailed away," and use a *connecting-word* "and" between them, we shall have a *compound sentence*.

Compose two compound sentences, after the model just given.

21.—THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

ex çĕs'ĭv ly, *in an extreme degree.*
eom plīed', *agreed.*
im pŏl'i tĭc, *unwise.*
ğôr'ğeŏŭs (ğôr'jŭs), *beautiful; showy.*
in vĭş'i blĕ, *unable to be seen.*
ex pā'ti āt ed (eks pā'shĭ āt ed), *talked at length.*
eoun'seled, *advised.*
rĕt'i nūe, *a train of attendants.*
en chānt'ed, *delighted in a high degree.*
de rĭ'sĭvĕ, *mocking; scornful.*

In ages long past there lived an emperor who was excessively fond of new clothes. He spent at least half of his time in his wardrobe, looking at his costly robes, and trying on one after another, to see which best pleased his fancy.

One day there came to his capital two clever rogues who declared that they were weavers, and able to produce a fabric surpassing every other in color and design, but that the clothes made from it had the wonderful property of becoming invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or unworthy of the esteem of his fellow-men.

"What capital clothes those would be!" thought the emperor. "If I wore such clothes, I should be able to see what men in my empire are unfit for their posts and unworthy of my confidence. Yes, I will have a suit of those clothes made directly." So orders were given to the two rogues to begin at once.

As for them, they put up a loom and pretended to be working; but in reality it was all a pretense. They demanded the finest silk and the purest gold; these they put in their pockets, and worked at their empty loom from morning till night.

"*I should like to know* how the weavers are get-

ting on with my wonderful clothes," thought the emperor; "but I must send some one whom I know to be both able and faithful, or he will be unable to see any thing." So the emperor called his prime minister[N], and sent him to examine the marvelous cloth, and to bring him a faithful report.

Now the minister knew the peculiar property of the cloth, but readily complied with his royal master's wishes, for he felt confident of his own fitness for the high office he had held so long.

So the old minister entered the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty loom. On approaching, he opened his eyes wide, but the loom seemed to him quite empty. "Mercy on me! I can not see any thing at all!" he whispered to himself.

Both the rogues drew his attention to the beautiful fabric they had woven, and asked him if he did not admire the brilliant colors and chaste design. While speaking they seemed to be handling something in the loom, and to be pointing out its beauties; but the good minister was grieved that he could see nothing. Thinking it impolitic to let it be known that the wonderful cloth was invisible to him, he peered through his spectacles, as if he saw it, and occasionally exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!"

The minister on returning spoke of its gorgeous colors and the rare beauty of its design in the same terms that he had heard from the weavers.

The emperor, wishing to put his officers to the test, sent them one after another to witness the weaving, and to bring back a report of the progress made by the weavers. All of them were re-

ceived courteously by the two rogues, who expatiated to their visitors on the beauty of the material they had woven, and all of them pretended to be enchanted with what they had witnessed.

By this time all the people in the town were talking of the wonderful fabric, which was now supposed to be nearly completed. Before it was taken from the loom the emperor wished to see it himself. With a crowd of courtiers, including all the statesmen who had previously visited the loom, the monarch entered the hall, where the two cunning rogues were weaving with might and main without warp or woof[N].

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "Why, I can see nothing at all! This is indeed terrible! Am I, then, unfit to be emperor?" But as the monarch thought it would be very unwise to confess his inability to see the wonderful cloth, he nodded his head in a contented way, and said aloud, "It is indeed magnificent! It has our highest approval."

The whole retinue stood round the loom with admiring looks, and re-echoed their sovereign's words. The ministers present counseled him to wear his new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is splendid—charming!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed general satisfaction, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers on the spot.

In the presence of the court the rogues proceeded to take the cloth from the looms. They went through all the motions proper for the purpose, *and begged to be left* for two days to prepare

ting on with my wonderful clothes," thought the emperor; "but I must send some one whom I know to be both able and faithful, or he will be unable to see any thing." So the emperor called his prime minister, and sent him to examine the marvelous cloth, and to bring him a faithful report.

Now the minister knew the peculiar property of the cloth, but readily complied with his royal master's wishes, for he felt confident of his own fitness for the high office he had held so long.

So the old minister entered the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty loom. On approaching, he opened his eyes wide, but the loom seemed to him quite empty. "Mercy on me! I can not see any thing at all!" he whispered to himself.

Both the rogues drew his attention to the beautiful fabric they had woven, and asked him if he did not admire the brilliant colors and chaste design. While speaking they seemed to be handling something in the loom, and to be pointing out its beauties; but the good minister was grieved that he could see nothing. Thinking it impolitic to let it be known that the wonderful cloth was invisible to him, he peered through his spectacles, as if he saw it, and occasionally exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!"

The minister on returning spoke of its gorgeous colors and the rare beauty of its design in the same terms that he had heard from the weavers.

The emperor, wishing to put his officers to the test, sent them one after another to witness the weaving, and to bring back a report of the progress made by the weavers. All of them were re-

ceived courteously by the two rogues, who expatiated to their visitors on the beauty of the material they had woven, and all of them pretended to be enchanted with what they had witnessed.

By this time all the people in the town were talking of the wonderful fabric, which was now supposed to be nearly completed. Before it was taken from the loom the emperor wished to see it himself. With a crowd of courtiers, including all the statesmen who had previously visited the loom, the monarch entered the hall, where the two cunning rogues were weaving with might and main without warp or woof[N].

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "Why, I can see nothing at all! This is indeed terrible! Am I, then, unfit to be emperor?" But as the monarch thought it would be very unwise to confess his inability to see the wonderful cloth, he nodded his head in a contented way, and said aloud, "It is indeed magnificent! It has our highest approval."

The whole retinue stood round the loom with admiring looks, and re-echoed their sovereign's words. The ministers present counseled him to wear his new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is splendid—charming!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed general satisfaction, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers on the spot.

In the presence of the court the rogues proceeded to take the cloth from the looms. They went through all the motions proper for the purpose, and begged to be left for two days to prepare

the royal clothes, after accurately measuring his majesty's person. Before the royal party withdrew, the rogues were busy making cuts in the air with great scissors, and sewing with needles without thread.

On the appointed day the Imperial Court Weavers sought the emperor's dressing-room with the wonderful clothes. The emperor entered with his chief attendants, and proceeded to put on his new robes, after removing all his upper garments. The two rogues, lifting up one arm as if they were holding something, said, "See! here is the waistcoat! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on.

The two rogues then proceeded to put on the new clothes with the greatest care; the emperor, on receiving each garment, turned round and round before the mirror, and seemed to be highly pleased with the effect. All the courtiers present expressed their satisfaction, and seemed to gaze on his majesty with admiration.

The emperor, arrayed in his new robes, descended the grand staircase to mount his horse and join the procession. The two chamberlains[N], whose office it was to carry the train, stooped down and pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare let it be thought that they saw nothing to hold.

So the emperor mounted his horse, and the procession moved forward. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the beautiful robes of which so *much had been* heard, and every one was on the *tiptoe of delighted* expectation. Nor did they seem *disappointed, for* no one wished it to be known

hat he failed to see the wonderful clothes. So on the procession moved, amid the delighted applause of the crowd.

At last a little child cried out in a shrill voice, 'How funny! he has nothing on but his hat, shirt, and trousers!"

That word of simple truth broke the spell, and in a moment more the emperor in his new clothes was greeted with the derisive cheers of the mob.

HANS ANDERSEN.

Biography.—Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet and author, was born in 1805, and died in 1875.

Owing to poverty, the education of the poet was begun somewhat later in life than is usual, and he did not enter upon his academic studies until he was twenty-three years old. Before that time, however, he had given evidence of his wonderful powers in the composition of a number of poems. One of these, "The Dying Child," attracted general attention.

The greater part of Andersen's life was devoted to travel; and in this way, he became master of a great number of the legends current in different parts of Europe.

Probably there are few writers of the century, whose works will stand the test of time better than those of Andersen. His writings are in a style peculiarly pleasing to young readers. Among his works, which are generally read in this country, are 'Picture Book without Pictures," "Tales from Jutland," and 'Tales for Children."

Notes.—A ***prime minister*** is the chief adviser of a king or queen.

A ***chamberlain*** is a high officer of a court.

Warp means the threads extended lengthwise in a loom. ***Woof*** means the threads which cross the warp in weaving.

Language.—Select from the lesson three ***simple sentences;*** two ***compound sentences.***

If a sentence has either its ***subject*** or ***predicate*** modified by another sentence, used either as an ***adverb*** or ***adjective***, it is called a ***complex sentence***, as "The child ***who cried out,*** was honest." Here *we have the sentence (clause)* "who cried out" used as a *modifier of child, a name-word,* and hence an ***adjective.***

Select two complex sentences from the lesson.

22.—THE SUNBEAM.

lĭn'ger er, *one who lags or loiters.*
glăd'dĕned, *pleased; made glad.*
ăr cādes', *spaces covered by arches.*
cāse'ment, *window opening on hinges.*
spĕll, *change.*
môr'tal, *human being.*

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
A joy thou art and a wealth to all;
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:
Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains: a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot:
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer, O, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

Biography.—Felicia Dorothea Hemans, an English poetess, was born at Liverpool in 1794, and died at Dublin in 1835.

The first volume of her poems was published when she was fourteen years of age; and the second, when she was eighteen.

Mrs. Hemans' style is both natural and pleasing. Her poem "Casabianca" is one of the most popular in the English language.

Among her works, may be mentioned: "The Siege of Valencia," "The Last Constantine," and "Hymns for Childhood."

Language.—This poem, in which the Sunbeam is repeatedly addressed as a person, is an example of the figure *A pŏs'tro phe.*

Apostrophe signifies a turning away from the ordinary form of address; an inanimate object is regarded as a person, or what is distant as near at hand.

Point out two *metaphors* in the second stanza.

23.—PAPER.

con vĕr'sion, *making; changing.*
com pēt', *strive.*
ad hēr', *stick fast.*
trans vĕrs'ly, *crosswise.*
rĕm'nants, *small portions.*
co hē'sion (zhŭn), *uniting.*
sub jĕct'ed, *brought under the action of.*
dĭ vĕr'si ty, *variety.*
cuï răss', (kwe răs'), *a piece of armor covering the body.*
mĭ nūt', *very small.*
flĕx'i ble, *capable of being bent.*

Egypt, China, and Japan, are the countries in which the earliest manufacture of paper is known to have been carried on. The Egyptian paper was made of the plant called papyrus,[N] a kind of grass. According to the information handed down to us, the *delicate inner fibers* were separated from the *blade of the grass,* and spread upon a table in such *a manner that they* overlapped one another.

The table was sprinkled with water from the Nile, which had, no doubt, the effect of moistening the natural gum of the plant so as to make the fibers adhere. When this first layer of papyrus fiber was complete, succeeding layers were laid upon it transversely, until the paper was sufficiently thick. These layers were then pressed together, and the sheet of paper was dried in the sun.

The best quality was preserved for religious uses, and not allowed to be exported. The Romans, however, discovered a process of cleansing this kind of paper from the marks of writing, and after this discovery they imported from Egypt sacred books written on this material, which they used for their own purposes, after the original writing had been removed.

Besides the papyrus, there are remnants of ancient paper made of the inner bark of trees. Egyptian paper was in general use in Europe until the eighth or ninth century. It then slowly began to give place to paper manufactured from cotton and other materials, the art of making which was apparently learned by the Arabs in Asia, and introduced by them into Europe.

This manufacture had probably spread to Western Asia from China, where it is known to have existed at a very early period. Paper was made by the Chinese from some materials at least as early as the beginning of the first century, and, according to their own account, the fabrication of paper from cotton appears to have been invented about 200 A. D.

The materials that have been used for the manufacture of paper are very numerous. In China,

where much of the paper made is of very excellent quality, different materials are used in different provinces. Hemp[N] and linen[N] rags are used in one part of the country; the inner bark of the mulberry-tree in another; and in other parts, the bark of the elm, straw, bamboo, etc.

The Japanese make use principally of a kind of mulberry tree, and the paper manufactured by them is unequaled for strength and softness, qualities which enable it to be used for many purposes for which leather is commonly employed elsewhere, such as the making of ladies' reticules.

The natives of Mexico, before the Spanish Conquest, made their paper from the leaves of the agave[N] plant, or American aloe, in a manner resembling the ancient mode of preparing papyrus.

After the introduction into Europe of cotton and linen rags as materials for paper-making, the use of other vegetable fibers was for many centuries entirely, or almost entirely, given up; not so much, however, on account of their unfitness, as because rags, besides being admirably adapted for the purpose, were cheaper than any other material.

It was not until about the close of the eighteenth century that paper-manufacturers began again to turn their attention to the possibility of using vegetable fibers as substitutes for rags. In 1772, a German published a work containing sixty specimens of paper made from different vegetable substances. From this time, serious attempts were made to find a process, by which some of these vegetable materials could be used with success to replace rags.

The difficulty *did not* consist in the mere con-

version into paper of the materials on which experiments were made—for any vegetable fiber with a rough edge can be made into paper—but in making paper out of them of such quality and at such a price, as would enable the manufactured product to compete with that made from rags.

Straw, wood, and esparto[N] grass are the chief vegetable fibers which, with rags, have hitherto been found to answer these conditions, and all of these are now used more or less in paper-making. The combination of flexible fibers by which the paper is produced, depends on the minute subdivision of the fibers, and their subsequent cohesion.

The rags used are chiefly cotton and linen. Woolen rags are no longer employed for the purpose. Cotton is used in the manufacture of paper not only in the form of rags, but also in that of waste or sweepings from spinning mills.

Before the rags or other materials can be made into paper, they must be torn or cut into minute particles so small that they form a pulp when mixed with water. A sheet of paper is a thin layer of this pulpy matter, mixed with some kind of glue or size to give it firmness, and then dried.

The invention of the machine for paper-making is due to a Frenchman, and a patent was obtained for it by the inventor from the French Government in 1799. A method of treating straw so as to make it capable of being manufactured into paper, was invented at the beginning of the present century. Various improvements have since been effected, and *there are now* mills which produce no other kind of *paper than that* made mostly from straw and wood-*pulp; but the* best and most important use of wood

and straw in paper-making, is to impart stiffness to the paper.

Two processes have been patented for the manufacture of paper entirely from wood. By the first process the wood is reduced to a pulp by means of chemicals. By the other process the pulp is obtained by merely grinding down the wood and mixing it with water during the operation.

Esparto, or Spanish grass, and the kindred plant called alfa, which is brought from Algeria, have been applied to paper-making only in comparatively recent years. The use of rushes for paper-making belongs to this country, and dates from the year 1866. The paper made from this material is white, firm, and of good quality, and considerably cheaper than that made from wood.

Blotting paper is made in the same way as ordinary paper, except that the sizing is omitted. Pasteboard is made from coarse paper by pasting several sheets together, or by laying the sheets above one another when fresh from the mold and uniting them by pressure. This second method is much the better of the two, as the sheets cohere more firmly. Pasteboard made in the other way is very apt to split into separate sheets when subjected to unusual heat.

Nothing is more remarkable than the great number and diversity of new uses that have been found for paper in recent years. Besides being largely employed for making collars, cuffs, and other articles of dress, it is sometimes used for making small *houses in the backwoods* of our Western States and *territories, which* are found to be warmer than *those made of* wood or sheet iron. It is used also

for making boats, pipes, tanks, and pails for water; cuirasses firm enough to resist musket-balls, wheels for railway carriages, and even bells and cannon have been made of it.

Notes and Questions.—The word *paper* is derived from the word pa pȳ'rus.

The a gā've or American al'ōe is a plant requiring from ten to seventy years to reach maturity. It then produces a gigantic flower-stem forty feet in height, and perishes.

The es pär'to is a kind of rush grown in Spain, and used in the making of ropes, baskets, shoes, etc.

Hemp is the fibrous covering of a plant, and is used in making cloth and cordage.

Linen is thread or cloth made from flax or hemp.

What is the location of the following countries—Egypt, China, Japan, Algeria?

Language.—A rĕt'i cūle is a small bag to be carried in the hand.

Give two words ending in *cule* and show the force of the *suffix;* also, two words ending in *cle* and show the force of the *suffix.*

24.—THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

pal'sy, *destroy action of.*
e tĕr'ni ty, *the state which begins at death.*
in ter rŭpt'ed, *broke in.*
re prī ēve', *suspension of punishment.*
blanched, *pale; color taken out.*
rĕg'is tered, *recorded.*
fēr'vent ly, *in a devotional manner.*
fal'tered, *stammered; hesitated.*
jŭs'ti fy, *free from guilt or blame.*
cŭl'pa ble, *worthy of blame.*

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post:[N] I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and trust-*worthy he was!*

"I know he fell asleep only one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very merciful.

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I was a man, to think I never used this great right arm,'—and he held it out so proudly before me,—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.'

"'Go, then, my boy!' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen;" and the farmer repeated those last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it and read as follows—

"*Dear Father*:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say that they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, that it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades; I can not now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick[N], and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Every body was tired; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way.

"I was all tired out when we came into camp; and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly."

"*They tell me* to-day that I have a short re-

The Soldier's Reprieve. (See page 120.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

prieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father!

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop,[N] waiting for me,—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path to the road that led by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at Mill Depot,[N] watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him *all;* and no father could have *cared more tenderly for* his only child than he *did for our little Blossom.*

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had taken Bennie's letter with her. No good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself at his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"O yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "*but poor* Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so *weak. He did the* work of two, sir, and it was *Jemmie's night,* not his; but Jemmie was too tired,

and Bennie never thought about himself—that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at something to justify the offense.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too. A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder.[N] Mr. Lincoln then *said: "The* soldier that could carry a *sick comrade's baggage,* and die for the act without *complaining, deserves* well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain[N] home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised."

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

Notes.—A soldier who is found asleep at his post when doing duty as a sentinel, is usually sentenced to be shot.

Double-quick means the fastest time or step in marching, next to the run.

A ***stoop,*** as used in the lesson, means either a number of steps leading to the door of a house; or, a porch with a railing around it.

The ***Green Mountains*** are in the State of Vermont.

Depot (de pō′ or dē′po) is a word often used in some parts of this country to signify a railway ***station.*** The popular meaning of ***depot*** in the United States seems to be a place where cars and freight are kept, and from which trains start; and ***station,*** any other stopping-place on a railway.

A strap upon the shoulder is the badge of a commissioned officer either in the army or navy. As employed in the lesson, the expression means that Bennie was made a lieutenant.

25.—OUR COUNTRY.

nûrt′ûr‿d, *fed; brought up.*
ăm′pl‿, *large; great in size.*
en ăm′el‿d, *covered; painted.*
tȳ′rant, *cruel ruler.*
hīr‿′ling, *one serving for wages.*
boun′te ǫŭs, *plentiful.*

Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star:
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise!

W. J. PARBODIE.

Elocution.—With what *tone of voice* should this lesson be read?

Language.—What *simile* occurs in the second stanza?

"Calm content and peace abide" is an expression containing either the figure *personification,* in case we think of "content" and "peace" as persons; or, *me ton'y my,* if we regard "content" and "peace" simply as qualities used instead of the possessors of those qualities.

Metonymy signifies a change of name, one word being used for another *on account of a close* relationship between them.

26.—BEE-HUNTERS.

sĕm ĭ çĭr′cu lar, *having the form of half a circle.*
ẽrẽẽp′er, *a plant which clings to something for support.*
hŏr i zŏn′tal, *level.*
păs′sĭvẽ, *not opposing; inactive.*
stū′pe fīẽd, *made senseless.*
sue çĕs′sĭvẽ ly, *one after another.*
lŭs′cĭọŭs (lŭsh′ŭs), *sweet.*
im mū′ni ty, *freedom.*
pĕr′se cūt ing, *annoying.*

One of the most important and valuable products of the Island of Timor, in the Malay Archipelago, is bees-wax. This is formed by the wild bees, which build huge honey-combs, suspended in the open air from the under side of the lofty branches of the highest trees. These combs are of semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter.

I once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the valley where I used to collect insects, I one day noticed three or four men and boys under a high tree, and looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch, three large bees' combs.

The tree was straight and smooth-barked and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home.

As the men were evidently looking for honey, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which was very tough and stringy, and began splitting it through in several directions. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper *round them.*

He then fastened his cloth tightly around his waist, and producing another cloth wrapped it around his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle[N] he carried a long coil of thin cord; and while he had been making these preparations, one of his companions had cut a strong creeper, or bush-rope, eight or ten yards long, to one end of which a wood torch was fastened. It was then lighted at the bottom, and emitted a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened with a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope just above the torch, and passed the other end around the trunk of the tree, holding one end in each hand. Jerking it above the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and leaning back began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or inclination of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare feet.

It almost made me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground; and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he had got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees.

Then he stopped a moment and took care to swing the torch, which hung just at his feet, a little toward these *dangerous* insects, so as to send up the

stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner that I could not understand, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms and legs. Then stretching himself along the limb, he crept toward the nearest comb and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around.

The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then drawing his knife, cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below.

He was all this time enveloped in a swarm of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were evidently not stupefied by the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work.

There were three other combs on the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and *young bees, as* well as a valuable lot of wax.

After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying about wildly and stinging viciously. Several got about me, and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net, and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me in a most determined manner, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives.

I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt to escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, and does not attempt to sting. Still these men must often suffer and learn to bear the pain impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

A. R. WALLACE.

Notes and Questions.—A *girdle* is a band of cloth or leather which encircles the body at the waist.

Where is the Ma lay′ Archipelago?

Language.—A *pronoun* is a word used instead of a *name-word* (*noun*).

What word is used instead of "bee-hunter" in the second and third sentences of the fifth paragraph?

Does the use of the word "he" save the repetition of the *name-word*?

What, then, is *one* of the uses of a *pronoun*?

Who is the author of the lesson? What word does he use instead of his name? Why?

I, thou, he, she, and *it* are called *personal pronouns* and take the place of *name-words; who, which* and *what, interrogative pronouns,* when used in questions; *who, which,* and *that* (also *what* — *that which*), *relative pronouns* when joining the words they introduce to a preceding word called an *antecedent.*

Composition.—Give a short description of the way in which bees are kept in this country.

27.—THE COAST OF NORWAY.

in ŭn′dāt‿, *flood; overflow.*
plăn′ets, *bodies which revolve about the sun.*
cŏn stel lā′tions, *groups of fixed stars.*
vī′brāt‿, *move to and fro.*
un mo͝or‿′, *looses from anchor.*
ĭm′ag‿d, *reflected.*
hŏs′pi ta bl‿, *kind to strangers and guests.*
per pĕt′ū al, *unending; never ceasing.*
spĭn′y, *full of thorns.*
de fī′anç‿, *in opposition to.*

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very fine.

The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high, rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called flords[N], from almost every wind, so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake.

For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of

the boatman as he goes to hunt the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, cod, or herring, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are more beautiful in the summer or the winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the forest and mountain lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars,—the glorious stars—which shine like nothing we have ever seen.

There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse; and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad *from its aerie; and* the cries of whole clouds *of sea-birds that inhabit* the islets; and all these *sounds are mingled and* multiplied by the strong

echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day.

Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes this music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is a sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier;[N] and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the Northern Lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook among the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two; wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road,—there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in *winter nights,* come music and laughter and the

tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Biography.—Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich (nôr'rĭj), England, in 1802, and died in 1876.

Miss Martineau received an excellent education and entered upon a literary life. The acuteness of her powers of observation was due to her careful training in early youth. The loss of hearing more than any other reason, caused her to shun society and devote her time to travel. Few persons have viewed understandingly so much, or have given us the results of their observation in so pleasing and useful a form.

Notes.—*Fiord* is pronounced as a single syllable—fyôrd; *glacier* is pronounced either as glā'seer or glăs'i er.

Language.—Add the *suffix ive* to the following words and then define the words so formed:—Sport, act, invent, attract.

Employ each of the words just formed in a sentence, showing its proper meaning.

28.—KENTUCKY BELLE.

for lôrn', *solitary; miserable.*
wĭst'fụl, *eager to know; anxiously attentive.*
jăd'ed, *tired; wearied.*
swā'y̆ed, *bent; inclined to one side.*
trōōp'ers, *mounted soldiers; cavalry.*
săp'ling, *a young tree.*
băt'tered, *worn by use.*
tûrn'pĭke, *public road or way.*

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen, there, was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-grass[N] country; my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be:
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas[N] it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad:
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's[N] men are coming, Frau[N]; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—all the horses that he can find,—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knife and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor:
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
Nearer, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar:
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away.
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And ford the upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance:
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see—
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South!

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers round his mouth:
"Do you know the Blue-grass country?" he wistfully began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I got him into the log-house, and worked, and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders, they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by riding hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the Raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still:
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass:
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how:
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of clothing gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—it was all for Tennessee:
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe, back in the old Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur:
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Biography.—Constance Fenimore Woolson is a well-known contributor to periodical literature. Among her works, may be mentioned: "Castle Nowhere," "Rodman, the Keeper," "Southern Sketches," "Two Women" (a poem), and "Lake County Sketches."

Notes.—The Confederate general, John H. Morgan, received the name of "The Raider" on account of his bold and usually successful expeditions.

The *Tus-ca-ra-was* is a shallow stream of water in Ohio.

Frau (frow) is a German word meaning wife.

Blue-grass is a kind of grass found in some parts of Kentucky, and considered excellent for horses and cattle.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers round his mouth:
"Do you know the Blue-grass country?" he wistfully began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I got him into the log-house, and worked, and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders, they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by riding hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the Raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still:
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass:
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how:
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of clothing gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—it was all for Tennessee:
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe, back in the old Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur:
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Biography.—Constance Fenimore Woolson is a well-known contributor to periodical literature. Among her works, may be mentioned: "Castle Nowhere," "Rodman, the Keeper," "Southern Sketches," "Two Women" (a poem), and "Lake County Sketches."

Notes.—The Confederate general, John H. Morgan, received the name of "The Raider" on account of his bold and usually successful expeditions.

The *Tuscarawas* is a shallow stream of water in Ohio.

Frau (frow) is a German word meaning wife.

Blue-grass is a kind of grass found in some parts of Kentucky, and considered excellent for horses and cattle.

29.—LAND AND SEA-BREEZES.

dĭs'si pāt ed, *driven away; scattered.*
rĕq'u i sĭt̤ (rĕk'wi-zĭt), *necessary.*
măg'ni tūd̤, *size; importance.*
re vĕr'ber āt ing, *echoing.*
sug ǧĕst'ĭv̤, *full of thought.*
sûr'plus, *that which remains after use is satisfied.*
rā di ā'tion, *the casting off of waves of heat.*
re mōt̤', *distant.*
mĭt'i gāt ed, *lessened.*
in vĭg'or āt ing, *refreshing.*

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience for the coming of the sea-breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air, which seems to give new life to all for their daily labors.

About sunset, there is again another calm. The sea-breeze is now over, and in a short time the land-breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea-breezes—a wind from the sea by day, and from the land by night—is so regular in tropical countries, that it is looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical countries,[N] especially those on the polar side of the trade-winds, these breezes blow only in summer and autumn; for then only is the heat of the sun sufficiently intense to produce the requisite amount of lightness in the air over the land. This depends in a measure also, upon the *character of the* land upon which the sea-breeze *blows; for when* the surface is arid and the soil *barren the heating* power of the sun is exerted with

minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another great lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without His witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact that Tom could probably have thrashed any *boy in the room; at* any rate, every boy knew that

I have seen there, above the horizon at the same time, and shining with a splendor unknown to northern latitudes, every star of the first magnitude —save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers.

There lies the city on the sea-shore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds. The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above; and one almost fears to speak lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted "chambers of the south," should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul.

Within the tropics, the land and sea-breezes are more gentle; and though the night scenes there are not so suggestive as those just described, yet they are exceedingly lovely and delightful. The oppressive heat of the sun is mitigated, and the climate of the sea-shore is made both refreshing and healthful, by the alternation of those winds, which invariably come from the cooler place—from the sea, which is the cooler by day, and from the land, which is the cooler by night.

About ten in the morning, the heat of the sun has played upon the land with sufficient intensity to raise its temperature above that of the water. A portion of this heat being imparted to the air above it, causes it to rise; when the air, first from the beach then from the sea, to the distance of several miles, begins to flow in with a most delightful and invigorating freshness.

When a fire is kindled on the hearth, we may *see, if we observe* the motes[N] floating in the air of

the room, that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught, and to obey it—they are drawn into the flame. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now, the land is the hearth; the rays of the sun, the fire; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room: and thus we have at our firesides the sea-breeze in miniature.

When the sun goes down, the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than that on the sea, and, consequently, there is a wind seaward, which we call the land-breeze.

LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

Biography.—Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Virginia in 1806, and died in 1878.

Maury entered the U. S. navy in 1825, as a midshipman. In 1835, he published his "Treatise on Navigation." In 1839 he was rendered incapable of active service, and devoted his time to literary work.

When the National Observatory at Washington was erected, Maury was placed in charge of it, and succeeded in obtaining for the institution the favorable attention of the leading astronomers of Europe.

Maury's "Wind and Current Charts" and book of "Sailing Directions" led to the adoption of a uniform plan of observations at sea by all the great maritime powers of the world.

Notes.—***Extra-tropical countries*** means those lying outside of, or beyond, the tropics.

Motes are very small particles of matter; they can be seen if we look through the rays of sunlight entering a room.

Language.—Explain the force of the ***suffix ward*** in the following words:—Seaward, homeward, upward, forward.

Give a sentence showing the meaning of ***homeward.***

Composition.—*Select six points for an* ***analysis*** *of the subject—* ***"A Visit to the Sea-side."***

30.—THE FIRST NIGHT AT SCHOOL.

re spŏn′si blę, *answerable; accountable.*
ex̱ăg′ger āt ed, *increased; made greater.*
dĭs′çi plĭnę, *order.*
jūn′ior (yŭr), *younger.*
făgs, *school boys who perform low services for boys in a higher class.*
dôr′mi to ry, *a sleeping room.*
prŏv′o cā′tion, *that which excites anger.*
cor rŭpt′, *changed from a good to a worse state.*
vĕr′ger, *an attendant.*
sŭę′tlę, *sly; cunning.*
ab lū′tions, *washing, especially of the body.*
tĕs′ti mo ny, *witness; proof.*

Directly after school-house prayers, Tom led Arthur up to the dormitory and showed him his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close[N]. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fire-place was occupied by the sixth-form[N] boy who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags; for the fifth-form boys slept in rooms by themselves. Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than sixteen years old, and they were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys went to bed from ten to a quarter past, at which time the old verger came round to put out the candles, except when the boys sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, among whom was Tom, *sat chatting about* on one another's beds, with their *jackets and* waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in a room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed *unlacing his boots,* so that his back was toward

Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered; and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and threw it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their disrobing there; and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in that room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came

across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the school-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed, was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, little, *weak boy, whom* he had pitied and

almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him, as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "saint" and "square-toes," and a dozen other hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the greatest number.

And then came the more subtle temptation. "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, *all but his jacket* and waistcoat, just as the ten

minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another great lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without His witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy *in the room; at any* rate, every boy knew that

he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers.

Some of the small boys of No. 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums,[N] and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried to follow the example set by Tom and Arthur—in one instance or so, where one of the teachers heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer.

Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the school-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out forever.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Biography.—Thomas Hughes was born in Berkshire, England, in 1823, and was educated at Rugby School and at Oxford University.

Hughes has gained popularity on both sides of the Atlantic as author of the two books, "School-days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

Notes.—A *close* is a small piece of ground inclosed by a hedge or fence.

Form is the word used in England for class. There are in the public Grammar Schools six forms or classes, and *Sixth-Form* boys, being the oldest, are in part selected as monitors and assist in keeping up the discipline of the school.

Chums usually means persons who occupy the same room; but in this lesson, the word means intimate friends.

Elocution.—Point out the *emphatic words* in the last paragraph.

Should the last sentence be read more slowly than the rest of the lesson? What effect is produced by the slow reading?

Select two other sentences which may be rendered more *emphatic by slow reading.*

31.—THE BRAVE AT HOME.

dis sĕm'blĕs, *conceals.*
re cŏrds', *takes notice of.*
be dew'ĕd (dūd), *moistened.*
gĭrds, *makes fast.*
rĕnt, *torn.*
a sŭn'der, *into parts; apart.*

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,[N]
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder!
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death[N] around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

T. Buchanan Read.

Biography.—Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died in New York City in 1872.

In 1839, Read decided upon art as a profession, and soon gained distinction as a portrait painter. He resided at various times in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Cincinnati; and the last years of his life were passed in Rome, Italy. He was the author of several volumes of poems, which have been much admired.

Among his other poems are the following: "The New Pastoral," "The Home by the Sea," and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

Notes.—A *sash,* as used in the lesson, means a band worn about the waist or over the shoulder: it is a badge of distinction among certain military officers. What other well-known meaning has the word?

Bolts of death means any missiles of destruction used in battle, as bullets, cannon-balls, arrows, or javelins.

Language.—Use the following pairs of words in sentences, and show the difference in their meaning:—Girds, binds; shed. pour.

32.—THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

sa găç′i ty, *state of being wise.*
in trụdẹ̣′, *thrusts one's self in.*
năt′ū ral ĭsts, *those who study the history of animals and plants.*
im pēdẹ̣′, *place any difficulty in the way of.*
sŏl′i tūdẹ̣, *a state of being alone.*
fôr′çeps, *pair of pincers.*
sŭs′te nançẹ̣, *food.*
glū′ti nọ̣ŭs, *resembling glue.*
păr′al lel, *running in the same direction.*
an tăg′o nĭst, *one who fights against another; an enemy.*
sub sĭst′ed, *fed; lived.*
să-e′ri fĭcẹ̣d (fīzd), *destroyed by.*

Animals in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. Elephants and beavers show the greatest signs of this sagacity when they are together in large numbers; but when man intrudes himself into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and indicate but a very small share of that trait for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of naturalists, but all their sagacity seems to be lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever noticed, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for war, not only upon other insects, but also upon its own species. Nature seems to have formed it for this condition of life.

Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect, and its body is enveloped in a soft, pliable skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for attack or defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as *possible.* *Nature* has furnished the body of

this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which it spins into thread, coarse or fine as it chooses.

In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then, as it recedes from the first point, the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tight and fixed to the wall in the same manner as before.

In this way it spins and fixes several threads parallel to one another, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to one another wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most likely to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the servant frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction.

In three days the web was completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in *its new abode.* It repeatedly traversed it round, and *examined the strength* of every part of it, retired *into its hole,* and came out very frequently. The

first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor.

Soon, then, a terrible encounter followed, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all his arts vain, began to destroy the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed its antagonist.

Now then, in peaceful possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaks of its web, and taking no food that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb.

I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net around its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly entangled in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a perilous state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the

spider came out to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so powerful an antagonist.

When the wasp was at liberty, I expected that the spider would have set about repairing the breaks in the net; but this, it seems, could not be accomplished, therefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; therefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It made an attack upon a neighboring web with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, *the spider does* not sally out at once, but very

patiently waits till it is sure of them; for should it immediately approach, the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; its habit then is to wait patiently, till, by useless struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for defense or an attack.

To complete this description it may be observed that the male spiders are much smaller than the female. When the latter come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole.

If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying their young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they begin to eat with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size.

As they grow old, however, they do not continue to increase in size, their legs, only, grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Biography.—Oliver Goldsmith was born at the village of Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London in 1774.

He received the degree of B. A. from Trinity College, Dublin, and was induced by his uncle to prepare for the Church. The Bishop of Elphin promptly rejected the young man when he appeared at the examination of candidates, wearing a pair of scarlet breeches.

When we read the life of Goldsmith, and take into account all his troubles—troubles brought upon himself through folly and improvidence—we can only the more admire the great genius that could conquer in spite of such obstacles.

His style, as a writer of both prose and poetry, was unsurpassed by any of his cotemporaries, and is still regarded as a model of purity and beauty.

Among his principal works are the following: "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveler," "The Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

33.—A GOOD INVESTMENT.

in vĕst'ment, *laying out of money.*
păr, *apparent value.*
ăd'e quāte, *sufficient.*
pĕn'ū ry, *poverty, want.*
pro prī'e tor, *owner.*
in tĕr'ro gā'tions, *questions.*
dī'a lŏgue, *talk between two or more persons.*
in tĕg'ri ty, *honesty.*
căn'çeled, *paid.*
al lūd'ed, *written about.*
de jĕct'ed, *cast down.*
im pôrt'ū nate, *pressing.*

"Will you lend me two thousand dollars to establish *myself in a* small retail business?" inquired a *young man not* yet out of his teens, of a middle-*aged gentleman,* who was poring over his ledger in

for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. O yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more.

No! and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for them? I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you *lent your umbrella for.* Of course!

seated at his desk counting over the profits of the week.

"Good-morning," replied the merchant. "Happy to see you. Have a seat. Any news? How's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said, "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington Street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this; "but you do not think of lending that sum—do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single penny would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton was silent for several minutes and *then arose to depart.* "If you do not feel disposed *to share with me* in the enterprise, I shall advance

the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk at which he stood when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger is examined, his despair becomes deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaims, "I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the room in time to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleg, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing me for payment of their demands. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember

that it was from you that I received money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was canceled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe has never been canceled; and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy. Every claim against him was paid as soon as presented, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure: his credit improved, and his business increased, while several others sunk under the blow, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this lesson.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter in the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. *Barton with a look* of surprise, "but how did you *procure the funds?* As for me, I could not obtain a

around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored lights shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold indicative of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing nation; and when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the *folds of this immortal* banner sat Washington

84.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

sō'bẽr, *slow; calm.*
grĭm, *stern.*
ĕrŏp'ping, *biting; cutting.*
bŭt'ter ĕŭps, *a kind of plant having bright yellow flowers.*
trĕm'ū lŭs, *shaking.*

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let the youngest go!
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats' flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew,—

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes;
"For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,"
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,
In golden glory at last may wane.

KATE P. OSGOOD.

Biography.—Kate Putnam Osgood, born in Maine in 1841, is a contributor to the leading periodicals of this country. She is *regarded as one of the most* pleasing of our American poets. *"Driving Home the Cows"* is considered the most popular of *her poems.*

35.—MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

lĕct'ûre, *a discourse on any subject.*
in sŭlt', *treat with abuse.*
ăg'gra vāt ing, *provoking.*
hĭn'dẽr, *stop.*
clŏgs, *heavy shoes.*
sŏp'ping, *soaking.*
dow'dy, *an ill-dressed woman.*

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's Day!

Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose on me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? O you do hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring out of the house all the time. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks,—and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I'm determined. No! they shall stay at home and never learn any thing—the blessed *creatures!*—sooner than go and get wet. And when *they grow up I* wonder who they'll have to thank

for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. O yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more.

No! and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for them? I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend *your* umbrella again. I shouldn't *wonder if I caught my* death; and that's what you *lent your umbrella for.* Of course!

Nice clothes I shall get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows, it isn't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

O! that rain, if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I'm to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now it might have gone without one for all of me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

O it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep! You've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then how my poor children will be used! But then, sir, then *you'll be happy.* O don't tell me, I know you will. *Else you never* would have lent that umbrella.

You have to go on Thursday about that sum-

mons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? O don't tell me that I said I wouldn't go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all, because we've no umbrella.

The children too, dear things, they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) O what a brute a man is! O dear, dear, d-e-a-r!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Biography.—Douglas Jerrold was born in London in 1803, and died in 1857.

He passed his eleventh and twelfth years as a midshipman in the British navy, out of which experience he composed "Black-eyed Susan," one of his most successful plays.

In London, Jerrold rose from the position of a printer's apprentice to that of editor of a magazine. He became widely known as a contributor to London "Punch," a humorous publication of extensive circulation.

Language.—Mrs. Caudle's Lectures appear to be more humorous from the suppression of Mr. Caudle and the consequent loss *of the form of dialogue.*

Supply what Mr Caudle is supposed to have said in the first *three paragraphs.*

36.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

sym'bols, *signs.*
as'pect, *appearance.*
leg'a cies, *gifts.*
em bla'zon ry, *signs or figures on shields or standards.*
ef ful'gent, *bright; shining.*
ramp'ant, *standing upright on its hind legs.*
im mor'tal, *everlasting.*
lu'mi nous, *shining; emitting light.*
be nef'i cent, *kind; generous.*

When a man of thoughtful mind sees a nation's flag, he sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the principles, the truth, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor[N] rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see Italy restored. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew[N] and St. George[N] on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the seas, carrying every-where, the world

around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored lights shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold indicative of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing nation; and when, at length, the long *years of war were drawing* to a close, underneath *the folds of this immortal* banner sat Washington

while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.

They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans; in the halls of the Montezumas[N] and amid the solitude of every sea; and every-where, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Biography.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1813.

After graduating at Amherst College, Mr. Beecher devoted himself to the study of theology, and soon became successful in his profession. Since 1847, he has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Beecher's style as a writer is clear and forcible; and in preaching or lecturing, he exhibits, in addition to those qualities, wonderful grace of manner and fluency of expression.

His principal works are his sermons; but he has also written one volume of "A Life of Christ," and "Norwood," a novel. He was, for many years, editor of the "Christian Union."

Notes.—***St. Andrew*** was the patron saint of Scotland; ***St. George,*** the patron saint of England. The oblique cross of St. Andrew and the vertical cross of St. George are united on the British flag.

Tricolor means three-colored. The national banner of France *is three-colored*—blue, white, and red.

The halls of the Montezumas means in Mexico, since the Montezumas were formerly the sovereigns of that country.

37.—THE BISON TRACK.

prīmḛ, *charge with powder.*
tĕth'erḛd, *tied.*
lēḛgūḛs, *distances equal to three miles.*
re ṣist'lesṣ, *not to be opposed.*
cär'casṣ, *dead body of an animal.*
stam pēdḛ', *sudden flight from fright.*
brīn'ded, *having many colors.*

Strike the tent![N] The sun has risen;
Not a vapor streaks the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens
To the westward, far and wan.
Prime afresh the trusty rifle,
Sharpen well the hunting spear;
For the frozen sod is trembling,
And a noise of hoofs I hear.

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses,
As they snuff the morning's fire;
Their impatient heads are tossing
As they neigh with keen desire.
Strike the tent! The saddles wait us;—
Let the bridle reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder
Has betrayed the bison's track.

See! a dusky line approaches;
Hark the onward surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers
On a sounding wall of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling,
Snort the foremost of the van,
And their stubborn horns are clashing
Through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us;
Let the maddened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind,
Though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the cloudy manes should thicken,
And the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop
Through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie,
In our wild resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters,
Thunder down the desert space;
Yet the rein may not be tightened,
Nor the rider's eye look back,—
Death to him whose speed should slacken
On the maddened bison's track.[N]

Now the trampling herds are threaded,
And the chase is close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops
In the edges of the storm;
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso,
Swing your rifles as we run;
See the dust is red behind him,—
Shout, my comrades, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers,—
'Tis the last shot he will need!
More shall fall among his fellows,
Ere we run the mad stampede,—
Ere we stem the brinded breakers,
While the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass
On the bloody bison track.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Biography.—Bayard Taylor was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, and died in Berlin in 1878.

At the age of seventeen, while at work as an apprentice in a printing office, he began to write poetry for periodicals. In 1844, he published a volume of poems under the title "Ximena;" and in 1846 he began a tour of Europe on foot.

Taylor soon became well known both as a writer and a traveler. During twenty years of his life, he may be said to have composed his poems and written his newspaper articles as he was journeying from place to place. At the time of his death, he was United States Minister to Berlin.

Among the best known of Taylor's works are: "Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with a Knapsack and Staff," "Eldorado," "Northern Travel," "Rhymes of Travel," "Story of Kennett," "Hannah Thurston," and "A Translation of Goethe's Faust."

Notes.—***Strike the tent*** means to take the tent down and make it ready for traveling.

In the latter part of the fifth stanza, reference is made to the necessity of keeping along with a herd of buffaloes when the hunters have ridden into it, for should they stop, they would be trampled to death.

38.—THE HURRICANE.

im prĕs'sions (prĕsh ŭnz), *imprints; influences on the feelings.*
çĭr cu lā'tion, *flow.*
pro pĕn'si ty, *desire.*
prox ĭm'i ty, *nearness.*
e lăpsĕd', *passed away.*
răv'ĕn ŭs, *hungry even to rage.*
sŭl'phŭr (fŭr), *a mineral substance of a yellow color.*
ob scūrĕd', *hid.*
dif fūsĕd', *poured out.*
dĕp re dā'tions, *attacks for plunder.*
sus tāĭnĕd', *suffered.*

Various portions of our country have, at different times, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their *wake as will not easily* be forgotten.

Having witnessed one of these awful scenes in

all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the airy element, even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected with a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shewanee, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations.

I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when suddenly I noticed a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no inclination to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose to my feet, looked toward the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appear*ance of which* was quite new to me.

Little time was left to me for consideration, as

the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country.

Turning toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling in pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massive trunks, and in many cases, whole trees of gigantic size were falling, entire, to the ground.

So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing beneath the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust *that moved through* the air, was whirled onward

like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. The space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of snags and sunken logs strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, it produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onward by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable odor of sulphur was diffused in the atmosphere. Having sustained no material injury, I waited in amazement, until nature at length resumed her usual aspect.

For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it.

I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I *scrambled* over or under them the best way I could,

at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane, were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree.

But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by the awful visitation.

The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes thickly entangled among the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district.

I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three *hundred* miles beyond the place last

mentioned. In all those different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

Biography.—John James Audubon was born in 1780 in Louisiana—then a French colony—and died in 1851.

He became much interested in the study of birds, even at an early age. When fourteen years old, he was sent to Paris to acquire the art of drawing. After his return to America, he devoted his time to active research, and then published that wonderful work—"The Birds of America."

As a scientist, an artist, and a writer, Audubon stands in the front rank of the world's great men.

Language.—If we add to the *simple sentence*—"I can never forget the scene," another sentence modifying some part of it, as, "which presented itself," limiting *scene*, we have what is called a *complex sentence*.

Select two *complex sentences* from the lesson, and show the parts of each.

39.—IS A TURTLE A FISH?

[Debate in the Virginia House of Delegates.]

sŏph'ist riȩṣ (sŏf), *false reasons that seem to be true.*
pro found', *deep.*
in ĕŏn tro vẽrt'i blȩ, *not to be denied.*
tôr' tȣisȩ, *a small land animal, commonly called a turtle.*
re fẽrʀȩd', *given in charge of.*
ĭn'ti māt ing, *hinting; giving slight notice of.*
lēȳ'ṣurȩ ly (zhŭr), *slowly.*
chăl'lenġȩ, *an invitation to a contest.*
dis ĕŭs' sion (kŭsh' ŭn), *consideration.*
il lĕġ'i blȩ, *not easily read.*

Mr. Speaker,ᴺ—A bill, having for its object the marking and determining of the close season for *catching and killing* turtles and terrapins,ᴺ has just *been introduced* by the gentleman from Rockbridge,

who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are fish, and not game, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured, many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are; and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

I have profound respect for the gentleman's opinion; as a lawyer he has acquired not only a state but a national reputation; but even I, opposing a pin's point against the shield of Pelides,[N] take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer, I don't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few, plain, incontrovertible facts, and, as the old saw[N] says, "facts are stubborn things."

Is a turtle a fish? I imagine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I come from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on the dry land to deposit their eggs, and when they find them they bark as if they were treeing a squirrel. Now, I ask the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs; that those legs have feet; and that those feet are armed *with claws, like* a cat's, a panther's, or a *lion's? Has the* gentleman from Gloucester ever *seen a fish with talons?* I think not.

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food or water. Can a fish live without water? Why, sir, it has grown into a proverb that it can not. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish!

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head, and that it won't die till the sun goes down? Suppose now a modern Joshua should point his sword at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Æsop[N] tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land—the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch[N] and coming out winner of the silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion, which, he offered to wager, could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted. A snapping turtle was then produced, which conquered the lordly king of beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River that will do the same?

Again, a turtle has a tail; now, what nature intended him to do with that particular member, I can not divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our

household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish who didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House by further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman,—to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day strolling leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land tortoise or turtle, and picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious characters engraved in the shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but after considerable effort, I made out the inscription, and read—

ADAM. PARADISE. YEAR ONE.

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this House to tell me what it is!

ALEXANDER HUNTER.

Notes.—***Mr. Speaker*** is the customary form used in addressing the presiding officer of an assembly. Other forms used for the same purpose are—Mr. Chairman and Mr. President.

Ter'ra pins are large sea-turtles. They are found in great numbers in Chesapeake Bay. Their flesh is excellent for food.

Pe li'dēs means the son of Pe'le us; A chil'lēs, a famous Grecian warrior.

A ***saw*** is an old and true saying often repeated.

Æ'sop was a Greek and a writer of fables.

A quarter stretch means a quarter of a mile, and is an expression taken from the race-course.

40.—LEGEND OF THE CAÑON.

făth'ŏms, *measures of length, containing six feet each.*
mўs'tic, *wonderful.*
cas cădęs', *small falls of water.*
hōard, *a stock of any thing laid up.*
em bos'omęd, *half hid.*
ăl'ley, *a narrow pathway.*

Where the sunset's golden gleamings
On the rocky highlands[N] rest,
'Neath the moonlight's silver beamings
Of the distant, dreamy West,
Once there roamed an Indian lover,
With his fawn-eyed Indian fair,—
Lover blithe as mountain rover,
Maiden rich in flowing hair.

But the sleep that knows no waking
Chilled the gentle maiden's breast,
And the Brave,[N] all hope forsaking,
Laid her in the hill to rest,—
Laid her where the eye may wander
Far o'er slopes and ledges steep,
And the mind on billows ponder—
Billows grand, but locked in sleep.

Then the Brave's bold eye was darkened,
And his hand forgot the bow;
Naught to human speech he hearkened;
Naught but sorrow would he know.
Frozen was his heart of gladness
As the summits capped with snow;
Dark his soul with sullen sadness
As their cavern depths below.

But the Great, Good Spirit[N] sought him—
Sought him in his speechless grief,
And, in kindly promise, brought him
Matchless comfort and relief.
"Come," He said, "and see thy dearest—
See her in her spirit home;
Towards the Southland—'tis the nearest—
We shall journey, hither come!"

And they went—the Spirit leading—
Speeding with unmeasured force;
Neither hill nor valley heeding,
On, straight onward, was their course;
With the whirlwind's footstep striding,
By the smooth and rock-cut ledge,
Hills with earthquake's plow dividing—
Plowshare sharp as lightning's edge.

Such their way through hill and valley,
Cold and narrow, dark and steep,
Oped the rock-embosomed alley,
Cut a thousand fathoms deep.
Carving, piercing, cutting thorough,
Toward the drowsy southern shore,
The Spirit formed the mystic furrow,
And told its sides to meet no more.

But the Spirit, good, all-knowing,
Feared lest man's unresting race;
By the mystic pathway going,
Should mar the spirit-hunter's chase.
'Twas then He gave the torrents headway;
A thousand, thousand streams were poured;—
'Twas then adown its narrow bedway
That *first the Colorado*[N] roared.

And still the diamond drops are speeding
Down a million, rippling rills,
The headlong, rushing cascades feeding
From liquid hoard of snow-clad hills.
And still the voices of the river
Within the cañon's depths are heard,
In echoing sounds to speak forever
At the bidding of His word.

JEREMIAH MAHONEY.

Biography.—Jeremiah Mahoney was a frequent contributor to periodical literature. Only a few of his poems appeared in print under his name. The "Legend of the Cañon" fairly exhibits his poetical genius.

Notes and Questions.—***Brave*** is a name given to an Indian warrior.

The Great Spirit is the Indian expression meaning God.

The ***rocky highlands*** referred to in the first stanza are the Rocky Mountains.

Is it true that the summits of the Rocky Mountains are "capped with snow"?

Where is the Colorado River? The word ***Colorado*** is Spanish and signifies ***red.*** This name was given to this river because of the reddish color of its waters.

What is the depth of its cañons? Is "a thousand fathoms" an exaggeration?

Elocution.—What should be the ***rate*** in reading this poem?

Mark the ***rhetorical pauses*** in the first and last stanzas.

Point out the ***emphatic words*** in the second stanza.

Language.—In the last stanza, ***word*** is used instead of a number of words—as in a command. The expression is an example of the figure sŷn ec'do-che. Another example of the same figure occurs in the use of the words ***thousand*** and ***million,*** definite numbers for what is indefinite.

Synecdoche is the use of a ***part*** for the ***whole;*** or a ***whole*** for a ***part;*** or a ***definite number*** for an ***indefinite number.***

Remark.—The figures used thus far in this book are ***Figures of Rhetoric,*** and will be so called in the future. They are Simile, *Metaphor,* Personification, Apostrophe, Hyperbole, Metonymy, *and Synecdoche.*

Composition.—*Select* the important events narrated in the *poem, and write them* out in the form of an analysis.

41.—STANLEY'S SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

ex pănsę́′, *wide space.*
lū′çid, *clear.*
văl′an çeş, *curtains.*
em bow′ęrd, *nearly covered.*
bûr′nishd, *smooth and bright.*
eon grăt′ū lātę, *wish him joy.*
so nō′rȣ̆s, *loud sounding.*
ma jŏr′i ty, *greater number.*
hu măn′i ty, *mankind.*
jȣ̆r′nalş, *accounts of daily events.*
for măl′i tięş, *customary forms.*

On the second day after Stanley's[N] arrival at the capital of Unyanyembe,[N] the Arab magnates of Tabora came to congratulate him. Tabora[N] is the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa, with a population of about five thousand. The Arabs were fine, handsome men, mostly from Oman,[N] and each had a large retinue of servants with him.

After having exchanged the usual stock of congratulations, Stanley accepted an invitation to return the visit at Tabora, and three days afterward, accompanied by eighteen bravely dressed soldiers, he was presented to a group of stately Arabs in long white dresses and jaunty caps of snowy white, and introduced to the hospitalities of Tabora.

On the 20th of September, the American flag was again hoisted, and the caravan, consisting of fifty-four persons, started along the southern route toward Ujiji[N] and Livingstone.[N] It moved forward through forests of immense extent, that stretched in grand waves beyond the range of vision;—among ridges, forest-clad, rising gently one above another, until they *receded through* a leafy ocean into the *purple blue distance,* where was only a dim outline *of a hill far away.*

Stanley next passed through a grand and noble expanse of grass-land,—which was one of the finest scenes he had witnessed since leaving the coast. Great herds of buffalo, zebra, giraffe, and antelope course through the plain, and the expedition indulged in a day or two of hunting. While crossing a river at this point, Stanley narrowly escaped being devoured by a crocodile, but cared little for the danger, led on, as he was, by the excitement of stalking wild boars and shooting buffalo cows.

Now from time to time, Stanley heard, from passing savages, occasional rumors of the presence of white men at various points. This encouraged him to believe that Livingstone was not far off, and gave him the necessary boldness to traverse the great wilderness beyond Marara,[N] the crossing of which he was warned would occupy nine days. The negroes became exceedingly pleased at the prospect of their journey's end. They therefore boldly turned their faces north and marched for the Malagarazi,[N] a large river flowing from the east to Lake Tanganyika.[N]

On the 1st of November, they arrived at the long-looked-for river, and, after crossing the ferry, they met a caravan coming from the interior, and were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji.

"A white man?" cried Stanley.

"Yes, an old white man, with white hair on his face, and he was sick."

"Where did he come from?"

"From a very far country indeed."

"Where was he—staying at Ujiji?"

"Yes."

"And was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"*Yes; he* went away a long time ago."

"Hurra!" said Stanley; "this must be Livingstone."

He determined to hasten forward at all hazards. The caravan arrived on the 8th of November at the Rugufu[N] River, at which point they could distinctly hear the thunders from the mysterious torrents which rolled into the hollow recesses of Kabogo[N] Mountain on the farther side of Lake Tanganyika. This noise gave Stanley the heartiest joy, because he knew that he was only forty-six miles from Ujiji, and possibly Livingstone.

About midday on the 9th of November, they reached a beautiful series of valleys, where wild fruit-trees grew, and rare flowers blossomed. On this day they caught sight of the hills from which Lake Tanganyika could be seen. Stanley ordered his boy, Selim, to brush up his tattered traveling suits, that he might make as good an appearance as possible.

On the two hundred and thirty-sixth day from Bagamoyo,[N] and the fifty-first day from Unyanyembe, they saw Lake Tanganyika spread out before them, and around it the great, blue-black mountains of Ugoma[N] and Ukaramba.[N] It was an immense, broad sheet—a burnished bed of silver—a lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains for its valances, and palm forests for its fringes. Descending the western slope of the mountain, the port of Ujiji lay below, embowered in palms.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!" cried Stanley.

"Yes, yes!" eagerly responded the men.

"One, two, three!" and a volley from fifty muskets woke up the peaceful village below. The Amer-

ican flag was raised aloft once more; the men stepped out bravely as the crowds of villagers came flocking around them.

Suddenly, Stanley heard a voice on his right say in English, "Good-morning, sir." A black man dressed in a long, white shirt, announced himself as "Susi," the servant of Dr. Livingstone.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I left him just now."

Then another servant introduced himself; the crowds flocked around anew; and finally, at the head of his caravan, Stanley found himself before a semicircle of Arab magnates, in front of whom stood an old white man, with a gray beard.

As Stanley advanced toward him, he noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had on his head a bluish cap, with a faded gold band around it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. He walked to him, took off his hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly.

Then they clasped hands, and after the necessary formalities with the Arab magnates, Stanley explained himself and his mission.

It was a great day for the old explorer. There were letters from his children. "Ah!" he said patiently, "I have waited years for letters." And you *may picture for* yourselves that strangely met pair, *seated in the explorer's* house, Livingstone hearing

for the first time of the great changes in Europe.

They sat long together, with their faces turned eastward, noting the dark shadows creeping up above the groves of palms beyond the village, and the rampart of mountains; listening to the sonorous thunder of the surf of Tanganyika, and to the dreamy chorus which the night insects sang.

Mr. Stanley remained four months in the company of Dr. Livingstone, during which time an intimate and rich friendship grew up between the two men. From November 10, 1871, until March 14, 1872, they were together daily. Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa since March, 1866. He left Zanzibar in April of that year for the interior, with thirty men, and worked studiously at his high mission of correcting the errors of former travelers until early in 1869, when he arrived at Ujiji and took a brief rest.

He had been deserted in the most cowardly manner by the majority of his followers, and was much of the time in want. At the end of June, 1869, he went on to a lake into which the Lualaba[N] ran, and then was compelled to return the weary distance of seven hundred miles to Ujiji. The magnificent result of his labors, both in the interest of science and humanity, are now known to all the world.

Livingstone returned with Stanley to Unyanyembe, and on the 14th of March the two men parted, not without tears. It was not until sunset on the 6th of May, that the worn and fatigued *Stanley re-entered Bagamoyo.* The next morning *he crossed to Zanzibar,* and thence as soon as pos-

sible departed for Europe with his precious freight—the Livingstone journals and letters, and his own rich experience.

EDWARD KING.

Biography.—David Livingstone, the famous African traveler and missionary, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1813, and died in the wilds of Africa in 1873.

Dr. Livingstone's travels extended over nearly one-third of the African continent, and his written accounts of them form highly instructive and interesting works. The importance of the discoveries made during the thirty years of his life in Africa can not be overestimated. One result of his labors was the agitation of the subject of the African slave-trade and its eventual suppression.

In 1871, Henry M. Stanley was selected by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of "The New York Herald," to undertake the arduous task of finding Dr. Livingstone, of whom no tidings had been received for five years.

Stanley was entirely successful in his search, and succeeded both in finding and relieving Dr. Livingstone at a time when he was most in need.

Stanley gained at once an enviable reputation as a traveler and explorer, and in 1876, some years after Livingstone's death, succeeded in penetrating and crossing the African continent. The particulars in regard to this wonderful exploit were published by Stanley in that remarkable book—"Through the Dark Continent." His record of discovery has created such intense interest in what was before an unpopular field for travelers, that many other bold adventurers have since chosen "The Dark Continent" as the scene of their labors.

Notes.—O'man is a strip of territory lying at the most eastern extremity of Arabia.

Ụ jï'jï is a town situated on Lake Tän gän yï'kä.

Ụn yän yẹm'bẹ is a province near the eastern shore of tropical Africa.

Bä gä mō'yō is a sea-port on the Indian Ocean.

Other geographical names in the lesson are pronounced as follows: Tä bō'rä, Mä rä'rä, Mä lä gä rä'zï, Rụ gụ'fụ, Kä bō'gō, Ụ gō'mä, Ụ kä räm'bä, Lụ ä lä'bä.

Language.—What is the meaning of "Bravely dressed" and of "A leafy ocean"?

Composition.—Select six prominent events described in the lesson and unite them in the form of a complete *analysis* of the *lesson.*

42.—TYPHOONS AND WATER-SPOUTS.

sub sīd'ing, *falling; becoming quiet.*
nāv'i gāt̤e, *sail.*
ab'so lūt̤e, *total.*
çy lĭn'dric al, *having the form of a cylinder.*
a bāt̤s', *grows less; subsides.*
pẽr pen dĭc'ū lar, *exactly upright; at right angles with.*
re vŏlv'ing, *rolling.*
es tēm̤d', *valued.*
phe nŏm'e na, *strange or unusual things.*
măr'i ner, *a sailor or seaman.*

The ships that navigate the Indian Ocean have occasionally to encounter terrific tempests, called typhoons, which are peculiar to those seas, and which, with the hurricanes of the opposite hemisphere, are the most furious storms that blow.

They rise with fearful rapidity, often coming on suddenly with a calm; and before the canvas can be secured, the gale is howling shrilly through the spars and rigging, and the crests of the waves are torn off, and driven in sheets of spray across the decks.

The lightning is terrible; at very short intervals the whole space between heaven and earth is filled with vivid flame, showing every rope and spar in the darkest night as distinctly as in the broadest sunshine, and then leaving the sight obscured in pitchy darkness for several seconds after each flash—darkness the most intense and absolute; not that of the night, but the effect of the blinding glare upon the eye.

The thunder, too, peals, now in loud, sharp, startling explosions, now in long muttered growls, all around the horizon. In the height of the gale, curious electrical lights, called St. Elmo's fires, are

seen on the projecting points of the masts and upper spars, appearing from the deck like dim stars. Soon after their appearance the gale abates, and presently clears away with a rapidity equal to that which marks its approach.

These storms are found, by carefully comparing the direction of the wind at the same time in different places, or successively at the same place, to blow in a vast circle around a center; a fact of the utmost importance, as an acquaintance with this law will frequently enable the mariner so to determine the course of his ship as to steer out of the circle, and consequently out of danger, when, in ignorance, he might sustain the whole fury of the tempest. The course of a circle is the opposite of that taken by the hands of a watch, and is the same as that of the still more striking phenomena called water-spouts.

Water-spouts are, perhaps, the most majestic of all those "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," which they behold who "go down to the sea in ships." They frequently appear as perpendicular columns, apparently of many hundred feet in height, and three feet or more in diameter, reaching from the surface of the sea to the clouds. The edge of the pillar is perfectly clean and well defined, and the effect has been compared to a column of frosted glass.

A series of spiral lines runs around it, and the whole has a rapid spiral motion, which is very apparent, though it is not always easy to determine whether it is an ascending or descending line. Generally, the body of clouds above descend below the common level, joining the pillar in the form

of a funnel, but sometimes the summit is invisible, from its becoming gradually more rare. Much more constant is the presence of a visible foot; the sea being raised in a great heap, with a whirling and bubbling motion, the upper part of which is lost in the mass of spray and foam which is driven rapidly round.

The column, or columns—for there are frequently more than one—move slowly forward with a stately and majestic step, sometimes inclining to the perpendicular, now becoming curved, and now taking a twisted form. Sometimes the mass becomes more and more transparent, and gradually vanishes; at others, it separates, the base subsiding, and the upper portion shortening with a whirling motion till lost in the clouds.

The pillar is not always cylindrical; a very frequent form is that of a slender funnel depending from the sky, which sometimes retains that appearance without alteration, or, at others, lengthens its tube toward the sea, which at the same time begins to boil and rise in a hill to meet it, and soon the two unite and form a slender column, as first described.

When these sublime appearances are viewed from a short distance, they are attended with a rushing noise somewhat like the roar of a cataract. The phenomenon is doubtless the effect of a whirlwind or current of air revolving with great rapidity and violence, and the lines which are seen are probably drops of water ascending in the cloudy column.

They are esteemed highly dangerous; instances have been known in which vessels that have been crossed by them have been instantly dismasted and

seen on the projecting points of the masts and upper spars, appearing from the deck like dim stars. Soon after their appearance the gale abates, and presently clears away with a rapidity equal to that which marks its approach.

These storms are found, by carefully comparing the direction of the wind at the same time in different places, or successively at the same place, to blow in a vast circle around a center; a fact of the utmost importance, as an acquaintance with this law will frequently enable the mariner so to determine the course of his ship as to steer out of the circle, and consequently out of danger, when, in ignorance, he might sustain the whole fury of the tempest. The course of a circle is the opposite of that taken by the hands of a watch, and is the same as that of the still more striking phenomena called water-spouts.

Water-spouts are, perhaps, the most majestic of all those "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," which they behold who "go down to the sea in ships." They frequently appear as perpendicular columns, apparently of many hundred feet in height, and three feet or more in diameter, reaching from the surface of the sea to the clouds. The edge of the pillar is perfectly clean and well defined, and the effect has been compared to a column of frosted glass.

A series of spiral lines runs around it, and the whole has a rapid spiral motion, which is very apparent, though it is not always easy to determine whether it is an ascending or descending line. *Generally, the* body of clouds above descend below *the common* level, joining the pillar in the form

of a funnel, but sometimes the summit is invisible, from its becoming gradually more rare. Much more constant is the presence of a visible foot; the sea being raised in a great heap, with a whirling and bubbling motion, the upper part of which is lost in the mass of spray and foam which is driven rapidly round.

The column, or columns—for there are frequently more than one—move slowly forward with a stately and majestic step, sometimes inclining to the perpendicular, now becoming curved, and now taking a twisted form. Sometimes the mass becomes more and more transparent, and gradually vanishes; at others, it separates, the base subsiding, and the upper portion shortening with a whirling motion till lost in the clouds.

The pillar is not always cylindrical; a very frequent form is that of a slender funnel depending from the sky, which sometimes retains that appearance without alteration, or, at others, lengthens its tube toward the sea, which at the same time begins to boil and rise in a hill to meet it, and soon the two unite and form a slender column, as first described.

When these sublime appearances are viewed from a short distance, they are attended with a rushing noise somewhat like the roar of a cataract. The phenomenon is doubtless the effect of a whirlwind or current of air revolving with great rapidity and violence, and the lines which are seen are probably drops of water ascending in the cloudy column.

They are *esteemed* highly dangerous; instances *have been known in* which vessels that have been *crossed by them have* been instantly dismasted and

left a total wreck. It is supposed that any sudden shock will cause a rupture in the mass and destroy it; and hence it is customary for ships to fire a cannon at such as, from their proximity, there is any reason to dread.

Typhoons are seen in all parts of the world, but are most frequent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.

Biography.—Philip Henry Gosse was born in Worcester, England, in 1810.

Early in life he evinced an aptitude for natural history, and after reaching manhood, set out on his travels over different parts of the world. His first important work, "The Canadian Naturalist," was published in 1840. Some years later, he returned to England, where he continued his researches and published a number of works on geology and natural history.

The style of Gosse is clear and pleasing, and the enthusiasm of the scientist pervades every page of his writings.

His principal works, aside from a number of excellent text-books for schools, are: "Birds of Jamaica," "Ocean Described," "British Ornithology," "Rivers of the Bible," "The Aquarium," and "Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday."

Language.—In the first paragraph, ***canvas*** is employed for ***sails,*** —an example of the use of a material instead of the articles made from it. The expression is an illustration of the figure ***metonymy.***

In the second paragraph, on page 195,—"The columns move forward with a stately and majestic ***step.***" What figure of rhetoric is used? Explain the comparison and state whether or not you think it is a good one.

What kind of sentence is the first one in the third paragraph? What is its ***subject?*** What is its ***predicate?*** The expression "In loud, sharp, startling explosions" is a modifier of the ***action-word*** (***verb***) "peals," and is therefore an ***adverb*** or ***adverbial phrase.***

A ***phrase*** is a combination of two or more words, not containing an ***action-word*** and its ***subject.***

The ***phrase*** given above is made up of the ***relation-word*** (***preposition***) "in" and the ***name-word*** "explosions" with its modifiers "loud," "sharp," and "startling."

Point out three ***phrases*** in the last sentence of the lesson. The ***relation-words*** (***prepositions***) introducing them are "in," "of," and "in."

43.—AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

sēr, *dry; withered.*
săs'sa frăs, *a tree of the laurel family.*
ûr'chins, *children.*
sụ'mach, *a plant or shrub.*
ad vĕnt'ûr ŭs, *daring; courageous.*
bēau'te ŭs, *pleasing to the sight.*
re prōach'fụl, *expressing blame.*

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down,
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all a-blush:
Perhaps *you may* have seen, some day,

Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn fields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon you must paint for me;
O, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship Commodore,
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, it is twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrunk to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;

That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nestful of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace

To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me:
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And, O, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet;—
Woods and corn fields and mulberry-tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

ALICE CARY.

Biography.—Alice Cary was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1820, and died in New York City in 1871.

Her first poems were published in periodicals, and soon attracted general attention. In 1850, in company with her sister Phœbe, she removed to New York City, where she continued her literary labors until the time of her death.

Miss Cary's genius in both prose and poetry has not been excelled by any other woman in America. Her style has a peculiar charm—the charm of the woman as well as of the poet.

Her principal works are: "Clovernook Sketches," "Lyra and Other Poems," "Hagar," "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns," "Pictures of Country Life," and "Stories Told to a Child."

Elocution.—With what *tone of voice, rate,* and *force,* should the different parts of the poem be read? Point out the places where *a change of feeling* occurs.

44.—ALADDIN'S CAVE.

se pŭl'ch̤ral, *as if from the grave.*
fĕr'ul̤d, *punished; struck with a flat piece of wood.*
fûr'naç e̤s, *closed places to keep a hot fire in.*
săl'a măn'der, *an animal falsely thought to be able to bear great heat.*
vē'he ment, *furious.*
mis nō'mer, *using one name for another.*
u nïque' (neek), *without a like; strange.*
e̤ŏn fla grā'tion, *a very large fire.*
mĕe̤h'an ĭsm, *workmanship.*
ärc, *a part of a curve.*
plum bā'go, *black lead.*
e̤on dĕns e̤d', *made close.*

You climb the pyramid of steps and enter halls and rooms that with their stone floors, walls, and ceilings, are rocky as the Mammoth Cave. Every thing reverberates. The voice has a sepulchral ring. If you can fancy a vehement ghost calling the cows, you know how it sounds.

Your gentle-spoken friend talks so loud you can not hear him. You are in the mill where money is made. You see the raw material, fresh from the mines, piled around like bricks in a kiln. They are bricks. Here is enough in this vault to build a stone wall of gold around your garden spot.

The precious metals run to brick here, brick without straw. Ah, if the poor Israelites had possessed such material to work, there would have been no complaint in Pharaoh's brick-yard. Here are four gold cubes. They weigh about ninety pounds apiece. You can carry a couple for the gift of them, and you would have fifty thousand dollars.

Yonder are two pieces of hardware from Mexico. They are gold and silver together, and shaped a little like *blacksmiths'* anvils before their horns are

grown. They are awkward things to handle, for they have no bails to them, and they weigh more than five hundred pounds apiece. They are made to be robber proof, for if Mexican bandits attacked the train, they could not very well get off with such hardware at their saddle-bows.

Nothing here puzzles you like values. They are condensed into a wonderfully small compass. You are in the gold ingot room, and you pick up a bar about a foot long, an inch and a half wide, and three times as thick as the snug-setting maple ruler with which you used to be feruled. You could slip it up your sleeve if that gray-eyed man, who would be your "man of destiny" if you did it, were not looking at you. You mentally cut it into eagles as you hold it, and it turns out sixty of them, but the melter quietly tells you it is worth fifteen hundred dollars. I laid mine down immediately.

You follow a brick of gold into the Melting Department. Here is weather for you. The twelve furnaces are glowing all about you. The iron eyelid of one of them is thrown up, and the very essence of fire winks at you. When you are 108° it is your last fever. When the steam is 212° away dashes the locomotive. But here is a crucible in the heart of a fire urged to a volcanic glow of 2,112°. In the crucible is gold, and the gold boils like a tea-kettle. If you are curious to know what the salamander of a crucible is made of, it is sand and plumbago. The air you breathe before the furnace doors is 130°.

The men—some of them are giants—are stripped *like athletes.* Sweat rolls off like rain. The floor is *stone, and carpeted* with iron lattice. Every day

this is removed, the dust swept up and saved for the precious particles that may be in it. There is no such thing as a trifle in this mint.

Gold and silver are in unsuspected places. They are in the air, in the water, under foot. There is little you can call "dirt" in most parts of the Mint without being guilty of a misnomer. And just here we may as well gossip by the way about the curious domestic fashions within these walls.

For one of them, they wash their clothes once a year! The rough dresses of the men in the furnace room, and out of which they husk themselves daily when the work is done, never leave the Mint after they enter it, until they have been washed span-clean. The method of washing is unique. They just put them in the furnaces, and they are cleansed in a twinkling. A ten-dollar suit may be worth five after it is burned up, and an old apron bring money enough to buy a new one.

When they take up carpets they do not beat them with whips and broomsticks, after the manner of good housewives, filling their lungs with dust and the premises with confusion, but they just bundle them bodily into the fire; and it is generally calculated that the destruction of an old carpet, after three years of wear, will about buy a new one.

A mint is the only place in the world where a conflagration produces its own insurance money. The ashes of these clothes and carpets are carefully gathered, sifted and washed, and out come the truant gold and silver they contain.

You see scales, the most delicate pieces of mech-*anism. The wave of* a butterfly's wing could blow

the truth away from them. They hang in glass houses of their own. "Let us weigh an—animal. Let us go hunting. Let us catch a fly." We captured a victim and drove him upon the scale as if he were a bullock. A weight was put in the other dish, and our mammoth made it kick the beam. The long, slender index depending from the balancing point, and describing an arc on the graduated ivory when the scales are moved, swung through ten spaces when the monster was put aboard!

The brown house-fly pulled down the dish at thirty-one thousandths of seven and a half grains —and he was only in good flying order at that. Then one wing was lifted upon the scale, and it astonished us to see what a regiment of heavy figures it took to tell how light it was, that bit of an atmospheric oar.

Have you never thought that things may be so enormously little as to be tremendously great? We go to the Assaying Department, where they weigh next to nothing, and keep an account of it. Here are scales where a girl's eyelash will give the index the swing of a pendulum. The smallest weight is an atom of aluminum, the lightest of the mineral family, that you could carry in your eye and not think there was a beam in it. Its weight is 5-10 of 1-100 of 1-2 of 1-24 of one ounce. It would take ninety-six hundred of those metallic motes to weigh a humming-bird.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Biography.—Benjamin Franklin Taylor was born in New York in 1822, and educated at Madison University, of which institution his father was President.

Taylor's career has been full of romantic incident. For many

years he discharged the duties of a journalist. His writings show a knowledge of both the last and the present generation of the American people. His style is characterized by artistic taste and a careful handling of details. Under his treatment even dry subjects become bright and interesting.

Of Taylor's numerous works we may mention the following as good specimens of his genius: "Pictures of Life in Camp and Field," "Old-Time Pictures," "The World on Wheels," "Songs of Yesterday," and "Between the Gates."

Language.—How do the short sentences used in the lesson affect our interest?

45.—AN EXPLOIT OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.[N]

ex ploit', *a great deed.*
prow'ess, *bravery.*
ąų̇x il'ia ry (awg zĭl' ya rȳ), *helping; aiding.*
chăm'pi on, *one ready to fight all who offer against him.*
do mĭn'ion (mĭn'yŭn), *rule.*
ap pre hĕn'sion, *alarm.*
fąl'cọn, *a bird of prey.*
grăp'pling-ĭ'rons (ûrnz), *instruments for holding fast a vessel.*
com prĕssĕd', *pressed together; brought within narrow space.*
con fĕr'rĕd', *granted.*

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence—for he was respected through all countries for his prowess—might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail *appeared in the distance*, which the mariners re-

garded at first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm.

The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a brave man named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all those who sailed upon that element.

He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse[N] sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the craft he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board a ship at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers—Boyd, Kerlie, Seaton, and others—to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was *like the breath* of life, he commanded them to arm

themselves and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, to steer so that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, it would in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst.

Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which would intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran aboard that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had already been secured by them.

But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began between them, with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the result of the combat between the two chiefs.

The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the struggle. In this also he was foiled.

They fell on the deck locked in each other's arms; but the Frenchman fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget,[N] compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs.

His men threw down their weapons, and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colors, as if De Longueville were coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, which announced that the champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of *none, save of his* heroic conqueror.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"They fell on the deck locked in each other's arms."
(See page 208.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Biography.—Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771, and died at Abbotsford in 1832.

His first publication, the ballads "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman," appeared in 1796.

We have no need to mention all his works by name,—"The Waverly Novels," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," are among those most widely read.

Notes.—Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scottish liberty, was executed, by order of Edward I., in London in 1305.

The Norse sea-kings were famous navigators from the Norwegian Peninsula.

Gôr'get, a piece of armor for defending the throat.

46.—"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

sĕx'tŏn, *an under officer of a church.*
thrĕăd'ing, *walking.*
vow, *a solemn promise.*
sus pĕnd'ed, *hung.*
tŭr'rets, *topmost parts of a building.*
knĕll, *stroke of a bell rung at a funeral; death signal.*
il lūmē', *make light.*

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair:
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,—"Curfew[N] must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is nigh:
Cromwell[N] will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely *white*
As she breathed the husky whisper,—"Curfew must not ring *to-night.*"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,—Curfew must be rung to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil[N] Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew *now,*
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and *paled* her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly,—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,—
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children, Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, *your lover lives,*" said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring *to-night!*"

ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

Notes.—Cûr'few is derived from the French, and means "cover fire." The ringing of the curfew in England after the Norman Conquest, was to warn people to cover up their fires and go to bed. The custom of ringing the bell at eight or nine o'clock is still continued in some parts of England, and also in some cities in the United States. The original significance of the ringing has of course been lost.

Oliver Cromwell was born in 1599, and became the real leader of the party which rose in rebellion against Charles I. in 1646. In 1653, he was invested with the title of "Lord Protector," and ruled England in that capacity until his death in 1658.

Băş'il is a name derived from the Greek, and means kingly.

Elocution.—With what tone of voice should the first stanza be read? Point out the changes in tone that should occur throughout the poem.

Mark the *inflections* in the last line of the first stanza, and in the last line of the last stanza.

Language.—Arrange the words in the last stanza in the order of prose. Change such words and forms of expression as do not properly belong to prose.

47.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY LEAVING THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL.

splēēn, *anger.*
hū'mor, *temper.*
prŏs'trate, *stretched out.*
pro lŏng'ed', *continued.*
fū'gi tĭve, *one who has fled.*
lĭ bā'tion, *drink.*
flăg el lā'tion, *beating or whipping.*
sŭp'ple, *pliant; yielding.*
ā'mi a ble, *pleasing; charming.*

As time passed away the poor creature, Smike, paid bitterly for the friendship of Nicholas Nickleby; all the spleen and ill humor that could not be vented on Nicholas were bestowed on him. Stripes and blows, stripes and blows, stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were his penalty *for being compassionated* by the daring new master. *Squeers was* jealous of the influence which the *said new master* soon acquired in the school, and

hated him for it; Mrs. Squeers had hated him from the first; and poor Smike paid heavily for all.

One night he was poring hard over a book, vainly endeavoring to master some task which a child of nine years could have conquered with ease, but which to the brain of the crushed boy of nineteen was a hopeless mystery.

Nicholas laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I can't do it."

"Do not try. You will do better, poor fellow, when I am gone."

"Gone? Are you going?"

"I can not say. I was speaking more to my own thoughts than to you. I shall be driven to that at last! The world is before me, after all."

"Is the world as bad and dismal as this place?"

"Heaven forbid. Its hardest, coarsest toil is happiness to this."

"Should I ever meet you there?"

"Yes,"—willing to soothe him.

"No! no! Should I—should I—— Say I should be sure to find you."

"You would, and I would help and aid you, and not bring fresh sorrow upon you, as I have done here."

The boy caught both his hands, and uttered a few broken sounds which were unintelligible. Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner.

Two days later, the cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-room, when Nicholas, raising *himself on his arm,* looked among the prostrate *forms in search of* one.

"Now, then," cried Squeers, from the bottom of the stairs, "are you going to sleep all day up there?"

"We shall be down directly, sir."

"Down directly! Ah! you had better be down directly, or I'll be down upon some of you in less time than directly. Where's that Smike?"

Nicholas looked round again.

"He is not here, sir."

"Don't tell me a lie. He is."

"He is not. Don't tell me one."

Squeers bounced into the dormitory, and swinging his cane in the air ready for a blow, darted into the corner where Smike usually lay at night. The cane descended harmlessly. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean? Where have you hid him?"

"I have seen nothing of him since last night."

"Come, you won't save him this way. Where is he?"

"At the bottom of the nearest pond, for any thing I know."

In a fright, Squeers inquired of the boys whether any one of them knew any thing of their missing school-mate.

There was a general hum of denial, in the midst of which one shrill voice was heard to say—as indeed every body thought—

"Please, sir, I think Smike's run away, sir."

"Ha! who said that?"

Squeers made a plunge into the crowd, and caught a very little boy, the perplexed expression of whose countenance as he was brought forward, seemed to intimate that he was uncertain whether

he was going to be punished or rewarded for his suggestion. He was not long in doubt.

"You think he has run away, do you, sir?"

"Yes, please, sir."

"And what reason have you to suppose that any boy would want to run away from this establishment? Eh?"

The child raised a dismal cry by way of answer, and Squeers beat him until he rolled out of his hands. He mercifully allowed him to roll away.

"There! Now if any other boy thinks Smike has run away, I shall be glad to have a talk with him."

Profound silence.

"Well, Nickleby, you think he has run away, I suppose?"

"I think it extremely likely."

"Maybe you know he has run away?"

"I know nothing about it."

"He didn't tell you he was going, I suppose?"

"He did not. I am very glad he did not, for it would then have been my duty to tell you."

"Which no doubt you would have been sorry to do?"

"I should, indeed."

Mrs. Squeers had listened to this conversation from the bottom of the stairs; but now, losing all patience, she hastily made her way to the scene of action.

"What's all this here to-do? What on earth are you talking to him for, Squeery? The cow-house and stables are locked up, so Smike can't be there; and he's not down stairs anywhere, for the girl has *looked*. *He must* have gone York[N] way, and by *a public road*. He must beg his way, and he could

do that nowheres but on the public road. Now, if you takes the chaise and goes one road, and I borrows Swallow's chaise and goes t'other, one or other of us is moral sure to lay hold of him."

The lady's plan was put in execution without delay, Nicholas remaining behind in a tumult of feeling. Death, from want and exposure, was the best that could be expected from the prolonged wandering of so helpless a creature through a country of which he was ignorant. There was little, perhaps, to choose between this and a return to the tender mercies of the school. Nicholas lingered on, in restless anxiety, picturing a thousand possibilities, until the evening of the next day, when Squeers returned alone.

"No news of the scamp!"

Another day came, and Nicholas was scarcely awake when he heard the wheels of a chaise approaching the house. It stopped, and the voice of Mrs. Squeers was heard, ordering a glass of spirits for somebody, which was in itself a sufficient sign that something extraordinary had happened. Nicholas hardly dared look out of the window, but he did so, and the first object that met his eyes was the wretched Smike, bedabbled with mud and rain, haggard and worn and wild.

"Lift him out," said Squeers. "Bring him in, bring him in."

"Take care," cried Mrs. Squeers. "We tied his legs under the apron, and made 'em fast to the chaise, to prevent him giving us the slip again."

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers loosened the cord; and Smike, more dead than alive, was brought in and locked up in a cellar,

until such a time as Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him.

The news that the fugitive had been caught and brought back ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it remained all the afternoon, when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance, accompanied by his amiable partner, with a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new.

"Is every boy here?"

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself.

"Each boy keep his place. Nickleby! you go to your desk, sir."

There was a curious expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat, without opening his lips in reply. Squeers left the room, and shortly afterward returned, dragging Smike by the collar—or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar ought to have been.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself? Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!"

"O, that's all you've got to say, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas *Nickleby cried,* "Stop!"

"Who cried 'Stop!'"

"I did. This must not go on."

"Must not go on!"

"No! Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it! You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!"

"Wretch, touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By Heaven! I will not spare you, if you drive me on! I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practiced in this cruel den. Have a care, or the consequences will fall heavily upon your head!"

Squeers, in a violent outbreak, spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprung upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

He then flung him away with all the force he could muster, and the violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers over an adjacent form; Squeers, striking his head against the same form in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and having ascertained to his satisfaction *that Squeers was* only stunned, and not dead—upon *which point he had* had some unpleasant doubts

at first,—Nicholas packed up a few clothes in a small valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and struck into the road. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again. When the sound had died away, the school was empty; and of the crowd of boys not one remained.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Biography.—Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1812, and died in 1870.

Dickens began life as a newspaper reporter, and was soon distinguished for uncommon ability. His "Sketches by Boz" appeared in the "Morning Chronicle" in 1836, and "Pickwick Papers" was written in the following year. The young author's popularity was now assured; he had taken a path altogether new for literary work, and one which was to make him both friends and enemies.

Among his principal works may be mentioned the following: "A Christmas Carol," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist."

Notes.—***York*** is the capital of Yorkshire, the largest county in England. "Nicholas Nickleby" was written by Dickens to show the character of Yorkshire cheap schools.

Usher is a term used to designate an assistant teacher.

48.—MARK TWAIN'S WATCH.

in făl'li blę, *certain; not capable of making a mistake.*
ăn'guish (ăng'gwish), *great distress.*
ĕn ġi nēēr', *one who runs an engine.*
im plōrd', *earnestly asked.*
fōrę rŭn'ner, *a sign showing something to follow.*
dis crĕ'tion (krĕsh'ŭn), *judgment.*
vĕr'dict, *opinion.*
a năt'o my, *parts.*
bōd'ingş, *thoughts of the future.*

My beautiful, new watch had run eighteen *months without* losing or gaining, and without

breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about this oversight as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by and by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart.

Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator must be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed.

My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to one hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the other time-pieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction of thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it.

I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. *He asked me if I* had ever had it repaired. I said

no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice-box into his eye, and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week.

After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days of grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by and by the comprehension came upon me that, solitary and alone, I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to exchange news with him.

I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch averaged[N] well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it.

But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the *end of twenty-four* hours, it would trot up to the *judges' stand all* right and just in time. It would

show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker.

He said the king-bolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the king-bolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the king-bolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket.

I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together.

The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling.[N] He made these things all right, and then my time-piece performed correctly, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven *minutes, and* then stop with a bang.

I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer, either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench[N] on the safety-valve!"[N]

I floored him on the spot.

S. L. CLEMENS.

Biography.—Samuel Langborne Clemens (Mark Twain) was born in Missouri in 1835.

Clemens is one of our most popular humorists. During his "steam-boating" experience upon the Mississippi River, when the lead was cast, he often heard the sailors call out "By the mark, twain!" meaning that there were two fathoms of water under the ship. The words "Mark Twain" caught the fancy of Clemens, and when he began to write he determined to use them as the name by which he should be known as an author.

His principal works are: "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "Gilded Age," and "A Tramp Abroad."

Notes.—***Averaged well*** means that between going too fast for a part of the day and too slow for the rest of it, the watch was about right at the end of every twenty-four hours.

Half-soling means to repair shoes by putting on new half-soles. The watchmaker who used the expression must have once been a shoemaker, and his meaning was that the watch had run so much that it was worn out.

A ***monkey-wrench*** is a wrench with a movable jaw.

A ***safety-valve*** is a valve fitted to the boiler of a steam-engine, which opens and lets off steam when the pressure within the boiler becomes so great as to create danger of explosion.

49.—CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

yōre, *time long past.*
shŭn'ning, *avoiding.*
quāl'ing (kwāl), *shrinking; giving way.*
blĕnch, *draw back.*
clăr'i ŏn, *a kind of trumpet.*
rĕck'ed, *cared.*
'bā'ĕd, *surrounded.*
vĕng'ĕ ançe, *punishment in return for injuries.*
hōrdes, *wandering tribes.*
as suāg' ing, *easing; mitigating.*

Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer,[N] our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Far from our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat!—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those *who followed—*
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hill-side exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the old Sitting Bull![N]
Wild Ogalallah,[N] Arapahoe,[N] Cheyenne,[N]
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrunk from that charge like a herd from a lion,—
Then closed around, the grim horde of wild Sioux![N]

Right to their center he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells! and around them, O see!
Over the hill-tops the Indians come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then, did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven[N]
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
There in the midst of the Indians they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all 'bayed[N] amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.

See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward, again and again, they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band;
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion-clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys,—we'll sell our lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers[N] raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
Needed but that death to render it full.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

Notes.—Frederick Whittaker is a well-known contributor to periodical literature. He has written a "Life of Custer" which has been highly praised.

General George A. Custer and all his men were killed near the Big Horn River, in Montana Territory, in an attack upon the Sioux (Sōō) Indians. The sad event took place June 25, 1876.

O ga lăl'lah, A răp'a hoe, Chą̆ y ĕnnę́', are the names of different tribes of Indians, all under the command of Sitting Bull, a notorious Indian warrior at the time of the Custer massacre.

Seven is the number of the regiment, the "Seventh U. S. Cavalry."

'Bayed—embayed, surrounded without chance of escape.

Berserkers were Norse heroes who despised armor, and claimed *that furious courage* was the best defense in battle.

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear further than you think for," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon[N] against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, *and that is in your* Majesty's service."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

50.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PART I.

ū′ ni vẽrs̱, *world.*
cā̱′tiffs, *mean persons.*
jẽr′king, *close, short coats.*
hạl′berds, *weapons consisting of wooden poles with steel points.*
al lẽġ̱ed′, *declared.*
tĭt′tḻe, *smallest part.*
är′dent, *intense.*
ex tẽr′nal, *outside.*
re lūc′tanç̱e, *unwillingness.*

Walter Raleigh[N] and his friends, Blount and Tracy, were floating on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth with all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,—"the sun in heaven and the Thames on earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb-tide."

"And this is all thou thinkest—all thou carest—all thou deem'st to be the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers,—to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble;—and by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in *vain; for see, the* Queen's barge lies at the stairs, *as if Her Majesty* were about to take to the water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned by the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person.

The yeomen of the guard,[N] the tallest and handsomest men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion at this time. By my counsel, we had best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the *sergeant porters* told them that they could not at *present enter*, as Her Majesty was in the act of *coming forth*. The gentlemen used the name of

the Earl of Sussex;[N] but it proved no charm to the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take the boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners.[N] After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth[N] herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest walk of life have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity.

His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting[N] at the same time, he fixed his

eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers.

Accordingly she fixed her keen glance upon the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage.

As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her passing over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"*Come along,* Sir Coxcomb," said Blount, "*your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot.*"

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Notes.—***Sir Walter Raleigh*** (Raw'ly), the famous navigator and courtier, was born at Hayes, in Devonshire, England, in 1552.

After a number of years' service in the army, during which time he acquired a reputation for personal bravery, Raleigh came under the notice of Queen Elizabeth, after the manner described in the lesson. His position in the army was given up soon after, and he embarked upon a voyage of discovery to America.

His success as a navigator is well known to every one who has read the history of the colonization of America. He introduced the potato and tobacco into England, and thereby increased his favor at court.

The death of the Queen in 1603, destroyed all his bright prospects; for he was no favorite with James I., who allowed him to be imprisoned upon a false charge, and afterward to be beheaded. This took place in 1618.

During his long imprisonment, Raleigh wrote his "History of the World," a work showing him to be a finished scholar. His poems also, of which a number have been preserved, exhibit marked genius.

Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII., was born in 1533, and ascended the throne of England in 1558. She ruled for nearly forty-five years, and died in 1603. The "Elizabethan Age," as it has been called, was one of the most glorious epochs in English history. The age that produced Spenser, Shakspeare, and Bacon, could not be other than famous.

Yeomen of the Guard, a veteran company, consisting of one hundred old soldiers of stately presence, employed on grand occasions as the body-guard of the sovereign of England.

Earl of Sussex is the title of the leading noble in the county of Sussex.

Gentlemen Pensioners were a band of forty gentlemen, now called Gentlemen at Arms, who attended the sovereign on occasions of solemnity.

Unbonneting means to remove the covering from one's head.

Language.—***Wot*** is an old English word meaning think, consider.

In the last sentence of the lesson the old form of expression, *"if you learn not,"* would now be rendered "unless you learn"—***unless*** *equaling* ***if not.***

61.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

PART II.

a ġĭl'i ty, *activity.*
tŏp'ĭc, *matter; point.*
em băr'rass ment, *confusion; perplexity.*
lĭēġe'man, *subject.*
ąŭ'ġu ry, *sign; indication.*
as sĕnt', *agreement.*
pĕn'anç, *suffering; pain.*
in tū'i tĭve ly, *without reasoning.*
rāĭ'ment, *garments.*
a brĭdġed', *made less numerous.*

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount,—"on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—"Who in the world would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.[N]

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed

him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut; I promise you, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose——"

"Thou would'st have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou may'st be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"*How, boy,*" said the Queen, "neither gold nor *garment! What* is it thou would'st have of me, *then?*"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear further than you think for," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon[N] against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I *may* have lost," said the youth, *looking down, "but* it was where my best is due, *and that is in your* Majesty's service."

that he would not commence on the most difficult experiment first. When he got into practice he would make bright gold out of rusty iron, as others did; but in his first day's work he would be satisfied with making it from silver.

He had an old silver pocket-piece,[N] which he had carried a long time for luck. His uncle, for whom he was named, had given it to him. He purposed, as it was a little worn, to convert it into a gold coin.

The stove which warmed the apartment of Brandt, the alchemist, and which served the purpose of a chemical furnace, did not look a bit like the iron stoves we use. It was a large, square, awkward-looking affair, made of Dutch bricks.

Brandt, the alchemist, was too intent on his work to keep a correct account of all he did, and I can not, therefore, give the exact details of his experiment. A tradition states that he placed a porcelain dish on this queer-looking stove, into which he dropped his silver pocket-piece. On this he placed some lime, and afterward poured on some queer liquid and oil of vitriol. The contents were soon boiling, and he stirred them with a stick.

He soon noticed that the end of the stick turned black as a coal; but this did not alarm him—he was on the look-out for strange things. After stirring the mixture for some time his stick all turned to coal and became part of the contents of the dish. There was no appearance of gold, and he concluded to make a change in his plan of operations.

So he scraped the material, which had become *quite dry, into* an earthen retort, the bulb of which

he placed among the coals, letting the end of the neck project into water. After a little while he noticed bubbles of gas coming out of the retort, passing through the water, and then taking fire in the air. Brandt got excited. If he had not made gold out of silver, he had made charcoal out of a stick without burning it, and had caused fire to come from water.

Brandt punched the fire. As he did so he noticed that a liquid substance came out of the neck of the retort, and dropped into the water. As it did so it cooled and assumed the size and form of shot. The drops had a yellow look, and it might be that they were gold, though not fine gold. He fished one of them out with a spoon, and laid it on the table. Both color and weight were rather light for gold.

He thought he would try his knife on it. He did so, and it burst into flame, filling the room with a white smoke. The long and short of the whole matter was—old Brandt had discovered phosphorus.

Brandt didn't know any more than a child what to do with this discovery. After some time, he sold the secret to a man named Kraft, of Dresden. Neither Brandt nor Kraft ever knew to what wonderful purposes the substance would be put.

They never dreamed that it would be converted into an acid to be used in raising bread, or that tons of it would be manufactured every year for the purpose of making matches, though only one pound is required to tip half a million of these *useful articles.*

RODNEY WELCH.

Notes.—***Merchant prince*** is a name applied to merchants who have acquired great fortunes by trade. It means that their immense wealth gives them both the luxuries and the power belonging to princes.

Quartered, as used in the second paragraph, means occupying a room or rooms.

Cashmere shawls are made from the hair of the Cashmere goat. This hair is straight, and about eighteen inches long. Shawls of the finest quality are sold at from $500 to $2,000 each.

A ***pocket-piece*** is a coin, usually of a foreign country, carried in memory of the giver.

Elocution.—Make a list of the emphatic words in the last paragraph, and in every case give a reason for the emphasis.

Language.—Overstocked is made up of what two words? Is it a ***compound*** or a ***complex*** word?

Remark.—If a word is used as a ***prefix*** or ***suffix*** in connection with a large number of words, it is customary to call such a word a ***prefix*** or ***suffix,*** and not part of a compound word. "Never-the-less" is a ***compound,*** made up of three separate ***simple*** words. "Fearless" is a ***complex*** word, the suffix ***less*** meaning without.

55.—THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

brĭm, *upper edge; rim; margin.*
jĕst, *fun.*
quĭps, *smart, sarcastic turns.*
ḥêi̯r (âr), *one who receives the property after the death of the owner.*

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,[N]
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own:
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro\

The cricket chirps! the light burns low!
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die;
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin;
Alack! our friend is gone!
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Biography.—Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate of England, was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1810.

Tennyson gave signs at an early age of his poetic genius, and in 1827, along with his brother Charles, issued a small volume, entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." At Trinity College, Cambridge, he gained, in 1829, the Chancellor's Medal for a poem entitled "Timbuctoo." From this time, his merit was acknowledged. In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, he became poet laureate—that is, an officer of the royal household, who annually composes a poem for the sovereign's birthday.

His verse, in its musical flow and its felicity of expression, surpasses that of any other English poet. There are also a depth of feeling and a purity of thought throughout every thing which he has written that call forth enthusiasm from all mankind.

Tennyson's most popular works are "The Princess," "In Memoriam," "Maud and other Poems," "Idyls of the King," and "Enoch Arden."

Note.—***Post-haste*** means with great speed. In old times, it was customary to change coach-horses every few miles so that letters could be carried as quickly as possible.

Elocution.—**In what manner should the poem be read?**

56.—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

PART I.

fụl fĭl'ḷẹd', *brought to pass; carried into effect.*
ab stā'ṇ', *keep from.*
ō ri ĕnt'al, *eastern.*
ŏm'i nọ̣ŭs, *evil.*
be tōk'ẹnẹd, *indicated.*
măr'shal, *the highest military officer in France.*
ĕd'i fĭç ẹs, *fine houses.*
gō'ḷ, *end.*
iṇ çĕs'sant, *continual.*
se rēnẹ', *clear and calm.*

At length Moscow,[N] with its domes, towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon,[N] who had joined the advance guard, gazed long and thoughtfully at that goal of his wishes. Murat[N] went forward, and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along; for a deserted and abandoned city was the meager prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made.

As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier[N] governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe." The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary soldiers sunk to rest, but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes.

Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and oriental magnificence that every-where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.

When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors, bedrooms, and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled.

The midnight moon was setting over the city, when the cry of "Fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's faltering empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern times commenced—the Burning of Moscow.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned toward the Kremlin,[N] the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was

enabled to subdue the fire; but the next night, September 15th, at midnight, the sentinels at watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" passed through the city.

The dread scene was now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting on the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment, light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments.

All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and a wild tempest, that swept like the roar of the sea over the city. Flames rose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm; while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving toward the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames, struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame—and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm, that had so often carried death into the ranks of the *enemy, at length* gave way, and the gloomy

marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast.

Notes.—Moscow (Mŏs'kō), the ancient capital of Russia, was founded in the twelfth century. The great fire described in these lessons took place in the year 1812. The city had, in 1870, a population of 600,000.

Na pō'le on Bō'na parte, Emperor of the French and the greatest general of modern times, was born on the Island of Corsica, in 1769, and died as an exile on the Island of Saint He lē'na in 1821.

Mortier is pronounced Mor tee ā'; and Murat, Mü rä'.

The word Krĕm'lin means a citadel or fortress. The Kremlin of Moscow now contains an imperial palace, an arsenal, and a number of churches. It is situated on a hill, and with its gilded domes presents a magnificent appearance.

Elocution.—The first part of this lesson should be read with the *middle tone* of voice. But when we come to the description of the fire in its awful grandeur, we should naturally use the *full tone* with which to express the feelings of solemnity and awe inspired by the picture presented.

57.—THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

PART II.

ex tĭn'guish, *to put an end to; to destroy.*
hą̈u̧g̈h'ty, *proud.*
sŭf'fo cāt ed, *choked.*
ĭn con çēi̧v'a blę, *that which can not be understood.*
pŏs'tern, *back; small; private.*
ĭn de scrīb'a blę, *that which can not be narrated.*
sub līmę', *grand.*
un scăthęd' (or un scāthęd'), *unharmed.*
ĕl'e vāt ing, *raising.*
ē'gresș, *leaving; departure.*

The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last *hope. The fire* was approaching the Kremlin, and

already the roar of the flames, and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He rose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively, and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene,[N] and Berthier[N] rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the river Moskwa,[N] and entered it; but they had passed still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eyes round the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke, and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and the raging of the flames, over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on. At length, half suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace nearly three miles distant.

Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes; canopied by flame and smoke and cinders; surrounded by walls of fire, that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash *amid the blazing* ruins, carrying down with

them red-hot roofs of iron, he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, no courage overcome.

Those brave troops had often heard without fear the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood affrighted and powerless.

When night again descended on the city it presented a spectacle, the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that sped the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously toward the sky.

Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames; the towers and domes of the churches and palaces, glowing with a red heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their bases, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an *incessant throng* through the streets.

Children were seen carrying their parents; the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder which they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower; and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. O, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and closely packed city of houses, churches, and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was within the city. To Napoleon, without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire.

Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view, and standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements.

Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterward, "It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red, rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the flame below. O, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

J. T. HEADLEY.

Biography.—Rev. Joel Tyler Headley was born at Walton, New York, in 1814, and graduated at Union College in 1839.

After preparing for the Church, he acted as pastor of a congregation in Stockbridge, Mass., but was obliged to leave the ministry on account of the failure of his health. After spending two years in Italy, he returned home and published "A Translation from the German," in 1844, and "Letters from Italy," in 1845.

His most popular works are "The Alps and the Rhine," "Napoleon and his Marshals," and his historical and biographical sketches. The sale of his books has been almost unprecedented.

Notes.—Eugene is pronounced in English, either Eū'gene or Eu gēne'; Berthier is pronounced Bĕr te ā'.

Moskwa (Mŏsk'wȧ) is the name of the river on which Moscow is situated.

Elocution.—Point out the quotation where ***calling tones*** may be employed.

Language.—Explain each of the following figures: "A sea of fire," "Canopied by flame," "Burning footsteps," "Fire fed by a hurricane," and "Wrapped every thing in their red mantle."

Notice the ***climax*** in the last sentence of the lesson.

Composition.—Select the principal points in the lesson and join them in the form of an ***analysis***.

Give rules for the marks of punctuation employed in the first paragraph of this lesson.

58.—A THANKSGIVING.

mĭr′rored, *reflected as in a mirror.*
ăs pi rā′tions, *strong wishes or desires.*
ăm′a ranth, *an imaginary flower, said never to fade or perish.*
mōlt′en, *glowing; melted.*

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no ax may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
For the young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forest,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty[N]
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain hath trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God.

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

LUCY LARCOM.

Notes.—Lucy Larcom is a native of Massachusetts. She has been for many years a popular contributor to periodical literature.

Break of beauty means the unfolding of the beautiful petals of the rose.

Elocution.—Each stanza of the poem is an ***elocutionary climax.*** An increase of force is given to each line, and the refrain at the close of every stanza should be read slowly, forcibly, and with a full, clear tone of voice.

Language.—In each stanza of the poem, there is only one sentence of which the ***subject*** is "I" and the ***predicate*** "thank" and its modifiers. The first stanza is a ***complex sentence*** and the second stanza a ***simple sentence.***

What kinds of sentences are the third and fourth stanzas?

59.—THE "ARIEL" AMONG THE SHOALS.

PART I.

per vād'ed, *overspread.*
pro dĭg'ĭo͝us (dĭd'jŭs), *wonderful.*
ĕv o lū'tion, *movement.*
e͡ŏm'pli e͡āt ed, *having parts difficult to understand.*
mo nŏt'o no͝us, *unvaried; dull.*
ăp'a thy, *unconcerned.*
e͡oun'ter mănd', *oppose; order differently.*
ob tru͝d'ed, *thrust.*
păr'a lyzed, *deprived of motion.*
ĕx'tri e͡āte, *free; relieve.*
pre çĭs'ion (sĭzh'ŭn), *exactness.*

The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded

decks. It was evident to every one that the ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and as she was approaching with such velocity the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habit of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

"Tack your ship, sir; tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she must behave well, or we perish."

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called every man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurance which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the quality of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result.

The helm was no sooner put alee,[N] than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind,[N] and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity.

The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air, and, *in a few moments*, the frigate again moved with

stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled among the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded in its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean and sparkled in her wake.

The ship yielded every moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

So far the performance of his duty seemed easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as in darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest, with the sounds of his voice, seem-

ing to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master[N] in your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains!"

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quarter-master gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark, seven!"[N] rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full!"

"Ay, you must hold the vessel in command now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they *seem to denote* most preparation and care.

The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—"Breakers, breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," said the commander; "she loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on every thing!"

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word——"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light

of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling, "Then all is lost indeed, and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be a master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling around on her keel with a backward movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud; but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast *pouring its fury* on her broadside, while the surly *waves beat violently* against her stern, as if in

reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood.

When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been surrounded, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

Notes.—The word Ariel (a/ri el) means a water-spirit;—also, a spirit of the air. It is a fit name for the beautiful frigate whose peril is so graphically described in these lessons.

A lee' is on the side opposite that from which the wind blows.

"By the mark, seven" means that the depth of the water was seven fathoms or forty-two feet.

Into the eye of the wind, or *into the wind's eye,* means in the exact direction from which the wind blows.

A *quarter-master* is a petty officer who attends to the helm and signals, and works under the direction of the master.

Elocution.—Should parts of this lesson be read rapidly?—If so, state where they are.

Why do we speak more rapidly when excited than in ordinary conversation? What feeling is the cause of the excitement in the present instance?

Language.—All *name-words* (*nouns*) and *pronouns* indicating persons possess gender, and are said to be *masculine* or *feminine.*

We also attribute the personal characteristic of gender to some objects. *It is customary* to speak of the sun as masculine and *of the moon as feminine.*

What gender is given to a ship?

60.—THE "ARIEL" AMONG THE SHOALS.

PART II.

bŏx'hą̄l ing, *changing a ship's course.*
pre vā̄l'ę̄d', *conquered.*
por tĕnt'ų̆s, *ominous.*
re strā̄nt', *check; government.*
ef fĕct'ū al ly, *thoroughly.*
tū'mult, *uproar.*
cŏn sŭm'matę̄, *perfect.*
dis tĕnd'ed, *stretched.*
diş çĕrn'ę̄d' (diz zĕrnd'), *seen.*

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at every foot more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side.

The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence.

Again and again the vessel appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, *and inciting* them to their duty.

The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, every ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, which can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill.

The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said; "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill we shall do well—but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head as he replied, "There is no more tacking or boxhauling[N] to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals *on this course*, and if we can weather the

"Devil's Grip," we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but one alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the thoughtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without. See! the light already touches the edge of the hummock, the sea casts us leeward!"

"It shall be done," cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, every thing being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful, the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center, but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! She springs her luff! Observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can."

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols.

A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into the chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near to the wind *as to keep her* sails touching.

The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times as the foam rolled away to leeward the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following one another into the general mass, to check their exultation.

Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting, "Square away the yards—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Biography.—James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington, *New Jersey, in 1789,* and died at Cooperstown, New York, in 1851. *Cooper entered* Yale College at the age of thirteen, and after *pursuing his studies* for three years, was appointed a midship-

"The *gallant vessel* issued from her perils." (See page 272

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

man in the navy. During his six years' service at sea, he acquired the nautical experience of which he was to make such good use in his novels. His first work, "Precaution," appeared in 1821, and was unsuccessful; but in the following year he published "The Spy," which at once established his reputation as a novelist.

His principal works are: "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," and "The Red Rover."

Notes.—*Boxhauling* is the act of going from one tack to another, by bracing the yards aback.

Language.—A large number of *complex* words have been taken from the Latin, Greek, and other languages. Many of these do not appear in their separate parts in English, and their meaning must be obtained by seeking out their parts in the language from which they are derived. Words like *emit, prefer*, etc., do not appear in their separate parts, yet their meaning is easily found out.

Illustrations.—*Emit* is composed of the *stem* mit (Latin *mittere*, to send) and the *prefix* e (Latin *e* or *ex*, from or out): the word therefore means to send out. *Prefer*, *stem* fer (Latin *ferre*, to place or bear), *prefix* pre (Latin *pre*, before): the meaning of prefer, therefore, is to place before, consider better.

61.—THE SONG OF STEAM.

cow'er, *bend with fear.*
fŏrġe, *make.*
de crēēd', *ordered.*
pālęs, *grows dim.*
grăn'ĭte, *a kind of hard rock.*
bĕl'lōẇs (bĕl'lŭs), *an instrument for sending air through a tube.*
nā'vy, *ships of war; a fleet.*
pū'ny, *small and feeble.*

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,[N]
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me out at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
O, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind and tide!

Hurra! hurra! the waters o'er;
The mountain's steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power,
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
And the orient floods[N] divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the *tempest* scorns a chain!

Notes.—Capt. George W. Cutter, the author of this poem, is known also as the writer of "Buena Vista," and "The Song of the Lightning."

A *courier-dove,* or carrier-pigeon, is a variety of the domestic pigeon used to convey letters from place to place.

Orient floods means the seas or oceans in the eastern hemisphere.

The last two lines of the eighth stanza refer to the printing of weekly newspapers.

Elocution.—The *tone of voice, rate,* and *force* for the rendering of this lesson should be in keeping with the lively and boastful utterances attributed to steam.

Language.—If "flying-car" means a railway car, what figure is used?

To what do "curb and rein" properly refer? Name the figure contained in the words as employed in the lesson.

Explain the meaning of "Giant streams of the queenly west," and of "Fiery armies."

In third stanza, the use of "keel" for boat is an example of what figure?

What figure is used in relation to steam throughout the poem?

62.—THE FIRST SHIP OF PETER THE GREAT.

ăs'tro lābe, *an instrument for observing the position of the stars.*

sĕx'tant, *an instrument of reflection for measuring angular distances between objects, especially at sea.*

sŭb'urb, *region just outside a city.*

de fĭ'cient, *wanting; imperfect.*

fôr ti fi ca'tion, *the art of erecting fortresses.*

es tāte's', *possessions.*

ca\lked (kawkt), *filled the seams of.*

ex tôrt'ed, *forced.*

ăn ni vĕr'sa ry, *yearly celebration of a day or event.*

in jŭn-c'tions, *orders.*

Peter the Great,[N] of Russia, while a youth, had heard somewhere, that in foreign countries people had an instrument by which distance could be measured without moving from the spot.

When Prince Jacob Dolgoruki[N] was about to start on his mission to France, and came to take his leave, *Peter told him* of this wonderful instrument, and

begged him to procure him one while abroad. Dolgoruki told him that he himself had once had one, which was given him as a present, but it had been stolen, and that he would certainly not forget to bring one home.

On Dolgoruki's return in May, 1688, the first question of Peter was whether he had fulfilled his promise; and great was the excitement as the box was opened and a parcel, containing an astrolabe and a sextant, was eagerly unwrapped. But, alas! when they were brought out, no one knew the use of them. Dolgoruki scratched his head, and said that he had brought the instruments, as directed, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they were used.

In vain Peter sought some one who knew how to use the sextant. At last his new doctor told him that in the German suburb he knew of a man well skilled in mechanics—Franz Timmermann, a Dutch merchant, who had settled in Moscow, and who had a certain amount of education. Timmermann was brought next day. He looked at the instrument, and, after a long inspection, finally said he could show how it was used.

Immediately he measured the distance to a neighboring house. A man was at once sent to pace it, and found the measurement correct. Peter was delighted, and asked to be instructed in the use of the new instrument. Timmermann said: "With pleasure; but you must first learn arithmetic and geometry." Peter had once begun studying arithmetic, but was deficient in its full knowledge. He did not even know how to subtract or divide.

He now set to work with a will, and spent his leisure time, both day and night, over his copy-books. Geometry led to geography and fortification. The old globe of his school-room was sent for repairs, and he had, besides, the one in metal presented to his father, which is still shown in the treasury at Moscow.

From this time Timmermann became one of Peter's constant companions, for he was a man from whom something new could always be learned. A few weeks later, in June, 1688, as Peter was wandering about one of his country estates, he pointed to an old building in the flax-yard, and asked one of his attendants what it was.

"A store-house," replied the man, "where all the rubbish was put that was left after the death of Ivan Romanoff,[N] who used to live here."

With the natural curiosity of a boy, Peter had the doors opened, went in, and looked about. There, in one corner, turned bottom upward, lay a boat, yet not in any way like those flat-bottomed, square-sterned boats which he had seen on the river Moskwa.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That is an English boat," said Timmermann.

"What is it good for? Is it better than our boats?" asked Peter.

"If you had sails to it, it would go not only with the wind, but against the wind," replied Timmermann.

"How against the wind? Is it possible? Can that be possible?"

Peter wished to try it at once. But, after Timmermann had looked at the boat on all sides, it was

found to be too rotten for use; it would need to be repaired and tarred, and, besides that, a mast and sails would have to be made. Timmermann at last thought he could find a man capable of doing this, and sent for a certain Carsten Brandt, who had been brought from Holland about 1660 by the Czar Alexis, for the purpose of constructing vessels on the Caspian Sea.

The old man looked over the boat, calked it, put in the mast, arranged the sail, and then launched it on the river.

There, before Peter's eyes, he began to sail up and down the river, turning now to the right and then to the left. Peter's excitement was intense. He called out to him to stop, jumped in, and himself began to manage the boat under Brandt's directions.

It was hard for the boat to turn, for the river was narrow, and the water was too shallow. Peter eagerly asked where a broader piece of water could be found, and was told of a small lake near by. The boat was dragged overland to the lake. It went better, but still not to his satisfaction.

At last Peter found that about fifty miles away there was a good large lake, where he would have plenty of room to sail. It was not, however, so easy for Peter to get there. It was not customary for the Czars or members of their family to make journeys without some recognized object, and what should a boy of this age do so far away, and alone?

An idea struck Peter. It was then June, and there was a great festival at the Troitsa Monastery.[N] He asked his mother's permission to go to Troitsa to attend the festival, and as soon as the religious

service was over, he drove as fast as he could to the lake.

But he soon learned that there was no boat there, and he knew that it was too far to bring the little English boat. Anxiously he asked Brandt whether it were not possible to build some boats there.

"Yes, sire," said Brandt, "but we shall require many things."

"Ah, well! that is of no consequence," said Peter. "We can have any thing."

And he hastened back to Moscow with his head full of visions of ship-building. He scarcely knew how to manage it, because in order to engage in such a work at the lake would require his living there for some time, and he knew that it would be hard to bring his mother to consent to this.

At last he extorted this consent. He hastened off, together with Carsten Brandt and a ship-builder named Kort, an old comrade whom Brandt had succeeded in finding at Moscow. Timmermann, probably, also accompanied him.

Fast as Peter and his comrades worked together —for he had remained with them in the woods— there was so much to do in the preparation of timber, in the construction of huts to live in, and in the building of a dock from which to launch the boats, that it came time for Peter to return long before any boat was ready, and there was no sign that any could be completed before winter set in.

Peter's mother had grown anxious about her son. He had been away nearly a month, and political affairs were taking a serious turn. Much to his regret, therefore, Peter went back to Moscow to cele-

brate his mother's name's-day,[N] on September 6, leaving his faithful Dutchmen strict injunctions to do their utmost to have the boats ready by the following spring.

The place chosen by Peter for his ship-building, was on the east side of the lake. The only evidences still remaining of Peter's visit are the site of a church there, dedicated to the Virgin of the Ships,[N] and the decaying remains of some piles under water, which apparently formed the foundation of the wharf or landing-place.

The boat which Peter discovered on his estate is thought by many to have been constructed in Russia by Dutch carpenters in 1688, during the reign of the Czar Alexis. By others it is supposed to be a boat sent by Queen Elizabeth to the Czar Ivan, the Terrible.

Ever since Peter's time it has borne the name of the "Grandsire of the Russian Fleet," and is preserved with the greatest care in a small brick building near the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, within the fortress at St. Petersburg. In 1870, on the celebration of the 200th anniversary of Peter's birth, it was one of the chief objects of interest in the great parade at St. Petersburg; and again, in 1872, it was conveyed with much pomp and solemnity to Moscow, where, for a time, it formed a part of a great exhibition in that city.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

Notes.—This selection is from a "Life of Peter the Great."

Peter the Great, or Peter I., of Russia, was born at Moscow in 1672, and died in St. Petersburg in 1725. He was the originator of the Russian navy, the founder of St. Petersburg, and one of the most renowned rulers the world has ever produced. Some portions of his life were full of romance, and his visits to other

countries were performed for the purpose of acquiring such information as would be of great benefit to Russia.

Dolgoruki is pronounced dŏl'gō rụ'kĭ; Ivan Romanoff, ĭ vän' ro mä'nof.

A *mŏn'as tĕr'y* is the residence of a body of men who have bound themselves by vows to the performance of certain religious practices.

Name's-day means the feast of the Saint whose name one bears.

Virgin of the Ships was a title given the Virgin Mary, as if invoking her protection over the new Russian navy.

Language.—Instead of *wished* in the sentence—"He wished to go," use in turn, each of the following words: *desired, requested, longed.*

Explain the exact meaning of each of the words used.

Words which are nearly alike in signification and can be used to express the same general meaning are called *sỹn'o nỹms.*

63.—MY FIRST DAY IN THE QUARRY.

wrôụght (rawt), *worked.*
in ef fĭ'cient (fish'ent), *useless; inadequate.*
fĭs'sūrȩs (fish'ụrs), *clefts.*
ver mĭl'ion (yŭn), *bright red.*
sĕn ti mĕnt'al, *romantic.*
fôr'mi da blȩ, *dreadful.*
trănsmu tā'tion, *change.*
plŭm'met, *a piece of lead attached to a line used in sounding the depth of water.*
ĕx'qui sĭtȩ (ĕks'kwĭ zĭt), *keen; perfect.*
strā'tum (plural, strā'tȧ), *layer.*

It was twenty years last February since I set out, a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint; and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at that time, fond of the fanciful visions of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns[N] has referred to in his "Twa Dogs"[N] as one of the most disagreeable of all *employments,*—to work in a quarry.

Excepting the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy forebodings, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious books when I could get them, a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost.

A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The use of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed.

Picks, and wedges, and levers were applied by my brother workmen; and, simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the

workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one; it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital blasts; the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of earth came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter.

I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow.

I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards toward the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the *rocks; but I* had wrought and been useful, and had

yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious "blink of rest"[N] which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own.

I was as light at heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a hard frost during the night, and it lay white on the grass as we passed onward through the fields, but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year.

All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been stretched on canvas.

From a wooded promontory that extended half way across the bay, there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side, like the foliage of a stately tree.

Ben Wyvis[N] rose to the west, white with the yet unwashed snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiseled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was *purple.*

They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as taxing the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one half were to bear their proper color, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural; and how the young man solved the riddle and gained his wife, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it so as to strike upon the flowers that were drooping over the edge.

I returned to the quarry convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employment may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

HUGH MILLER.

Biography.—Hugh Miller was born in Scotland in 1802, and died in 1856.

When he was five years old, his father was lost at sea. From that time, his education was superintended by two uncles, one of whom taught him natural history, and the other, literature. At the age of seventeen years, he became a stone-mason, which vocation he followed until he was thirty-four. In 1829, he published a volume, entitled "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason," and some years later, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." His industry as a student of natural history and his remarkable ability as a writer were publicly acknowledged by the British Association in 1840, the same year that he became editor of the Edinburgh "Witness." Owing to overwork, his mind gave way and he died in 1856.

Miller's principal works are: "Old Red Sandstone," "My Schools and School-masters," and "Testimony of the Rocks."

Notes.—"Twa Dogs"—*twa* meaning two—is a poem by Robert Burns, one of the best known poets of Scotland.

"Blink of rest," a very short period of rest—*blink* meaning a glance.

Ben Wy'vis is a mountain in Scotland. The word *Ben* means *either mountain* or summit.

64.—MIDSUMMER.

swąths, *lines of cut grass.*
skŭlk, *hide.*
be-kăl'mĕd', *motionless.*
ăr'go sĭęs, *large ships, either for merchandise or war.*
ąu stērę', *stern.*

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays!
Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of Cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day,
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the fields and forest meet—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits;
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.

The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides:
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie, and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Biography.—John Townsend Trowbridge was born at Ogden, New York, in 1827.

In 1846, Trowbridge made a visit to New York City and began his literary labors. A year later he went to Boston, and soon acquired a wide reputation. He is now editor of "Our Young Folks." His first publication, "Father Brighthopes," appeared in *1853, under the* literary name of Paul Creyton.

His works are numerous, and bright and pleasing in style.

65.—AN HEROIC DEED.

tō′ry, *a supporter of the British king.*
cŏr′di al, *hearty; warm.*
sym′pa thy, *fellow-feeling.*
cŏn′ju gal, *belonging to marriage.*
pā′thŏs, *sorrowfulness; sadness.*
can tēēn̦′, *vessels used by soldiers for carrying water.*
ex trăv′a gant, *wild.*
con dŭct′ed, *led.*
e quĭpp̣ĕd′ (kwĭpt), *provided; furnished for service.*
ăn′guish (ăng′gwĭsh), *agony.*

Mr. Jasper, a sergeant in the Revolutionary Army,[N] had a brother who had joined the British, and who likewise held the rank of sergeant in their garrison at Ebenezer, Georgia. No man could be truer to the American cause than Sergeant Jasper; yet he warmly loved his tory brother, and actually went to the British garrison to see him.

His brother was exceedingly alarmed lest he should be seized and hung as an American spy; for his name was well known to many of the British officers. "Do not trouble yourself," said Jasper; "I am no longer an American soldier."

"Thank God for that, William," said his brother, heartily shaking him by the hand; "and now only say the word, my boy, and here is a commission for you, with regimentals and gold, to fight for his majesty, King George."[N]

Jasper shook his head, and observed, that though there was but little encouragement to fight for his country, he could not find it in his heart to fight against her. And there the conversation ended. After staying two or three days with his brother, inspecting and hearing all that he could, he took

his leave, returned to the American camp, and told General Lincoln[N] all that he had seen.

Soon after, he made another trip to the English garrison, taking with him his particular friend, Sergeant Newton, who was a young man of great strength and courage. His brother received him with a cordial greeting, and he and his friend spent several days at the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day, his brother remarked that he had bad news to tell him.

"Ay? What is it?" asked William.

"Why," replied his brother, "here are ten or a dozen American prisoners brought in this morning, as deserters, from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately; and from what I can learn it will be apt to go hard with them,—for it seems they have all taken the king's bounty."[N]

"Let us see them," said Jasper. So his brother took him and his friend Newton to see them. It was indeed a painful sight to behold the poor fellows handcuffed upon the ground. But when the eye rested upon a young woman, wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of five years, all pity for the male prisoners was forgotten.

Her humble garb showed that she was poor; but her deep distress, and sympathy with her unfortunate husband, proved that she was rich in conjugal love—more precious than gold. She generally sat on the ground, opposite her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal-black hair spreading in long, neglected tresses *on her neck* and bosom.

Sometimes she would sit silent as a statue, her eyes fixed upon the earth; then she would start up with a convulsive throb, and gaze on her husband's face with looks as sad, as if she already saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her child an orphan. The boy, distressed by his mother's anguish, added to the pathos of the scene, by the artless tears of childish suffering.

Though Jasper and Newton were undaunted on the field of battle, their feelings were subdued by such heart-stirring misery. As they walked out into the neighboring wood, tears stood in the eyes of both.

Jasper first broke the silence. "Newton," said he, "my days have been but few, but I believe their course is nearly finished."

"Why so, Jasper?"

"Why, I feel that I must rescue those poor prisoners, or die with them; otherwise, the remembrance of that poor woman and her child will haunt me to my grave."

"That is exactly the way I feel, too," replied Newton; "and here is my hand and heart to stand by you, my brave friend, to the last drop. Thank God, a man can die but once, and why should we fear to leave this life in the way of our duty?"

The friends embraced each other, and entered into the necessary arrangements for fulfilling their desperate resolution.

Immediately after breakfast the prisoners were sent on their way to Savannah, under the guard of a sergeant and corporal, with eight men. They had not been gone long, before Jasper, accompanied by *his friend* Newton, took leave of his brother,

and set out on some pretended errand to the upper country.

They had scarcely, however, got out of sight of Ebenezer, before they struck into the woods and pushed hard after the prisoners and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, anxiously watching an opportunity to strike a blow. The hope, indeed, seemed extravagant;—for what could two unarmed men do against ten, equipped with loaded muskets and bayonets? However, unable to give up their countrymen, our heroes still traveled on.

About two miles from Savannah there is a spring, well known to travelers, who often stop there to quench their thirst. "Perhaps," said Jasper, "the guard may halt there."

Hastening on through the woods they gained the spring, as their last hope, and there concealed themselves among the thick bushes that grew around it. Presently the mournful procession came in sight of the spring, where the sergeant ordered a halt. Hope sprung afresh in the breasts of our heroes, though no doubt mixed with great alarm; for it was a fearful odds against them.

The corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant, with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her lap.

Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep

guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last approached the spring, where our heroes lay concealed, and, resting their muskets against a pine-tree, dipped up water. Having quenched their thirst, they turned away with replenished canteens, to give to the prisoners also.

"Now, Newton, is our time," said Jasper.

Then, bursting like lions from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were resting against the pine, and in an instant shot down the two soldiers who were upon guard. It was now a contest who should get the loaded muskets that fell from the hands of the slain; for by this time a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprung upon and seized the muskets; but, before they could use them, the swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, leveled a final blow at the heads of their brave antagonists.

Down they sunk, pale and quivering, without a groan. Then hastily seizing the muskets, which had thus a second time fallen from the hands of the slain, they flew between their surviving enemies, and their weapons which were grounded near the road, and ordered them to surrender; which they instantly did. They then snapped the handcuffs of the prisoners, and armed them with muskets.

At the commencement of the fight, poor Mrs. Jones had fallen to the earth in a swoon, and her little son stood screaming piteously over her. But, when she recovered, and saw her husband and his friends freed from their fetters, she behaved like one frantic with joy.

For fear of being retaken by the English, our heroes seized the arms and regimentals of the dead, and, with their friends and captured foes, re-crossed the Savannah, and safely joined the American army, to the great astonishment and joy of all.

FREEMAN HUNT.

Biography.—For a sketch of the life of Freeman Hunt, see page 163.

Notes.—The Revolutionary Army was the army of the American Colonies at the time of the war with England in which the independence of the colonies was achieved.

King George III. (1738-1820)* was king of England during the War for American Independence.

General Lincoln was commander of a small American army in the Southern States. He was appointed by General Washington to receive the sword of the British commander, Lord Cornwallis, at the surrender of Yorktown in 1782.

King's bounty was money paid by the English government to men who entered the army or navy.

Elocution.—In the description of the attack of Jasper and Newton upon the British soldiers, what rate should be employed?

66.—ON CONVERSATION.

e quĭv'o cāte, *use words of doubtful meaning.*
op pō'nent, *antagonist.*
pĕr'ti nent, *suitable.*
ĭn'of fĕn'sĭve, *harmless.*
ere dū'li ty, *easiness of belief.*
fŭl'sŏme, *offensive.*
re prọvĕd', *rebuked.*
ex ăs'per āte, *provoke.*
com pōs'ure (zhu̇r), *calmness.*
con jĕct'ūre (yu̇r), *guess.*
a mĕnd'ment, *reformation.*

Never speak any thing for truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak truth and not *falsehood.* It is a great offense against humanity

* *(1738-1820)* means that he was born in 1738 and died in 1820.

itself. For where there is no regard for truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying even when he has no reason for it; and in time he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and you will be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and *inoffensive. Inconsiderate* persons do not think till *they speak; or they* speak and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies. Put him to talking upon that subject; observe what he says; keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with, and in an easy and natural manner acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely. By this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man whose integrity you do not very well know, makes great and extraordinary professions to you, do not give too much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when you have served his turn, or disappointed his hopes, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you and commends you to your face, or to one he thinks will tell you of it. Most probably he has either deceived *or abused* you, or means to do so. Remember the

fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, because she had something in her mouth which he wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendation.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have an available opportunity. Never speak ill of them or of anybody else unless you are sure they deserve it; and, not then, unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all extravagant expressions.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression, and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, spiteful, or threatening words to any person. Good words make friends, bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness, otherwise it will lose its effect, and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger.

You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the ill-temper of an angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation for wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Read these directions often, think of them seriously, and practice them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation. Their utility will every day be the more evident to you as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Biography.—Sir Matthew Hale was born at Alderly, England, in 1609, and died in 1676.

He was left an orphan at an early age, and intended to devote himself to a military life. This intention was fortunately changed, and when twenty years old, he began the practice of law. He soon rose to eminence in his profession, and was employed in some of the most important cases of his time, one of them being the trial of King Charles I. In 1671, he became Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, from which position he was obliged by illness to resign.

He was a man of upright character and of noted impartiality as a judge. While studying law, the rules which he laid down for himself, prescribed sixteen hours a day of close application, and prove not only the great mental power, but also the extraordinary physical strength he must have possessed.

Language.—Notice the frequent use of the *command* in this lesson. Does the reason following a *command* strengthen the force of the *command?*

Are there any *questions* in the lesson?

Instead of using the terms, **statement, command, question,** and *exclamation,* sentences may be designated as, **declarative, imperative,** *interrogative,* and *exclamatory.*

67.—THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

crōnę, *a woman (term of contempt).*
bōōm, *noise made by a gun.*
vę̄nęd, *streaked.*
shāft, *column.*
rōęk′et, *a kind of fire-work.*

Mabel, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
And sees the Beacon Light[N]
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-birds screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow-tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone,
With her woe!
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher-lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father—you are weeping!

O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper-table,
And set the tea a-steeping.
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is stanch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell
In that belfry old and high;
Unseen fingers sway the bell,
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
With face against the pane.

A boom!—the light-house gun!
(How its echo rolls and rolls!)
'Tis to warn the home-bound ships
Off the shoals!

"The heavens are veined with fire!" (See page 800.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

See! a rocket cleaves the sky
From the Fort—a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and, fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!

What made Mabel's cheek so pale?
What made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there,
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight—
Down, down, and out of sight?
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You can not see the men that drown
By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel of the village spire,[N]
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair!

O ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

See! a rocket cleaves the sky
From the Fort—a shaft of light!
See! it fades, and, fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!

What made Mabel's cheek so pale?
What made Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there,
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight—
Down, down, and out of sight?
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You can not see the men that drown
By the Beacon in the rain!

From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel of the village spire,[N]
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen,
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah, so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair!

O ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child,
With face against the pane,

Who looks toward the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and weep at night!
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the Beacon Light.

Notes.—*Beacon Light* here means the light of a light-house.

The angel of the village spire means the figure of an angel used as a vane on the spire of the village church.

Elocution.—State the changes of sentiment that occur in the poem, and how each part should be read.

The repetitions—"Making moan, making moan," "To and fro, to and fro," should be rendered in a slow and measured manner.

Language.—Point out and explain the figure of comparison used in the first part of this poem.

Composition.—How many different pictures are presented in the poem? Arrange the names of these pictures in order, and state whether they would make a complete analysis of the story.

68.—GENEROUS REVENGE.

băn'ish ment, *the state of being expelled from one's country.*
clĕm'en cy, *mildness.*
ap păr'el, *clothing.*
bĕn e făc'tor, *helper.*
trăns'pōrt, *delight.*
lĕn'i ty, *kindness; humanity.*
măġ'is tra cy, *executive office of a government.*
pre dĭc'tion, *a foretelling.*
pa tĕr'nal, *fatherly.*
re vĕrs̨ed', *altered; overthrown by a contrary decision.*
ŏr'i ġĭn, *birth; beginning.*

Once, when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto,* a man of low origin, but of an elevated *mind and* of superior talents, having raised himself to be the head of the popular party, main-

tained for a considerable time a democratic form of government.

The nobles at length succeeded in changing this state of things, and regained their former power. They used their victory with considerable rigor; and, in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought, after seizing all his property, that they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment.

Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, in pronouncing this sentence upon Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You," said he, "you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothingness from which you sprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, that perhaps he might some time find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own.

He went to settle on one of the islands in the archipelago belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in the course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honor and generosity equaled his fortune.

Among the places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in

friendship with the Venetians,[N] though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa.

As Uberto was on a visit at the country house of one of the first men of that place, he saw a young Christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labor to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek.

Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native language, and replying to the inquiries of Uberto, informed him that he was a Genoese.[N]

"And what is your name, young man?" said Uberto. "You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and education."

"Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is, indeed, one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son."

"Adorno!" Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged!"

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a captive of value, and that less than two thousand crowns[N] would *not be accepted.*

Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback.

The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon convinced, however, of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto.

After a stay of some days at Tunis, Uberto departed homeward, accompanied by young Adorno. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend.

At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him—

"My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will feel in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I hope you will not forget me." Adorno poured out his thanks,

and they parted with many mutual tears and embraces.

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his already heart-broken parents may be more easily conceived than described.

After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis—for it was supposed that the ship in which he had sailed had foundered at sea,—the elder Adorno said, "To whom am I indebted for restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it and read as follows—

"That son of a base mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing this prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble, that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is the banished Uberto."

Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hands, while his son was praising, in the warmest language of gratitude, the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had received from him.

As the debt could not be canceled, Adorno resolved if possible to repay it. He made such great efforts with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced against Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In acquainting him with this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, admitted the genuine nobleness of his character, *and requested* his friendship. Uberto returned to *his country,* and closed his days in peace, with the *universal* esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Notes.—*Genoese* and *Venetian* are derived from the words Genoa and Venice, and may be used either as nouns or adjectives. If nouns, the *suffixes ese* and *ian* (*an*) have the meaning "one belonging to," *i. e.*, an inhabitant of; if adjectives, "belonging or pertaining to."

When used as adjectives, what is the meaning of American, Irish, Chinese, Italian? Name the suffix in each word.

Crowns are Italian coins, each worth about $1.05 in U. S. money.

Language.—In the fifth paragraph "Belonging to the state of Venice" is a *phrase* limiting "islands." Its introductory word is "belonging," a *participle* of the *verb* "belong," and having the force of an *adjective*. The *phrase* is therefore an *adjective*, or, as it is more commonly called, a *participial phrase*.

In the participial phrase given above, "belonging" is modified by the *prepositional phrase* "to the state of Venice," in which the *noun* "state" is limited by the prepositional phrase "of Venice."

Phrases limiting *nouns* or *pronouns* are *adjectives;* all others, *adverbs*.

All *participles* ending in *ing, ed,* or *t,* have the force of *adjectives* and of *verbs*. When the verb-force is lost, the *participle* is called a *participial adjective*.

69.—ONSET OF THE IROQUOIS.

lĕth'ar ġy, *inactivity.*
dis ĝôrġẹ̀d', *poured forth.*
ġes tl꞉e'ū lā'tion, *motion of the body.*
un wȯnt'ed, *unusual.*
al lĭȩ̣', *friends; helpers.*
rĕc on noi'terẹ̀d, *examined.*
in fl꞉et'ing, *making.*
mē'di ātẹ̀, *make peace.*
con tôrt'ed, *crooked; out of shape.*
bĕn'e d꞉c'tions, *prayers imploring happiness on others.*
se clūd'ed, *retired.*

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle, a French explorer in North America, was born at Rouen, France, in November, 1643. He became a settler in Canada, and about 1669, leaving his trading post at La Chine, above Montreal, he strove to reach China by way of the Ohio, supposing from the reports of Indians that that river flowed into the Pacific.

He made explorations of the country between the Ohio and the lakes, but, when Joliet N and Marquette N made it evident that the main river, Mississippi, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, he

conceived a vast project for extending the French power in the lower Mississippi valley, and thence attacking Mexico.

He obtained extensive grants from the French Government, rebuilt Fort Frontenac, established a post above Niagara Falls, and built a small vessel, in which he sailed up the lakes to Green Bay. Thence dispatching his vessel freighted with furs, he proceeded with the rest of the party, in boats and on foot, to the Illinois River, near the head of which he began a post called Fort Crêve Cœur,N and a vessel in which to descend the Mississippi. Not hearing of his vessel on the lakes, he detached Hennepin, with one companion, to ascend the Mississippi from the mouth of the Illinois, and leaving Tonty, with five men, at Fort Crêve Cœur, he returned by land to Canada.

During this period the IroquoisN Indians, having left their settlements in the East, suddenly fell upon the tribe of the IllinoisN Indians. The following graphic account of the engagement, taken from Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," well illustrates their savage mode of warfare.

Suddenly the village was awakened from its lethargy as by the crash of a thunderbolt. A Shawanoe,N lately here on a visit, had left his Illinois friends to return home. He now re-appeared, crossing the river in hot haste, with the announcement that he had met, on his way, an army of Iroquois approaching to attack them.

All was panic and confusion. The lodges disgorged their frightened inmates; women and children screamed, and startled warriors snatched their weapons. There were less than five hundred of them, for the greater part of the young men had gone to war.

A crowd of excited savages thronged about Tonty and his Frenchmen, already objects of their suspicion, charging them, amid furious gesticulations, with having stirred up their enemies to *invade them.* Tonty defended himself in broken *Illinois,* but the savage mob were but half con*vinced.*

They seized the forge and tools and flung them into the river, with all the goods that belonged to the Frenchmen; then, distrusting their power to defend themselves, they manned the wooden canoes which lay in multitudes by the bank, embarked their women and children, and paddled down the stream to that island of dry land in the midst of marshes which La Salle afterward found filled with their deserted huts.

Sixty warriors remained here to guard them, and the rest returned to the village. All night long fires blazed along the shore. The excited warriors greased their bodies, painted their faces, befeathered their heads, sang their war-songs, danced, stamped, yelled, and brandished their hatchets, to work up their courage to face the crisis. The morning came, and with it came the band of Iroquois.

Young warriors had gone out as scouts, and now they returned. They had seen the enemy in the line of forest that bordered the River Aramoni, or Vermilion, and had stealthily reconnoitered them. They were very numerous, and armed for the most part with guns, pistols, and swords. Some had bucklers of wood or rawhide, and some wore those corselets of tough twigs interwoven with cordage, which their fathers had used when fire-arms were unknown.

The scouts added more, for they declared that they had seen a Jesuit[N] among the Iroquois; nay, that La Salle himself was there, whence it must follow that Tonty and his men were enemies and *traitors. The supposed* Jesuit was but an Iroquois *chief arrayed in* a black hat, doublet, and stockings.

while another, equipped after a somewhat similar fashion, passed in the distance for La Salle.

But the Illinois were furious. Tonty's life hung by a hair. A crowd of savages surrounded him, mad with rage and terror. He had come lately from Europe, and knew but little of Indians; but, as the friar Membré says of him, "he was full of intelligence and courage," and, when they heard him declare that he and his Frenchmen would go with them to fight the Iroquois, their threats grew less clamorous and their eyes glittered with a less deadly luster.

Whooping and screeching, they ran to their canoes, crossed the river, climbed the woody hill, and swarmed down upon the plain beyond. About a hundred of them had guns; the rest were armed with bows and arrows. They were now face to face with the enemy, who had emerged from the woods of the Vermilion, and were advancing on the open prairie.

With unwonted spirit—for their repute as warriors was by no means high—the Illinois began, after their fashion, to charge; that is, they leaped, yelled, and shot off bullets and arrows, advancing as they did so; while the Iroquois replied with gymnastics no less agile, and howlings no less terrific, mingled with the rapid clatter of their guns.

Tonty saw that it would go hard with his allies. It was of the utmost importance to stop the fight, if possible. The Iroquois were, or professed to be, at peace with the French; and he resolved on an *attempt to* mediate, which may well be called a *desperate one.*

He laid aside his gun, took in his hand a wam-

pum belt as a flag of truce, and walked forward to meet the savage multitude, attended by two Frenchmen and a young Illinois who had the hardihood to accompany him. The guns of the Iroquois still flashed thick and fast. Some of them were aimed at him, on which he sent back the two Frenchmen and the Illinois, and advanced alone, holding out the wampum belt.

A moment more, and he was among the infuriated warriors. It was a frightful spectacle: the contorted forms, bounding, crouching, twisting, to deal or dodge the shot; the small keen eyes that shone like an angry snake's; the parted lips pealing their fiendish yells; the painted features writhing with fear and fury, and every other passion of an Indian fight—man, wolf, and devil, all in one.

With his swarthy complexion and half savage dress, they thought he was an Indian, and thronged about him, glaring murder. A young warrior stabbed at his heart with a knife, but the point glanced aside against a rib, inflicting only a deep gash. A chief called out that as his ears were not pierced, he must be a Frenchman. On this, some of them tried to stop the bleeding, and led him to the rear, where an angry parley ensued, while the yells and firing still resounded in the front.

Tonty, breathless and bleeding at the mouth with the force of the blow he had received, found words to declare that the Illinois were under the protection of the king, and the governor of Canada, and to demand that they should be left in peace.

A young Iroquois snatched Tonty's hat, placed it on the end of his gun, and displayed it to the Illinois, who, thereupon, thinking he was killed, re-

newed the fight; and the firing in front clattered more angrily than before. A warrior ran in, crying out that the Iroquois were giving ground, and that there were Frenchmen among the Illinois, who fired at them.

On this the clamor around Tonty was redoubled. Some wished to kill him at once; others resisted. "I was never," he writes, "in such perplexity, for at that moment there was an Iroquois behind me, with a knife in his hand, lifting my hair as if he were going to scalp me. I thought it was all over with me, and that my best hope was that they would knock me in the head, instead of burning me alive, as I believed they would do."

In fact, a Seneca[N] chief demanded that he should be burned; while an Onondaga[N] chief, a friend of La Salle, was for setting him free. The dispute grew fierce and hot. Tonty told them that the Illinois were twelve hundred strong, and that sixty Frenchmen were at the village, ready to back them. This invention, though not fully believed, had no little effect.

The friendly Onondaga carried his point; and the Iroquois, having failed to surprise their enemies, as they had hoped, now saw an opportunity to delude them by a truce. They sent back Tonty with a belt of peace: he held it aloft in sight of the Illinois; chiefs and old warriors ran to stop the fight, the yells and the firing ceased; and Tonty, like one waked from a hideous nightmare, dizzy, almost fainting from loss of blood, staggered across the intervening prairie, to rejoin his friends.

He was met by the two friars,[N] Ribourde and Membré, who, in their secluded hut, a league from

the village, had but lately heard of what was passing, and who now, with benedictions and thanksgiving, ran to embrace him as a man escaped from the jaws of death.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Biography.—Francis Parkman was born in Boston in 1823, and graduated at Harvard College in 1844. He spent a number of years in the Far West, studying the manners and customs of the Indians. He has written a number of instructive works, among which are: "The Great West," "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "France and England in North America."

Notes.—Joliet (zhō'le a) and Marquette (mar kĕt') were French priests who devoted their lives to the conversion of the Indians.

The Ir o quois' (kwoy), Sĕn'e ca, Il li nois', Sha wą'noe, and Onòn dą'gà were the names of Indian tribes.

Crêve Cœur means "Broken Heart."

A *Jesuit* is a member of the well-known Society of Jesus.

Friars, meaning brothers, is the name given to the members of certain mendicant orders of the Roman Catholic Church.

70.—THE VANE ON THE SPIRE.

rĕş ur rĕe'tion, *a rising from death.*
fān̈e, *church; temple.*
wĕld'ed, *pressed together.*
wĭz'ard, *enchanter.*
bap tīzēd', *sprinkled; immersed.*
bĭn'na ele, *a box for the compass of a ship.*
hăl'lōwed, *made holy.*
blĕnt, *mixed; mingled.*
drâft, *a drawing.*
pĕnd'ants, *hanging pieces.*

There's an arrow aloft with a feather'd shaft
That never has flown at the bowstring's draft,
And the goldsmith has hidden the blacksmith's craft.

For its heart is of iron, its gleam of gold,
It is pointed to pierce and barbed to hold,
And its wonderful story is hardly told.

It is poised on a finger from sun to sun,
And it catches a glimmer of dawn begun,
And is floating in light when the day is done.

And it turns at the touch of a viewless hand,
And it swings in the air like a wizard's wand,
By the tempest whirled and the zephyr fanned.

And the sinewy finger that can not tire
Is the lifted hush of the old church spire
That vanishes out as heaven is nigher;

And the arrow upon it the rusted vane,
As true to its master as faith to fane,
That is swinging forever in sun and rain.

Right about to the North! And the trumpets blow,
And the shivering air is dim with snow,
And the earth grows dumb and the brooks run slow;

And the shaggy Arctic, chilled to the bone,
Is craunching the world with a human moan,
And the clank of a chain in the frozen zone.

And the world is dead in its seamless shroud,
And the stars wink slow in the rifted cloud,
And the owl in the oak complains aloud.

But the arrow is true to the iceberg's realm,
As the rudder stanch in the ghastly whelm
With a hero by to handle the helm!

Is it welded with frost as iron with fire?
Up with a blue-jacket! Clamber the spire
And swing it around to the point of desire!

It sways to the East! And the icy rain
Beats the storm's "long roll"[N] on the window pane,—
Leaves a diamond point on the crystal vane.

And the cattle stand with the wind astern,
And the routes of the rain on eave and urn—
As the drops are halted and frozen in turn—

Are such pendants of wonder as cave and mine
Never gave to the gaze when the torches shine,
But right out of Heaven and half divine!

Ah, it swings due South to the zephyr's thrill!
In the yellow noon it lies as still
As a speckled trout by the drowsy mill,

While the bugle of Gabriel[N] wakes the sod
And the beautiful life in the speechless clod,
Till the crowded June is a smile for God!

Resurrection to-day! For the roses spoke!
Resurrection to-day! For the rugged oak
In a live green billow rolled and broke!

And the spider feels for her silken strings,
And the honey-bee hums, and the world has wings;
And blent with the blue the bluebird sings.

While the cloud is ablaze with the bended bow,
And the waters white with the lilies' snow,
On the motionless arrow, all in a row,

Are four little sparrows that pipe so small
Their carol distills as the dew-drops fall,
And we only see they are singing at all!

Now the arrow is swung with a sweep so bold
Where the day has been flinging his garments gold
Till they stain the sky with a glow untold.

Ah, the cardinal point of the wind is the West!
And the clouds bear down in a fleet abreast,
And the world is still as a child at rest!

There's a binnacle light like an angry star,
And the growl of a gun with its crash and jar,
And the roll of a drum where the angels are.

And it tumbles its freight on the dancing grain,
And it beats into blossom the buds again,
And it brightens a world baptized in rain,

And it gladdens the earth as it drifts along,
And the meadow is green and the corn is strong,
And the brook breaks forth in the same old song!

And I looked for the arrow—it hung there yet,
With the drops of the rain its barb was wet,
And the sun shone out in a crimson set;

And behold, aloft in the ruddy shine
Where the crystal water again was wine,
And it hallowed the dart like a touch divine!

Under the sun and under the moon,
Silver at midnight, golden at noon,
Could Dian[N] have lost it out of her hair,—
Phœbus's[N] quiver have shaken it there,—
That wonderful arrow sweeping the air?

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Biography.—For a biographical sketch of Benjamin F. Taylor, see page 204.

Notes.—"Long roll" means the continued patter of the raindrops, reminding one of the prolonged roll of the drums, beaten as the signal of an attack by the enemy, and for the troops to arrange themselves in line.

Gā'bri el, meaning "The mighty one of God," is the name given to one of the seven angels of the highest order.

Dian is used by the poet for Dĭăn'ȧ, which was the name of a goddess worshiped by the ancient Romans. She was usually represented as armed with bow and arrows.

Phœ'bus, the god of beauty and youth, was supposed by the ancients to carry a silver bow and a quiver of arrows, and, when angry, to shoot his darts among men, thereby causing sickness or death. He was the sun-god of the Greeks.

Elocution.—The slight pause occurring regularly near the middle of each line of poetry is called the *cæ sū'ra.*

Point out the *cæsura* in each of the first two stanzas of the above poem.

77.—TROPICAL VEGETATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

grăd'ū āt ed, *arranged by successive degrees; various.*
im prăc'ti ca blę, *impossible; incapable of being used.*
ac çĕs'so rĭęs, *additions.*
prŏm'i nençę, *notice.*
lux ū'ri ant (lŭgz), *profuse.*
păr'a sĭt'ic, *drawing sustenance from a living thing.*
stā'plę, *chief products of a country or district.*
ĭn'ter lāç'ing, *intermixing.*
dĭs'so nant, *harsh.*
re spĕct'ivę, *own; particular.*

It is hardly possible for one who has not visited the tropics to imagine the wonders of tropical vegetation. The most faithful picture, the most finished photograph, give but a faint idea of what it really is; and the ablest description is but a word-painting in which the variety of hues, the graduated *shades of color,* the immensity of size, and the *grandeur of the* reality are more or less wanting.

There is nothing in any of the northern countries with which to compare the richness of tropical growth; and lovely as are the tints in a broad American landscape, they are as nothing in point of splendor to those of the tropical scene. Accessories of sun, sky, and temperature, which there serve to bring the principal features into greater prominence, are represented here only in an inferior degree.

Particular reasons, connected with a great rainfall, and with the size and number of the rivers, render the South American continent luxuriant above most other places in the quantity and richness of its vegetation. From the shore of the Gulf of Mexico to the frontier of Chili, there is a luxuriance of growth which is truly wonderful. Had not man carved out a place for himself, the huge forests, which now cover league after league of ground, would have stretched down to the water's edge, and filled the whole land with their branches.

What a scene is presented to one who penetrates the borders of a forest whereon the hand of man has not been laid! Such forests may be found in the Old World, but it is in the New that they exist in the greatest perfection. The foreground is taken up by vast families of many kinds of shrubs, which the influence of the climate tends to make gigantic; the cactus and prickly-pear unite with the merciless Spanish-needle to form a hedge through which no tiger can force its way; ferns higher than a man's head join with the many kinds of grasses to produce an impracticable footway, in which lurk the cobra and the rattlesnake, ferocious centipedes, the whole family of scorpions

and the rest of the creatures which were doomed to wound man's heel.

Like watch-towers in the sea of vegetation, the wild plaintain and banana, the castor-oil plant, the india rubber tree, the wild grape and the cotton-shrub, stand out above the level at which the jungle growth stops short; and creeping up around them, the sweet potato and the cassava twine their creepers. A clump of mangrove bushes marks the spot where water can not soak through the saturated ground, and the maize standing still in the solid earth beyond, shows the partial character of the swamp. The lesser palms, the trumpet-tree, the fig, and the cocoa shrub are represented at intervals here and there.

A path, cut out as through stone-work in this densest of thickets, leads to the border of the forest itself, where the strong glare of the noonday sun can not enter, save in a subdued form through openings made by the fall of some forest giant, or through the apertures occasioned by the freaks of nature in the disposition of the trees.

The same shrubs, and grasses, and ferns, and creepers which covered the foreground and made it all but impassable, are here to be seen occupying the fruitful ground, so that all spaces between the trees are closely filled up, while, in and out among their stems, vines of enormous strength bind them together and to the adjacent trees, which are covered with parasitic climbers.

Almost all the trees that grow in the forest are here save those peculiar to the temperate zone. The *iron-wood, the cedar,* the locust-tree, the mastic, the *satin-wood, mahogany,* and rose-wood, with the vari-

ous kinds of gum-tree and logwood, form the staple of the community. The cinchona tree, from the bark of which quinine[N] is drawn, heads a division of no mean strength, while every variety of palm and cocoa-nut rear their graceful and gigantic stems in every spot where they can find an opening.

So thickly are these trees planted, so innumerable are their allies, so closely are the interlacing branches bound together, that the sky is visible in only a few places.

No words can convey any idea either of the height or girth of the great trees. Twelve, eighteen, twenty, and twenty-five feet, do some of the monsters measure around the base, while for height they have seventy, and even a hundred feet of clear stem, without a branch.

Among the gorgeous blossoms of the hundreds of wild flowers that embrace the trees, perhaps a scarlet snake or a whip-snake may be seen hanging from some branch, deceiving the traveler by its blossom or tendril-like appearance, ready to deal him a death-blow in the event of his coming within reach.

Animal life swarms in these forests with amazing abundance. Parrots of various species and brilliant plumage; birds innumerable, from the scarlet flamingo to the tiny humming-bird, nestle in every branch; while the thickets swarm with wild animals in such prodigious numbers, that it appears hardly conceivable how they can all find subsistence.

Tigers, jaguars, tapirs, monkeys, wild boars, deer, besides smaller quadrupeds, abound in every direction; and by a peculiarity very remarkable, and unknown elsewhere, they all begin at the same hour of

the night to raise their respective cries, and fill the forest with a chorus so loud and dissonant that sleep is for hours impossible to the wearied traveler.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Biography.—Rev. Charles Kingsley was born in Devonshire, England, in 1819, and died in 1875.

After graduating from Cambridge University, he devoted himself to theological work. But his name is best known by his endeavor to better the condition of the working classes. The origin of the co-operative associations in which the workmen are also the masters, was mainly due to his influence.

Kingsley's insight into human nature and his descriptive powers were alike remarkable. The truth of his pictures of South American forests has excited the admiration of travelers who have seen what he described through the gift of imagination.

His principal works are: "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," "Alton Locke," "Hereward," and "At Last."

Notes.—*Quinine* (kwĭ'nĭn) is an important remedial agent, and is extensively used as a tonic and in the treatment of fevers.

Composition.—Take as a subject—"A Visit to Niagara," and treat it in the form of a narrative.

72.—FRANKLIN'S VISIT TO HIS MOTHER.

ĭn'stĭnct, *natural impulse.*
ma tẽr'nal, *motherly.*
pre ĕlūd'ed, *prevented.*
făs'çi nāt ing, *charming.*
är'gu ments, *reasons; proofs.*
ĭn'ĕom mōd', *disturb.*
ap plaud'ed, *praised.*
pre eau'tion, *care.*
tran sĭ'tion (sĭzh'ŭn), *change.*
suf fūs'ed', *filled.*

Benjamin Franklin,[N] after the death of his father, returned to Boston, in order to pay his respects to his mother, who resided in that city. He had been absent some years, and at that period of life when the greatest and most rapid alteration is made in the human appearance; at a time when the shrill

voice of the youth assumes the commanding tones of the man, and the smiling features of boyhood are succeeded by the strong lines of the adult.

Franklin was sensible that the change in his looks was such that his mother could not know him, except by that instinct, which it is believed can cause a mother's heart to beat violently in the presence of her child, and point the maternal eye, with quick and sudden glance, to a beloved son.

To ascertain by actual experience whether or not this instinct exists, he resolved to introduce himself as a stranger to his mother, and to watch narrowly for the moment in which she should discover her son.

On a cold, chilly day, in the month of January, in the afternoon, he knocked at his mother's door, and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire, introduced himself, by remarking that he had been informed she entertained travelers, and requested a night's lodging.

She eyed him with that cold look which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted; assured him that he had been misinformed—that she did not keep a tavern; but that it was true, to oblige some members of the legislature, she took a number of them into her family during the session; that she then had four members of the council, who boarded with her—that all the beds were full; and then she betook herself to her knitting with that intense application which expressed, as forcibly as action could do, "If you have concluded your business, the sooner you leave the house the *better.*"

But upon Franklin's wrapping his coat around him, affecting to shiver with cold, and remarking that it was very chilly weather, she pointed to a chair, and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of her boarders precluded all further conversation—coffee was soon served, and Benjamin partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old fashion of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins and then pipes, when the whole family formed a cheerful, smoking semicircle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed conversational powers to a more fascinating degree than Franklin; and never was there an occasion when he displayed those powers to greater advantage, than at this time. He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, instructed them by the varied, new, and striking lights in which he placed his subjects, and delighted them with apt and amusing anecdotes.

Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until eight o'clock, when, punctual to the moment, Mrs. Franklin announced supper. Busied with her household affairs, she fancied the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she could restrain her resentment when she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper she called aside one of her boarders, an elderly gentleman, and complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger—told the manner of his introduction to the house—observed that she thought there was something very *suspicious in his appearance*, and asked her friend's

advice with respect to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence.

The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was certainly a young man of education, and to all appearance a gentleman; that perhaps, being in agreeable company, he had paid no attention to the lateness of the hour; and advised her to call him aside, and repeat to him her inability to lodge him.

She accordingly sent her maid to him, and then, with as much calmness as she could command, again related the situation of her family; observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated that he would do well to seek a lodging elsewhere. Franklin replied that he would by no means incommode her family; but that, with her leave, he would smoke one pipe more with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to his company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff, his powers of converse returned with double force. A gentleman present mentioned the subject of the day's debate—a bill had been introduced to extend the powers of the royal governor.

Franklin immediately entered upon the subject—supported the colonial rights with new and forcible arguments—was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House—recited their speeches, and applauded their noble defense.

During a discourse so interesting to the company, no wonder the clock struck eleven, unnoticed by the delighted circle: nor was it wonderful that *the patience* of Mrs. Franklin grew quite exhausted. *She now* entered the room, and, before the whole

company, with much warmth, addressed Franklin; told him plainly she thought herself imposed upon; and concluded by insisting on his leaving the house.

Franklin made a slight apology, quietly put on his great coat and hat, took a polite leave of the company, and approached the street door, lighted by the maid and attended by Mrs. Franklin.

In the meantime, a tremendous snow-storm had arisen and filled the streets knee-deep, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch, than a roaring wind forced open the door, extinguished the light, and almost filled the entry with drifting snow.

As soon as the candle was relighted, Franklin cast a woful look toward the door, and thus addressed his mother: "My dear madam, can you turn me out of your house in this dreadful storm? I am a stranger in your town, and shall certainly perish in the streets. You look like a charitable lady: I shouldn't think you could turn a dog from your door on this tempestuous night."

"Don't speak to me of charity," said the offended lady; "charity begins at home. It is your own fault that you tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like your looks or your conduct, and I fear you have some bad designs in thus introducing yourself to my family."

The warmth of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united requests the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and as no bed could be had, he consented to repose on an easy chair before the parlor fire.

Although her boarders appeared to confide perfectly in *the stranger's* honesty, it was not so with

Mrs. Franklin; with suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons and pepper-box from her closet, and after securing the parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the silver to her chamber, charged the man-servant to sleep with his clothes on, and to arise and seize the vagrant at the first noise he made in attempting to plunder the house. Having thus taken every precaution, she retired to bed with her maid, whom she compelled to sleep in her room.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her servants, unfastened the parlor door with timid caution, and was agreeably surprised to find her guest quietly sleeping in the chair. A sudden transition from extreme mistrust to perfect confidence was natural.

She awakened him with a cheerful good-morning, inquired how he had rested, and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of her boarders. "And pray, sir," said the old lady, as she sipped her chocolate, "as you appear to be a stranger here, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I, madam? I belong to the city of Philadelphia."

At the mention of Philadelphia, Franklin afterward declared he for the first time perceived any emotion in her.

"Philadelphia?" said she, and all the mother suffused her eye. "If you live in Philadelphia, perhaps you know our Ben."

"Who, madam?"

"Why, Ben Franklin; my Ben. O he is the dear*est child* that ever blest a mother!"

"What!" said the Doctor. "Is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why, he is my most intimate friend; he and I lodge in the same room."

"O God forgive me!" exclaimed the old lady, raising her watery eyes to heaven, "and have I suffered an acquaintance of my Benny to sleep on a hard chair, while I myself rested in a good bed!"

How Franklin discovered himself to his mother he has not informed us; but, from the above experiment, he was firmly convinced, and was often afterward heard to declare, that natural affection does not exist.

FREEMAN HUNT.

Biography.—For a biographical sketch of Freeman Hunt, see page 163.

Notes.—Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), the great philosopher and patriot, was a native of Boston, and began life as a printer's apprentice. His wonderful success was due to industry, good sense, and a habit of observation that led him to understand men and the relations of objects at once. We all know the story of Franklin's kite and the discovery he made, that lightning and electricity are the same. He, with four others, was chosen by Congress to prepare the "Declaration of Independence."

All the mother suffused her eye means that her motherly feelings brought tears to her eyes.

Language.—Show the force of the ***prefix re*** in the following words: retold, returned, rebound, recovered.

A single word uttered as an exclamation is called an ***interjection;*** as, "What! Is Ben Franklin," etc.

Name-words (nouns), action-words (verbs), pronouns, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions (connecting-words), and ***interjections*** are called ***Parts of Speech,*** because with them all sentences are constructed.

Adverbs and ***pronouns,*** when introducing sentences used as adverbs or adjectives, are ***connecting-words;*** as, "She eyed him with a look which most people assume when they imagine themselves insulted." The ***pronoun*** which and the ***adverb*** when are used as ***connecting-words (conjunctions).***

73.—THE WIDOW OF GLENCOE.

brăck'en, *fern.*
hĕăth'er, *a plant bearing beautiful flowers.*
tăr'tan, *woolen cloth, cross-barred with threads of various colors.*
slō'gan, *war-cry.*
ēōr'a năch, *a funeral song.*
strĭck'ĕn, *struck; hit.*
hĕăth'-bells, *blossoms of the heather.*
spĕc'tral, *ghostly.*
lăm'en tā'tion, *expression of sorrow.*
rĕl'ics, *remains.*

Do not lift him from the bracken, leave him lying where he fell—
Better bier ye can not fashion: none beseems him half so well
As the bare and broken heather, and the hard and trampled sod,
Whence his angry soul ascended to the judgment-seat of God!
Winding-sheet we can not give him—seek no mantle for the dead,
Save the cold and spotless covering showered from heaven upon his head.

Leave his broadsword as we found it, bent and broken with the blow,
Which, before he died, avenged him on the foremost of the foe.
Leave the blood upon his bosom—wash not off that sacred stain;
Let it stiffen on the tartan, let his wounds unclosed remain,
Till the day when he shall show them at the throne of God on high,
When the murderer and the murdered meet before their Judge's eye!

Nay—ye shall not weep, my children! leave it to the faint and weak;
Sobs are but a woman's weapon—tears befit a maiden's cheek.
Weep not, children of Macdonald![N] Weep not thou, his orphan heir—
Not in shame, but stainless honor, lies thy slaughtered father there.
Weep not—but when years are over, and thine arm is strong and sure,
And thy foot is swift and steady on the mountain and the *muir*[N]—

Let thy heart be hard as iron, and thy wrath as fierce as fire,
Till the hour when vengeance cometh for the race that slew thy sire!
Till in deep and dark Glenlyon rise a louder shriek of woe,
Than at midnight from their aerie, scared the eagles of Glencoe:
Louder than the screams that mingled with the howling of the blast,
When the murderer's steel was clashing, and the fires were rising fast.

When thy noble father bounded to the rescue of his men,
And the slogan of our kindred pealed throughout the startled glen!
When the herd of frantic women stumbled through the midnight snow,
With their fathers' houses blazing, and their dearest dead below!
O, the horror of the tempest as the flashing drift was blown,
Crimsoned with the conflagration, and the roofs went thundering down.

O, the prayers—the prayers and curses that together winged their flight
From the maddened hearts of many through that long and woful night!
Till the fires began to dwindle, and the shots grew faint and few,
And we heard the foeman's challenge only in a far halloo:
Till the silence once more settled o'er the gorges of the glen,
Broken only by the Conan plunging through its naked den.

Slowly from the mountain summit was the drifting veil withdrawn,
And the ghastly valley glimmered in the gray December dawn.
Better had the morning never dawned upon our dark despair!
Black upon the common whiteness rose the spectral ruins there.
But the sight of these was nothing more than wrings the wild-dove's breast,
When she searches for her offspring round the relics of her nest.

For in many a spot the tartan peered above the wintry heap,
Marking *where a dead* Macdonald lay within his frozen sleep.

Tremblingly we scooped the covering from each kindred victim's
head,
And the living lips were burning on the cold ones of the dead.
And I left them with their dearest—dearest charge had every
one—
Left the maiden with her lover, left the mother with her son.

I alone of all was mateless—far more wretched I than they,
For the snow would not discover where my lord and husband lay;
But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low,
With the gash upon his bosom and the frown upon his brow—
Till I found him lying murdered, where he wooed me long ago!

Woman's weakness shall not shame me—why should I have
tears to shed?
Could I rain them down like water, O my hero! on thy head—
Could the cry of lamentation wake thee from thy silent sleep,
Could it set thy heart a-throbbing, it were mine to wail and
weep!
But I will not waste my sorrow, lest the Campbell[N] women say
That the daughters of Clanranald[N] are as weak and frail as
they.

I had wept thee hadst thou fallen, like our fathers, on thy
shield,
When a host of English foemen camped upon a Scottish field[N]—
I had mourned thee, hadst thou perished with the foremost of
his name,
When the valiant and the noble died around the dauntless
Græme![N]
But I will not wrong thee, husband! with my unavailing
cries,
Whilst thy cold and mangled body stricken by the traitor lies;

Whilst he counts the gold and glory that this hideous night has
won,
And his heart is big with triumph at the murder he has done.
Other eyes than mine shall glisten, other hearts be rent in
twain,
Ere the heath-bells on thy hillock wither in the autumn rain.

"But I wandered up the valley, till I found him lying low—
Till I found him lying murdered, where he wooed me long ago!" (See page 330.)

PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Then I'll see thee where thou sleepest, and I'll veil my weary head,
Praying for a place beside thee, dearer than my bridal bed:
And I'll give thee tears, my husband, if the tears remain to me,
When the widows of the foeman cry the coranach for thee!

Biography.—William Edmondstoune Aytoun (1813-1865), the writer of this poem, is well known as the author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

Notes.—*Glencoe* is a valley in Argyleshire, Scotland, well known not only for the terrible massacre of the Macdonalds referred to in the poem, but also for the wildness and grandeur of its scenery. The Cona, a mountain stream, flows through the valley.

Before daylight, on the morning of February 13, 1692, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, with a party of soldiers, mostly of the Campbell clan, surprised the Macdonalds and slew nearly forty of them. After the massacre, the huts of the village were burned, and the valley has been uninhabited ever since.

Muir (mūr) is the Scottish word for moor or heath—a piece of land of little value on account of its thin, poor soil. The heath-flowers or heather-bells are very beautiful.

Clan răn'ald is another name for the Macdonald clan.

Graeme (grām) refers to James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, who was executed in Edinburgh, for an attempt to restore Charles II. to the throne. Graham was an enemy of the Campbell clan.

Field, as used in the lesson, means a field of battle.

74.—THE SKY.

vĭs'tăȝ, *views; scenes.*
ĕm'e rald, *a precious stone of a rich green color.*
ăm'ber, *a hard, yellow substance.*
trans mĭt', *let pass through.*
păl'pi tāt ing, *throbbing.*
ĭ'lex, *a kind of evergreen tree.*
lĭ'ȼhen, *a kind of moss.*
tăb'er na ȼlȩ, *sacred place.*
buǫ̆'ant (or bwô̆), *cheerful.*

Not long ago I was slowly descending the carriage road after you leave Albano.[N] It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna[N] the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking

gleams of sunlight along the Claudian Aqueduct[N] lighting up its arches like the bridge of chaos.

As I climbed the long slope of the Alban[N] mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the domes of Albano and the graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half ether and half dew.

The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Ricca, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, and were penetrated with it as with rain.

I can not call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sunk into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.

Far up into the recesses of the valley the green vistas, arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks like foam, and silver flashes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately, as the weak wind lifted and let fall.

Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens *in a cloud at* sunset the motionless masses of dark

rocks—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illuminate, were seen in intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding luster of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near, as far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded luster of their magnificent rolling! They are meant to be beheld far away: they were shaped for the place high above your head: approach them and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor.

Look at the crest of the Alps from the far away plains, over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by their myriads. It was built for its place in the far off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life is met at last by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness: its purple walls are rent into grizzly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm brands of ages are on its breast; the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of

the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible one by one; and far away answers of foot to foot, and bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Biography.—John Ruskin, one of the most noted of art critics, was born in London in 1819, and graduated at Oxford University in 1842.

The year after graduation, the first volume of his work on "Modern Painters" was published, and the young author found himself assailed on all sides on account of his independent views upon painting and painters. Ruskin believed in the worth of modern talent, and scorned to bow before the ancient models so blindly adhered to by others. His influence has been toward progress, and his earnest and conscientious views have found many supporters. He was appointed Professor of Art at Oxford in 1869. His style as a writer is excellent.

Of his works we may mention the following: "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Queen of the Air," "The Eagle's Nest," "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," and his greatest work, "Modern Painters."

Notes.—*Albano* (äl bä'no) is a town in Italy, about twelve miles from Rome.

Campagna (cäm pän'yä), a very fertile plain, near Rome.

Claudian Aqueduct, a famous bridge of many arches across the Campagna, erected to convey a supply of water to the city of Rome, and finished by the Emperor Claudius in the year 51. The ruins of this aqueduct present an interesting sight.

The Alban Mount is a mountain 3,000 feet high near Lake Albano.

75.—A DINNER PARTY IN ANCIENT THEBES.[N]

(1811-1245 B. C.)

păl'an kēēn' (păl'an kēn'), *a covered conveyance used in the East.*
săn'dals, *coverings for the soles of the feet.*
stūc'coed, *plastered.*
cūrls, *twists of hair.*
cŏr'ri dōrs, *long passage ways.*
hĭ'e ro glŷph'ics (glĭf), *the picture-writing of the Egyptians.*
ăm'ū let, *a charm against evil.*
cŏm'ment ing, *remarking.*
cal'drons (kawl'drŭns), *kettles.*
pōr'ous, *full of minute holes.*
cūl'mi nāt ing, *greatest.*

The Labyrinth[N] has stood for nearly seven centuries. During this time the Shepherd kings[N] have had their sway and been expelled. The XVIIIth dynasty, including the long and brilliant reign of Thothmes III., has passed away, leaving behind it temples, obelisks, and tombs of marvelous magnificence. Thebes is at the height of that architectural triumph which is to make her the wonder of succeeding ages.

Meantime, what of the people? Let us invite ourselves to a dinner party in Theban high life. The time is midday, and the guests are arriving on foot, in palankeens borne by servants, and in chariots. A high wall, painted in panels, surrounds the fashionable villa, and on an obelisk near by is inscribed the name of the owner. We enter the grounds by a folding gate flanked with lofty towers.

At the end of a broad avenue, bordered by rows of trees and spacious water tanks, stands a stuccoed brick mansion, over the door of which we *read in hieroglyphics*, "The Good House." The *building is made airy* by corridors, and columns,

and open courts shadowed by awnings, all gayly painted and ornamented by banners. Its extensive grounds include flower gardens, vineyards, date orchards and sycamore trees.

There are little summer-houses, and artificial ponds from which rises the sweet, sleepy perfume of the lotus blossom; here the genial host sometimes amuses his guests by an excursion in a pleasure boat towed by his servants. The stables and chariot houses are in the center of the mansion, but the cattle sheds and granaries are detached.

We will accompany the guest whose chariot has just halted. The Egyptian nobleman drives his own horse, but is attended by a train of servants; one of these runs forward to knock at the door, another takes the reins, another presents a stool to assist his master to alight, and others are present with various articles which he may desire during the visit.

As the guest steps into the court, a servant receives his sandals and brings a foot pan that he may wash his feet. He is then invited into the festive chamber, where side by side on a double chair, to which their favorite monkey is tied, sits his placid host and hostess, blandly smelling their lotus flowers and beaming a welcome to each arrival. They are dressed like their guests.

On his shaven head the Egyptian gentleman wears a wig with little top curls, and long cues which hang behind. His beard is short—a long one is only for the king. His large sleeved, fluted robe *is of fine,* white linen, and he is adorned with neck*lace, bracelets,* and a multitude of finger rings.

The lady by his side wears also a linen robe

over one of a richly colored stuff. Her hair falls to her shoulders front and back, in scores of crisp and glossy braids. The brilliancy of her eyes is heightened by antimony; and amulet beetles, dragons, asps, and strange, symbolic eyes, dangle from her gold ear-rings, bracelets, necklace, and anklets.

Having saluted his entertainers, the new-comer is seated on a low stool, where a servant anoints his bewigged head with sweet-scented ointment, hands him a lotus blossom, hangs garlands of flowers on his neck and head, and presents him with wine. The servant, as he receives back the emptied vase and offers a napkin, politely remarks, "May it benefit you." This completes the formal reception.

Every lady is attended in the same manner by a female slave. While the guests are arriving, the musicians and dancers belonging to the household amuse the company, who sit on chairs in rows and chat, the ladies commenting on one another's jewelry, and, in compliment, exchanging lotus flowers.

The house is furnished with couches, arm-chairs, ottomans, and footstools made of the native acacia or of ebony and other rare, imported woods, inlaid with ivory, carved in animal forms, and cushioned and covered with leopard skins. The ceilings are stuccoed and painted, and the panels of the walls adorned with colored designs. The tables are of various sizes and fanciful patterns. The floor is covered with a palm leaf matting, or wool carpet.

In the bedrooms are high couches reached by steps; the pillows are made of wood or alabaster. *There are many* elegant toilet conveniences, such *as polished bronze* mirrors, fancy bottles for the

kohl with which the ladies stain their brows and eyelids, alabaster vases for sweet-scented ointments, and trinket boxes shaped like a goose, a fish, or a human dwarf.

Every-where throughout the house is a profusion of flowers hanging in festoons, clustered on stands, and crowning the wine bowl. Not only the guests but the attendants are wreathed, and fresh blossoms are constantly brought in from the garden to replace those which are fading.

And now the ox, kid, geese, and ducks, which, according to custom, have been hurried into the cooking caldrons as soon as killed, are ready to be served. After hand-washing and saying of grace, the guests are seated on stools, chairs, or the floor, one or two at each little, low, round table. The dishes, many of which are vegetables, are served in courses, and the guests, having neither knife nor fork, help themselves with their fingers. Meantime, a special corps of servants keep the wine and water cool by vigorously fanning the porous jars which contain them.

During the repast, when the enjoyment is at its height, the Osiris—an image like a human mummy—is brought in and formally introduced to each visitor with the reminder that life is short, and all must die. This little incident does not in the least disturb the placidity of the happy guests.

There is one, however, to whom the injunction is not given, and who, though anointed and garlanded and duly placed at a table, does not partake of the delicacies set before him. This is a real mummy, a dear deceased member of the family, whom the host is keeping some months before

burial, being loath to part with him. It is in his honor, indeed, that the relatives and friends are assembled, and the presence of a beloved mummy, whose soul is journeying toward the Pools of Peace, is the culminating pleasure of an Egyptian party.

MRS. J. DORMAN STEELE.

Notes. — ***Thebes,*** the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, was situated in the broadest part of the Nile valley. Its ruins comprise nine townships. With its 20,000 war chariots, its vast wealth, and its marvelous buildings, it was in ancient times the most powerful and important city in the world. To-day, a few Arab families are located near its site, and gain a scanty living by showing to travelers the ruins of the once proud city.

Lăb'y rĭnth, the name of a wonderful structure at Crŏc o di lŏp'-o lis, Egypt, consisting of twelve palaces under one roof, supposed to have been inhabited by twelve kings who ruled at the same time. The passages throughout the structure are so mingled together, that a guide is needed to show the way. The age of the building is estimated to be about 3,900 years.

The ***Shepherd kings,*** supposed to have been Ar'abs, obtained control of Lower Egypt about 2000 B. C. They were finally conquered and driven out by the rulers of Upper Egypt.

Language. — Use each of the following words in a separate sentence, and explain the difference in their meaning: pleasure, enjoyment, delight.

76. — VIRGINIUS.

sew'er (sū'er), *a passage under ground to carry off water or filth.*
rēe̱k'ing, *steaming.*
glō̱at, *gaze; look.*
çĭv'ic, *relating to a city or citizen.*
shăm'ble̱s, *a place where butchers' meat is sold.*
be rĕft', *robbed.*
lēe̱ch, *doctor.*
a vĕrt'ed, *turned away.*

Straightway Virginius[N] led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and *hide,*
Close to yon low, dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.

Hard by, a flesher[N] on a block had laid his whittle[N] down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spoke, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!

"O how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou knowest, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!

"And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now all these things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle-work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.

"The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's[N] marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom;
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.

"The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft.
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.

"He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.

"Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sunk to earth, and with one sob she died.

"See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey." (See page 340.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment broke forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians N were coming o'er the wall.

Some with averted faces, shrieking, fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech, and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran and felt and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

LORD MACAULAY.

Biography.—Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in Leicestershire (Lĕs'ter sheer), England, in 1800, and died in 1859.

Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of eighteen, where he soon acquired prominence for scholarship and oratorical power. He twice won the Chancellor's Medal for poems, and graduated in 1822. He was soon elected to a fellowship, and entered upon a literary life. His ballads,—"The Spanish Armada" and "The Battle of Ivry," and his essay on Milton, gave him a wide popularity. In 1826, he began to practice law, and in 1830, entered Parliament. After an eventful and highly useful career, he was raised to the peerage in 1857, with the title of Baron Macaulay. As a writer, his style is both vigorous and polished.

His best known works are "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Essays," and "History of England."

Notes.—Virginius, after slaying his daughter to save her from the tyrant Ap'pi us, appealed to the Roman army for vengeance. The army responded,—the tyrant was overpowered and consigned to prison, where he took his own life. The unhappy fate of Virginia, the daughter, was thus followed by the restoration of freedom to the Roman people.

Flesher, a butcher. ***Whittle,*** a butcher's knife.

Cap'u a, a city of Southern Italy, second only to ancient Rome in wealth and power. The buildings of the city were noted for their magnificence.

Vŏl'scians (shŭns). The Vol'sci, an ancient barbaric race, were much dreaded by the Romans. They were in the habit of making *expeditions against* Rome. In the fourth century B. C., they *were finally subdued* by the Romans and admitted to the rights *of Roman citizenship.*

77.—THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

PART I.

ăd′ mi ral, *a naval officer of the highest rank.*
an tĭç′ i pā′ tions, *hopes.*
ĕu pĭd′ i ty, *greediness.*
trăn′ sient (trăn′ shĕnt), *passing.*
af fĭrm′ ing, *declaring.*
ŭn′ du lā′ tion, *waving movement.*
mū′ ti nȣs, *rebellious.*
ăv′ ą rĭçe, *great desire of gain.*
re frăc′ to ry, *unruly.*
ĕŏn′ stan çy, *steadiness.*

Early in the morning of the 6th of September, 1492, Columbus[N] set sail from the island of Gomera, and now might be said first to strike into the region of discovery, taking leave of these frontier islands of the Old World, and steering westward for the unknown parts of the Atlantic. For three days, however, a profound calm kept the vessels loitering with flagging sails within a short distance of the land.

On the following Sunday, the 9th of September, at day-break, he beheld Ferro, the last of the Canary Islands, about nine leagues distant. Fortunately a breeze sprung up with the sun, their sails were once more filled, and in the course of the day the heights of Ferro gradually faded from the horizon.

On losing sight of this last trace of land the hearts of the crew failed them. Behind them was every thing dear to the heart of man—country, family, friends, life itself; before them every thing was chaos, mystery, and peril. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations.

The admiral tried in every way to soothe their distress, and inspire them with his own glorious

anticipations. He described to them the magnificent countries to which he was about to conduct them: the isles of the Indian seas teeming with gold and precious stones. He promised them land and riches, and every thing that could arouse their cupidity or inflame their imaginations.

He now issued orders to the commanders of the other vessels that in the event of separation by any accident, they should continue directly westward; but that, after sailing seven hundred leagues, they should lay by from midnight until daylight, as at about that distance he confidently expected to find land.

To deceive the sailors he kept two reckonings; one correct, in which the true way of the ship was noted, and which he retained in secret for his own government; in the other, which was open to general inspection, a number of leagues was daily subtracted from the sailing of the ship, so that the crews were kept in ignorance of the real distance they had advanced.

On the 14th of September, the voyagers were rejoiced by what they considered indications of land. A heron and a certain tropical bird, neither of which is supposed to venture far to sea, hovered about the ships.

The wind had hitherto been favorable, with occasional though transient clouds and showers. They had made great progress every day, though Columbus, according to his secret plan, contrived to suppress several leagues in the daily reckonings left open to the crew.

On the 18th of September the same weather *continued; a soft* steady breeze from the east filled

every sail, while Columbus fancied that the water of the sea grew fresher as he advanced, and noticed this as a proof of the superior sweetness and purity of the air.

The crews were all in high spirits; each ship strove to get in the advance, and every seaman was eagerly on the lookout; for the sovereign had promised a pension of ten thousand maravedies[N] to him who should first discover land.

Notwithstanding his precaution to keep the people ignorant of the distance they had sailed, they were now growing extremely uneasy at the length of the voyage. They had advanced much farther west than ever man had sailed before, and though already beyond the reach of succor, still they continued daily leaving vast tracts of ocean behind them, and pressing onward and onward into that apparently boundless abyss.

On the 20th of September, the wind veered, with light breezes from the south-west. These, though adverse to their progress, had a cheering effect upon the people, as they proved that the wind did not always prevail from the east. Several birds also visited the ships; three of a small kind, which keep about groves and orchards, came singing in the morning and flew away again in the evening. Their song cheered the hearts of the dismayed mariners, who hailed it as the voice of land. The larger fowl, they observed, were strong of wing, and might venture far to sea; but such small birds were too feeble to fly far, and their singing showed *that they* were not exhausted by their flight.

For three days there was a continuance of light *summer airs* from the southward and westward,

and the sea was as smooth as a mirror. A whale was seen heaving up its huge form at a distance, which Columbus immediately pointed out as a favorable indication, affirming that these creatures were generally seen in the neighborhood of land.

The crews however became uneasy at the calmness of the weather. Every thing differed, they said, in these strange regions, from the world to which they had been accustomed. The only winds which prevailed with any constancy and force were from the east, and there was a risk, therefore, either of perishing amidst stagnant and shoreless waters, or of being prevented, by contrary winds, from ever returning to their native country.

Columbus continued with admirable patience to reason with these fancies; observing that the calmness of the sea must undoubtedly be caused by the vicinity of land in the quarter whence the wind blew, which, therefore, had not space to act upon the surface, and heave up large waves.

The more Columbus argued, the more boisterous became the murmurs of the crew, until, on Sunday, the 25th of September, there came on a heavy swell of the sea, unaccompanied by wind. This phenomenon often occurs on the broad ocean; being either the expiring undulation of some past gale, or the movement given to the sea by some distant current of wind. It was nevertheless regarded with astonishment by the mariners, and dispelled the imaginary terrors occasioned by the calm.

The situation of Columbus was, however, becoming daily more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crew increased.

What was to become of them should their provisions fail?

Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain for themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise, and persisting in it so far. How much farther were they to go in search of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment should they do any thing to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September, the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying a map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the Pinta, and looking up beheld Martin Alonzo *Pinzon* mounted on the stem of his vessel, crying, "*Land! Land!* Senor, I claim my reward!" He

pointed at the same time to the south-west, where there was indeed an appearance of land in the distance. Upon this, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God.

The seamen now mounted to the mast-head, or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the south-west.

The morning light however put an end to their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same favorable breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying-fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly allured them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. On the following day the weeds floated from east to west, and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed *between islands*, from one to the other of

which the birds had been flying. Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered menaces and murmurs, but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Notes.—Christopher Columbus (1436-1506), the discoverer of America, was a native of Gĕn'oa, Italy. He early developed a taste for geography and astronomy, and afterward became a sailor. His idea that there must be a passage to India by following a westerly course across the ocean finally found credence with the King and Queen of Spain, and they assisted him to make his remarkable voyage in 1492, which resulted in the discovery of America, and made his name famous. The ingratitude of kings is shown in the fact that Columbus was allowed to die in abject poverty.

Mär a vē' dīz, old Spanish coins of very small value; 10,000 maravedies of silver would be equal to about $35.

78.—THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

PART II.

prē'-ĕŏn çērt'ed, *determined upon by previous agreement.*
tûr'bu lent, *disorderly.*
păç'i fȳ, *calm; quiet.*
de serīẹd', *seen.*
măn'i fes tā' tionş, *evidences.*
săn'guĭnẹ (săng'gwĭn), *hopeful.*
af fĭrm'a tĭvẹ, *a word expressing assent.*
sur mount'ed, *topped.*
dĕf'er ençẹ, *respect.*
ăe' quĭ ĕs' çençẹ, *assent.*
be nĭg'ni ty, *kindness.*
fĭr'ma ment, *air; sky.*

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought that they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it. The Niña, however,

being a good sailer, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, these being the preconcerted signals for land.

New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air. The crew now sank into a state of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them.

Columbus having observed great flights of small field birds going toward the south-west, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He determined therefore on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-south-west, the direction in which the birds generally flew.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued toward the south-west, and others were heard flying by in the night. Tunnies played about in the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction.

All these, however, were regarded by the crew as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruc-

tion; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They insisted upon returning home, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless.

Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved.

All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the one to discover the long-sought-for land. The breezes had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead from her superior sailing.

The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch.

About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light, glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to one of his men and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called to still another, and made the same inquiry.

By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterward in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch on the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he passed from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterward adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon *they took in sail* and lay to, impatiently waiting *for the dawn.*

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continuous orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They stood gazing at the ships, and appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard, having on either side the letters F and Y, the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Ferdinand and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

On landing he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling around him the two captains, with the notary of the armament and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

The feelings of the crews now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men hurrying forward to destruction; now they looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged

around the admiral with overflowing zeal; some embraced him, others kissed his hands.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approaching and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

Finding however that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration.

The admiral particularly attracted their attention from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions, all of which pointed him out to be commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness.

Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his *benignity. They* now supposed that the ships had *sailed out of* the crystal firmament which bounded

their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Biography.—Washington Irving was born in the City of New York in 1783, and died in 1859.

When sixteen years old, Irving entered a law office; but soon found that he had no taste for the work. In 1804, he visited Europe, and on his return published "A History of New York," the style of which is both humorous and entertaining. Owing to financial reverses, Irving was obliged in 1815 to resort to literature as a means of support, and the beauty of his style soon captivated the reading public of England and America. In 1831, he was honored with the degree of LL.D. from Oxford University; and in 1842, was appointed United States Minister to Spain.

His best known works are "The Alhambra," "Tales of a Traveler," "Bracebridge Hall," "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," and "Life of Washington." An edition of his works in fifteen volumes has reached a sale of several hundred thousand copies.

79.—THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

mŭs' ket ēr̤s', *soldiers armed with muskets.*
shăt' ter̤d, *broken.*
dōl̤d, *spoken.*
plăsh' y, *watery.*
sc̤ăb' bard, *case of a sword.*

Hark! the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire
Like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire,
And the singing shot and the shrieking shell,
And the splintered fire of the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke
As the growling guns by batteries spoke;
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,

That the colonel builds with a breath again,
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"[N]
And the groan torn out from the blacken'd lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beaming look in the dying eye
As under the clouds the stars go by,
"But his soul marched on," the captain said,
"For the Boy in Blue[N] can never be dead!"

And the troopers sit in their saddles all
Like statues carved in an ancient hall,
And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the saber hand—
O, to bid them live, and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is passed!
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards too that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron-shod
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy, red sod—
Right into the cloud all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns, then "right about wheel!"[N]
Hurra! A new swath through the harvest again!
Hurra for the flag! To the battle, Amen!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Biography.—For a biographical sketch of Benjamin Franklin Taylor, see page 204.

Notes.—***Close up, men*** means join the broken parts of the ranks by a *movement, usually from* the left toward the right.

Boy in Blue is a name given to a United States soldier on account of the color of his uniform.

Right about wheel is a command for the soldiers to turn around and march in an opposite direction.

Elocution.—State whether or not the first few lines should be read in a suppressed tone of voice. How should the interjection "Hark!" be uttered? Do not emphasize *and*.

Language.—The repetition of the word *"and"* so often throughout the poem, indicates the excitement with which the thoughts are uttered.

What figure of rhetoric is used in the last line of page 354? In lines 9 and 10, page 355?

80.—LOST ON THE FLOES.

PART I.

ŭn'en-cŭm'bered, *free; unburdened.*
pĕm'mi-can, *thin pieces of meat dried in the sun.*
su'pĕr'flu-ous, *unnecessary.*
prē'mo-nĭ'tion, *previous notice.*
căch-é (kăsh), *a hole in the ground.*
ĭn'dis-pĕn'sa-ble, *necessary.*
at trĭb'ūte, *ascribe; consider as belonging.*
cą-ŭs'tic, *a substance which, when applied, will burn the flesh.*
frăct'ūre, *breaking of a bone.*
ef-fāced', *removed; destroyed.*
em-bāle', *pack.*
con-fĭg'ū-rā'tion, *form.*

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left *their* companions in the ice, risking their own lives *to bring* us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and *Pierre* were all lying frozen and disabled. Where

They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted.

Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue to be effective, or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to lose. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the Little Willie[N] with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs.

The thermometer stood at −46 degrees,[N] seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point. A well-*known peculiar* tower of ice, called by the men *the "Pinnacly Berg,"* served as our first landmark.

Boy in Blue is a name given to a United States soldier on account of the color of his uniform.

Right about wheel is a command for the soldiers to turn around and march in an opposite direction.

Elocution.—State whether or not the first few lines should be read in a suppressed tone of voice. How should the interjection "Hark!" be uttered? Do not emphasize *and*.

Language.—The repetition of the word *"and"* so often throughout the poem, indicates the excitement with which the thoughts are uttered.

What figure of rhetoric is used in the last line of page 354? In lines 9 and 10, page 355?

80.—LOST ON THE FLOES.

PART I.

ŭn'en-cŭm' bered, *free; unburdened.*
pĕm'mi-can, *thin pieces of meat dried in the sun.*
su'pĕr'flu ous, *unnecessary.*
prē'mo ni'tion, *previous notice.*
căche (kăsh), *a hole in the ground.*
in'dis pĕn'sa ble, *necessary.*
at trib'ūte, *ascribe; consider as belonging.*
cau'tic, *a substance which, when applied, will burn the flesh.*
frăct'ūre, *breaking of a bone.*
ef fāced', *removed; destroyed.*
em bāle', *pack.*
con fig'ū rā'tion, *form.*

We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moccasins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Petersen came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

Their story was a fearful one. They had left *their* companions in the ice, risking their own lives *to bring* us the news: Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and *Pierre* were all lying frozen and disabled. Where?

They could not tell: somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted.

Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unencumbered party: a rescue to be effective, or even hopeful, could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was, where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

There was not a moment to lose. While some were still busy with the new-comers and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the Little Willie[N] with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and, as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider-down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs.

The thermometer stood at −46 degrees,[N] seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point. A well-*known peculiar tower* of ice, called by the men *the "Pinnacly Berg,"* served as our first landmark.

other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long, beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterward; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice piles, I came to a long, level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture; but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in cache,[N] except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person; and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag.

The thermometer had fallen by this time to −49 degrees, and the wind was setting in sharply from the north-west. It was out of the question to halt: it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and, *at these* temperatures, any resort to snow for the *purpose of* allaying thirst was followed by bloody *lips and* tongue; it burned like caustic.

It was indispensable, then, that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group.

The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath, and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimau[N] hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales make in the surface snow.

But as we traced it on to the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tent pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades; we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not *among the first* to come up; but, when I reached

the tent curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is generally supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched upon their backs, and then for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. "They had expected me: they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen souls; the thermometer 75 degrees below the freezing-point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons: more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not halt long. Each of us took a turn of two hours' sleep; and then we prepared for our homeward march.

We took with us nothing but the tent, furs to protect the rescued party, and food for a journey of fifty hours. Every thing else was abandoned. Two large buffalo bags, each made of four skins were doubled up, so as to form a sort of sack, lined on each side with fur, closed at the bottom but open at the top. This was laid on the sledge; the tent, smoothly folded, serving as a floor.

The sick, with their limbs sewed up carefully in reindeer-skins, were placed upon the bed of buffalo robes, in a half-reclining posture; other skins and blanket bags were thrown above them; and the *whole* litter was lashed together so as to allow but *a single opening* opposite the mouth for breathing.

This necessary work cost us a great deal of time and effort; but it was essential to the lives of the sufferers. It took us no less than four hours to strip and refresh them, and then to embale them in the manner I have described. Few of us escaped without frost-bitten fingers; the thermometer was 55 degrees below zero, and a slight wind added to the severity of the cold.

It was completed at last, however; all hands stood round; and, after repeating a short prayer, we set out on our retreat. It was fortunate indeed that we were not inexperienced in sledging over the ice. A great part of our track lay among a succession of hummocks; some of them extending in long lines, fifteen and twenty feet high, and so uniformly steep that we had to turn them by a considerable deviation from our direct course; others that we forced our way through, far above our heads in height, lying in parallel ridges, with the space between too narrow for the sledge to be lowered into it safely, and yet not wide enough for the runners to cross without the aid of ropes to stay them.

These spaces too were generally choked with light snow, hiding the openings between the ice fragments. They were fearful traps to disengage a limb from, for every man knew that a fracture or a sprain even would cost him his life. Besides all this, the sledge was top-heavy with its load: the maimed men could not bear to be lashed down tight enough to secure them against falling off. Notwithstanding our caution in rejecting every superfluous burden, the weight, including bags and tent, was eleven hundred pounds.

And yet our march for the first six hours was

very cheering. We made, by vigorous pulls and lifts, nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floes before we were absolutely weary. Our sledge sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, restored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition, we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

Notes.—***Little Willie*** was the name given by Dr. Kane's party to a sledge.

The expression —***46 degrees,*** means forty-six degrees below zero. Freezing-point is indicated as 32 degrees above zero; 32 degrees added to 46 degrees equals 78 degrees below freezing-point.

Cache (kăsh), a place where provisions are placed for preservation or concealment, usually a hole in the ground.

Esquimau (ĕs′ke mō) is the singular form of the noun; Esquimaux (ĕs′ke mōz), the plural.

Language.—Some ***adverbs*** are formed from adjectives by the addition of the ending ***ly;*** as, firmly, steadily, hopefully. The ending ***ly*** indicates ***manner,*** and the adverbs so formed are called ***adverbs of manner.***

81.—LOST ON THE FLOES.

PART II.

rĕp′ri mănd′ed, *found fault with.*
e mĕr′ġen çy, *a crisis; a sudden occasion.*
ar tĭc′ū lāt̨, *speak.*
vŏl un tēr̨d′, *offered.*
em bĕl′lish ment, *ornament.*
stra bĭz′mus, *an affection of one or both eyes so that they can not be directed toward the same object.*
ăm′pu tā′tion, *cutting off.*
de lĭr′i ȣŭs, *deprived of reason.*
môr′phĭn̨, *an extract of opium.*

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; but I *had treated* the sleepy comfort of freezing as some-

thing like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "They were not cold; the wind did not penetrate them now: a little sleep was all they wanted!" Presently Hans was found nearly stiff in a hollow; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate.

At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded; an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent[N] with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could.

Then leaving the party with Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived. The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I can not tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little appreciation of time. It was probably about four hours.

We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words. I recall

these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us however remember a bear, that walked leisurely before us and tore up, as he went, a jumper that Mr. McGary had carelessly thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo robes might probably share the same fate.

Godfrey had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same unceremonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so overcome with cold that we strode on steadily, and, for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blanket bags. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it.

We crawled into our reindeer sleeping-bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke, my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo-skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jackknife. Four days after our escape, I found my woolen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it.

We were able to melt water and get some soup

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
P L

cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, were in wonderful spirits. Most fortunately the day was windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes; and we sped briskly toward the hummock-ridges which lay between us and the "Pinnacly Berg."

It required desperate efforts to work our way over the surface floes,—literally desperate, for our strength failed us anew, and we began to lose our self-control. We could not abstain any longer from eating snow; our mouths swelled, and some of us became speechless. Happily the day was warmed by a clear sunshine, and the thermometer rose to —4 degrees in the shade; otherwise we must have frozen.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floes. The sight of the "Pinnacly Berg" revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in table-spoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter dram, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

I *say we believe*; and here perhaps is the most

decided proof of our sufferings: we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our foot-marks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impression on the memory.

Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track lines; but he delivered with perfect accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, and I can now recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance.

Petersen and Whipple came out to meet us about two miles from the brig. They brought my dog team, with the restoratives I had sent for by Bonsall. I do not remember their coming. Dr. Hayes entered with judicious energy upon the treatment our condition called for, giving morphine freely, after the usual frictions.

He reported none of our brain symptoms as serious, referring them properly to the class of those indications of exhausted power which yield to generous diet and rest. Mr. Ohlsen suffered some time from strabismus and blindness; two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, without unpleasant consequences; and two died in spite of all our efforts.

This rescue party had been out for seventy-two

hours. We had halted in all eight hours, half of our number sleeping at a time. We traveled between eighty and ninety miles, most of the way dragging a heavy sledge. The mean temperature of the whole time, including the warmest hours of three days, was at —41 degrees. We had no water except at our two halts, and were at no time able to intermit vigorous exercise without freezing.

ELISHA K. KANE.

Biography.—Elisha Kent Kane (1820-1857), the celebrated Arctic explorer, entered the University of Virginia in 1836, afterward studied medicine, and entered the navy as a surgeon. After visiting many parts of the world, he joined an expedition to the Arctic regions in 1850. In 1853, he commanded a second expedition which made important discoveries. His work, "Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin," is a thrilling narrative.

Notes.—***Pitched our tent*** means fixed our tent firmly in position to shelter us.

82.—THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

mŭf′fl̤ed, *wrapped with something to dull the sound.*
tat tōō′, *a beat of drum at night as a signal for retiring.*
sĕr′ri̤ed, *crowded.*
re môrs̤′les̤, *unpitying; cruel.*
bĭv′ouăc (bĭv′wăk), *encampment without tents.*
em bä̤lm̤ed′, *loved; preserved from decay.*
mär′tial (shăl), *warlike.*
e͡ŏn′se e͡rāt ed, *sacred.*

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind:
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms:
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade
The din and shout, are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the sleepless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan[N] mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Biography.—Theodore O'Hara (1820-1867) was a native of Kentucky, where his remains now lie buried. This beautiful poem is the only one of his productions that is generally known, but it is sufficient to render his name memorable.

Stanzas of the poem have been inscribed upon various military monuments—at Boston, Chancellorsville, and even on one of the famous battle grounds of the Crimea.N

Notes.—***Spartan mother.*** The reference is to the courageous saying of the Spartan mother to her son going forth to battle—"Return with your shield or on it," meaning "Victory or death."

The ***Cri me' a,*** a peninsula in the South of Russia, was the scene of the great strife in 1854, between Russia and the allied forces of France and England, for the control of the Black Sea.

83.—BENEATH THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ŏb'vi ŭs ly, *clearly; easily seen to be.*
sub mĕr'sion, *plunge under water.*
tĕnd'en cy, *disposition.*
sēēth'ing, *bubbling; hissing.*
ex hôrt' ed (ĕgz hôrt'), *urged.*
scăn'ning, *examining; looking over.*
ĭm'pe tŭs, *force.*
shāle, *fine-grained rock.*
laud'a ble, *praiseworthy.*
rĕs'o nant, *sounding.*
pro tū'ber ançe, *projection.*

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well-built, firm, and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall.

"Can you take me there to-morrow?" I asked.

He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the *chances* of a man of light build, and with gray in *his whiskers,* in such an undertaking.

"I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow."

His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair, I dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woolen pantaloons, three woolen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide assured me that the clothes would keep me from being chilled; and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant who helped to dress me to keep the water out; but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing, in my case, the duty of an alpenstock.[N] At the bottom, the guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided on getting the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying.

The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among them, but seeks out channels through which it pours with the force of a torrent. We passed some of these with wet feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least

turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady himself. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on!"

I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, and was seething with the tumult of the cataract. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp my loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon my back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank just quitted, and was instantly, as expected, swept into shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the center of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron, it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I however clung to it from habit.

Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. "No traveler," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the bowlders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands and look upward but the defense was useless. The guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, desiring me to take shelter in his lee, and observe the cataract.

The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower[N] loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered.

We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and moved, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here the guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see as before the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water, as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down, so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. The guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveler had ever before thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope.

He waded in. The struggle to keep himself was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself toward the bank, and was swept into the shallow. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in the staff could be made to reach him, and *I proposed* his seizing it.

"If you are sure," he replied, "that in case of giving way you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you."

Remarking that he might count on this, I waded in and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. This helped; though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here.

We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime,[N] which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge, to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us.

JOHN TYNDALL.

Biography.—John Tyndall, the eminent physicist, was born in Ireland in 1820. He has devoted much attention to the solution of scientific problems, and his works on heat, light, and sound, rank among the best of the age.

Tyndall has also an enviable reputation as a traveler and explorer.

Notes.—***Al'pen stock,*** meaning Alps' stick, is a long staff pointed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps and other mountains.

Terrapin Tower was a small tower built on a rock just above what is called the American Fall.

Organic slime is a soft, moist earth or sticky mud, containing the lowest forms of animal or plant life.

Composition.—In this lesson the order of time is followed, and it is therefore a ***narrative;*** but the amount of descriptive matter introduced *makes it a* ***descriptive narrative.***

84.—THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

a rē′nȧ, *the open space of an amphitheater.*
o bē̤′sanç̣, *a bow; expression of respect.*
ăd′ver sa ry, *opponent.*
bu̱t̤ch′er̤d, *killed.*
dĭs′e̤on çẽrt′ing, *confusing.*
ăm phi thē′a ter, *an oval-shaped building having rows of seats one above another around an open space for combats.*
Ir̤e̤, *rage.*
re nownd̤′, *famous.*
pŏp′ū laç̣e̤, *the common people.*

The grandest and most renowned of all the ancient amphitheaters is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem,[N] in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials—granite outside, and a softer stone within—are so solid, and so admirably built, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

Five acres of ground are inclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which, outside, rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forward, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it; so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than eighty-seven thousand spectators. It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of gold and silver tissue over

the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil; because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white, purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

When the emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building, and descending by a cord. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown upon his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred, pretty, gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus[N] was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician; but—to make the whole part complete—it was in no mere play, but in real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the *people watched* with ferocious curiosity to see the

various kinds of attack and defense, their ears at the same time being delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

Wild beasts tearing one another to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters;—men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat.

But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans liked to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and met the lion's gory mane with a calm resolution and a hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze, and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer; and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the *blood-stained* sand was covered with a fresh, clean *layer, perfume* was wafted in stronger clouds, and a *procession* came forward—tall, well-made men, in

the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the emperor, and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "Hail, Cæsar! We who are about to die salute thee!"[N] They were the gladiators—the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace.

Fights of all sorts took place—the light-armed soldier and the netsman—the lasso and the javelin—the two heavy-armed warriors,—all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general mêlée of the athletes.

When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. When the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!"

Many of us must have seen casts of that most touching statue of the Wounded Gladiator, that called forth from Byron[N] these noble lines of indignant pity:

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians[N] all at play,
There was their Dacian[N] mother—he their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths,[N] and glut your ire!

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Biography.—Charlotte M. Yonge is a popular English authoress. Her first production, "Abbey Church," was published in 1844. This was followed by "Kings of England" and "Landmarks of History." Her works number about thirty.

Notes.—The "Conquerors of Jerusalem," Vespasian and Titus, lived in the first century A. D.

Or'phe us, a musician of fabulous times, was said to move rocks and trees by his songs.

"We who are about to die, salute thee" is the translation of the Latin words ***mor i tu' ri, te sal u tā' mus.***

Byron (1788-1824) was one of the most famous of English poets.

Barbarians was a term applied by Greeks and Romans to foreigners, because their language sounded to them like "bar, bar."

Da' cian, belonging to an ancient tribe beyond the Danube.

Goths, a barbarous nation that formerly inhabited Europe.

85.—A ROMAN LEGEND.

cŏr'o net, *an inferior crown.*
dĕlvẹd, *dug.*
en chāsẹd', *adorned.*
vī'andṣ, *provisions.*
mē di æ' val, *of the middle ages.*
măn'i fōld, *many.*
lăm' bent, *gleaming.*
ter rĕs' tri al, *earthly.*
pĕlf, *riches; money.*
se quĕs' terẹd, *secluded; quiet.*

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,

Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stair-way leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite, in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!"

Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And sudden from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
*Shattering the lam*bent jewel on the wall,

And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

LONGFELLOW.

Biography.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) may justly be called the most popular of America's poets.

He graduated from Bowdoin (Bōd'n) College in 1825, and began the practice of law; but the tempting offer of a professorship in Bowdoin induced him to begin a literary life. His first prose work, "Outre Mer" (Beyond the Sea), appeared in 1835, and during the same year he was called to a professorship in Harvard College.

Longfellow visited Europe a number of times in order to perfect his acquaintance with the languages and the literature of the different nations. As a man and as a poet, he seems to have been in perfect harmony with all classes of society, and *his writings* have reached an enormous sale in both England and *America*.

86.—THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF PERU.

sŭb′ ter rā′ ne ạ̊n̈s, *underground.*
do mā̇n′, *estate; property.*
mu nĭf′i çenç̇e, *generosity.*
e͡ôr′nĭç eş, *projecting pieces.*
vĕn′er ā′tion, *awe; respect.*
ew′ers (yu̇rş), *pitchers with wide spouts.*
fr̀ēzẹ̀, *a flat band.*
çĕns′erş, *vases or pans in which incense is burned.*
ap prō′pri āt ed, *assigned.*

The worship of the Sun constituted the peculiar care of the Incas, and was the object of their lavish expenditure. The most ancient of the many temples dedicated to this divinity was in the Island of Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have proceeded. From this circumstance this sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration.

Every thing which belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize, which surrounded the temple, and formed part of its domain, partook of a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed among the different public store-houses, in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the remainder of their contents. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary!

But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched, that it received the name of Coricancha, or "The Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city,

and completely surrounded by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone.

The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain, which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and, in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from innumerable rays of light, which darted out from it in every direction. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and other precious stones.

It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal, that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with a brilliancy that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were every-where incrusted.

Gold was said by the people to be "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices, which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, surrounded the whole *exterior of* the edifice.

Adjoining the principal structure were several *chapels of* smaller dimensions. One of them was

consecrated to the Moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was represented in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale silvery light of the beautiful planet.

There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, that formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third to the Rainbow, whose many-colored arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were besides several other buildings, or isolated apartments, for the accommodation of the numerous priests who conducted the services of the temple.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold and silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials.

The gardens sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, *also,* were to be found there,—among *which the llama,* with its golden fleece, was most *prominent,*—executed in the same style, and with a

degree of skill, which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

Perhaps the most magnificent of all the national solemnities was the feast of Raymi, held at the period of the summer solstice,[N] when the Sun, having touched the southern extremity of his course, retraced his path, as if to gladden the hearts of his chosen people by his presence. On this occasion the Indian nobles from the different quarters of the country thronged to the capital to take part in the great religious celebration.

For three days previous, there was a general fast, and no fire was allowed to be lighted in the dwellings. When the appointed day arrived, the Inca and his court, followed by the whole population of the city, assembled at early dawn in the great square to greet the rising of the sun.

They were dressed in their gayest apparel, and the Indian lords vied with one another in the display of costly ornaments and jewels on their persons, while canopies of gaudy feather-work and richly tinted stuffs, borne by the attendants over their heads, gave to the great square and the streets that emptied into it, the appearance of being spread over with one vast and magnificent awning.

Eagerly they watched the coming of their deity, and, no sooner did his first yellow rays strike the turrets and loftiest buildings of the capital, than a shout of joy broke forth from the assembled multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph, and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, that swelled *louder and* louder as his bright orb, rising above *the mountain* range toward the east, shone in full *splendor* on his worshipers.

After the usual ceremonies of adoration, a libation was offered to the great deity by the Inca, from a huge golden vase, filled with the fermented liquor of maize or of maguey, which, after the monarch had tasted it himself, he distributed among his royal kindred. These ceremonies completed, the vast assembly was arranged in order of procession, and took its way toward the Coricancha.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

Biography.—William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard College.

After a visit to Europe, he married and decided to adopt a literary life. His determination in 1819 was to devote ten years to study and ten years to composition. His first work, "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in 1837, and met with great success. "History of the Conquest of Mexico" appeared in 1843; "Conquest of Peru" in 1847, and "History of Philip II." in 1855-8.

His writings have been much admired, and are translated into French, Spanish, and German. Prescott was very methodical in his habits. Every day he devoted five hours to literary work and two hours to reading novels.

Note.—The *summer solstice*, in Peru, occurs on Dec. 21, when the farthest point south of the equator is touched by the sun.

87.—CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

mĭ lĭ′tia (mĭ lĭsh′ȧ), *state soldiers.*
pa rōl′, *a promise to fulfill certain conditions.*
ear tĕl′, *a written message.*
păr′a pĕt, *wall.*
ĭn′ter stĭ çeş, *spaces between.*
coun′ter scärp, *outside slope of the ditch.*
băs′tion (băst′yŭn), *outside part of the main inclosure.*
in tăet′, *untouched.*
plck′et, *guard.*
pĕr′fo rāt ed, *pierced.*

It was not long after the complete dispersion *of the ill-starred* Penobscot expedition that General

Peleg Wadsworth succeeded in entering the British fort on the hill at Bagaduce. He had more difficulty in leaving it.

After the disbanding of his militia, the general made his quarters at Thomaston, Maine, where he lived with his wife in apparent security. A young lady, named Fenno, and a guard of six militia-men completed his garrison. General Campbell, commanding at Bagaduce, was well informed of Wadsworth's defenseless condition, and resolved to send him an invitation to come and reside in the fortress.

A lieutenant and twenty-five men arrived at dead of night with the message at Wadsworth's house. The sentinel challenged and fled. General Wadsworth defended himself with Spartan bravery. Armed with a brace of pistols, a fusee,[N] and a blunderbuss,[N] he fought his assailants away from the windows and the door, through which they had followed the retreating sentinel. Arrayed in his night-clothes, with his bayonet only, he disdained to yield for some time longer, until a shot disabled his left arm. Then, with five or six men lying wounded around him, the windows shattered, and the house on fire, Peleg Wadsworth was able to say, "I surrender."

They took him, exhausted with his exertions, and benumbed with cold, to the fort, where he was kept close prisoner. Some time after, Major Burton, who had served with the general, was also made prisoner and lodged in the same room with him. Wadsworth applied for a parol. It was refused. *Governor* Hancock sent a cartel with an offer of *exchange*. It was denied. One day he was visited *by Miss* Fenno, who in a few words gave him to

know that he was to be detained till the end of the war. He then resolved to escape.

The prisoners were confined in a room of the officers' quarters, the window grated, the door provided with a sash, through which the sentinel, constantly on duty in the passage, could look into the room as he paced on his round. At either end of this passage was a door, opening upon the parade of the fort, at which other sentinels were posted. At sunset the gates were closed, and the number of sentinels on the parapet increased. A picket was also stationed at the narrow isthmus connecting with the main-land.

These were not all the difficulties in their way. Supposing them able to pass the sentinels in the passage, and at the outer door of their quarters, they must then cross the open space and ascend the wall under the eye of the guards posted on the parapet. Admitting the summit of the rampart gained, the exterior wall was defended with strong pickets driven obliquely into the earthern wall of the fort.

From this point was a sheer descent of twenty feet to the bottom of the ditch. Arrived here, the fugitives must ascend the counterscarp, and cross the chevaux-de-frise[N] with which it was furnished. They were then without the fortress, with no possible means of gaining their freedom except by water. To elude the picket at the Neck was not to be thought of.

The prisoners' room was ceiled with pine boards. Upon some pretext they procured a gimlet of a *servant, with which* they perforated a board so as *to make an aperture* sufficiently large to admit the

Peleg Wadsworth succeeded in entering the British fort on the hill at Bagaduce. He had more difficulty in leaving it.

After the disbanding of his militia, the general made his quarters at Thomaston, Maine, where he lived with his wife in apparent security. A young lady, named Fenno, and a guard of six militia-men completed his garrison. General Campbell, commanding at Bagaduce, was well informed of Wadsworth's defenseless condition, and resolved to send him an invitation to come and reside in the fortress.

A lieutenant and twenty-five men arrived at dead of night with the message at Wadsworth's house. The sentinel challenged and fled. General Wadsworth defended himself with Spartan bravery. Armed with a brace of pistols, a fusee,[N] and a blunderbuss,[N] he fought his assailants away from the windows and the door, through which they had followed the retreating sentinel. Arrayed in his night-clothes, with his bayonet only, he disdained to yield for some time longer, until a shot disabled his left arm. Then, with five or six men lying wounded around him, the windows shattered, and the house on fire, Peleg Wadsworth was able to say, "I surrender."

They took him, exhausted with his exertions, and benumbed with cold, to the fort, where he was kept close prisoner. Some time after, Major Burton, who had served with the general, was also made prisoner and lodged in the same room with him. Wadsworth applied for a parol. It was refused. *Governor* Hancock sent a cartel with an offer of *exchange.* It was denied. One day he was visited *by Miss* Fenno, who in a few words gave him to

know that he was to be detained till the end of the war. He then resolved to escape.

The prisoners were confined in a room of the officers' quarters, the window grated, the door provided with a sash, through which the sentinel, constantly on duty in the passage, could look into the room as he paced on his round. At either end of this passage was a door, opening upon the parade of the fort, at which other sentinels were posted. At sunset the gates were closed, and the number of sentinels on the parapet increased. A picket was also stationed at the narrow isthmus connecting with the main-land.

These were not all the difficulties in their way. Supposing them able to pass the sentinels in the passage, and at the outer door of their quarters, they must then cross the open space and ascend the wall under the eye of the guards posted on the parapet. Admitting the summit of the rampart gained, the exterior wall was defended with strong pickets driven obliquely into the earthern wall of the fort.

From this point was a sheer descent of twenty feet to the bottom of the ditch. Arrived here, the fugitives must ascend the counterscarp, and cross the chevaux-de-frise[N] with which it was furnished. They were then without the fortress, with no possible means of gaining their freedom except by water. To elude the picket at the Neck was not to be thought of.

The prisoners' room was ceiled with pine boards. Upon some *pretext* they procured a gimlet of a *servant, with which* they perforated a board so as *to make an aperture* sufficiently large to admit the

Peleg Wadsworth succeeded in entering the British fort on the hill at Bagaduce. He had more difficulty in leaving it.

After the disbanding of his militia, the general made his quarters at Thomaston, Maine, where he lived with his wife in apparent security. A young lady, named Fenno, and a guard of six militia-men completed his garrison. General Campbell, commanding at Bagaduce, was well informed of Wadsworth's defenseless condition, and resolved to send him an invitation to come and reside in the fortress.

A lieutenant and twenty-five men arrived at dead of night with the message at Wadsworth's house. The sentinel challenged and fled. General Wadsworth defended himself with Spartan bravery. Armed with a brace of pistols, a fusee,[N] and a blunderbuss,[N] he fought his assailants away from the windows and the door, through which they had followed the retreating sentinel. Arrayed in his night-clothes, with his bayonet only, he disdained to yield for some time longer, until a shot disabled his left arm. Then, with five or six men lying wounded around him, the windows shattered, and the house on fire, Peleg Wadsworth was able to say, "I surrender."

They took him, exhausted with his exertions, and benumbed with cold, to the fort, where he was kept close prisoner. Some time after, Major Burton, who had served with the general, was also made prisoner and lodged in the same room with him. Wadsworth applied for a parol. It was refused. *Governor* Hancock sent a cartel with an offer of *exchange.* It was denied. One day he was visited *by Miss* Fenno, who in a few words gave him to

know that he was to be detained till the end of the war. He then resolved to escape.

The prisoners were confined in a room of the officers' quarters, the window grated, the door provided with a sash, through which the sentinel, constantly on duty in the passage, could look into the room as he paced on his round. At either end of this passage was a door, opening upon the parade of the fort, at which other sentinels were posted. At sunset the gates were closed, and the number of sentinels on the parapet increased. A picket was also stationed at the narrow isthmus connecting with the main-land.

These were not all the difficulties in their way. Supposing them able to pass the sentinels in the passage, and at the outer door of their quarters, they must then cross the open space and ascend the wall under the eye of the guards posted on the parapet. Admitting the summit of the rampart gained, the exterior wall was defended with strong pickets driven obliquely into the earthern wall of the fort.

From this point was a sheer descent of twenty feet to the bottom of the ditch. Arrived here, the fugitives must ascend the counterscarp, and cross the chevaux-de-frise[N] with which it was furnished. They were then without the fortress, with no possible means of gaining their freedom except by water. To elude the picket at the Neck was not to be thought of.

The prisoners' room was ceiled with pine boards. Upon some pretext they procured a gimlet of a *servant, with which* they perforated a board so as *to make an aperture* sufficiently large to admit the

body of a man. The interstices were cut through with a penknife, leaving the corners intact until the moment for action should arrive. They then filled the holes with bread, and carefully removed the dust from the floor.

This work had to be executed while the sentinel traversed a distance equal to twice the length of their own room. The prisoners paced their floor, keeping step with the sentry; and, as soon as he had passed by, Burton, who was the taller, and could reach the ceiling, commenced work, while Wadsworth walked on. On the approach of the soldier, Burton quickly rejoined his companion. Three weeks were required to execute this task. Each was provided with a blanket and a strong staff, sharpened at the end. For food they kept their crusts and dried bits of their meat.

They waited until one night when a violent thunder-storm swept over the peninsula. It became intensely dark. The rain fell in torrents upon the roof of the barracks. The moment for action had come. The prisoners undressed themselves as usual, and went to bed, observed by the sentinel. They then extinguished their candle and quickly arose.

Their plan was to gain the vacant space above their room, creeping along the joists until they reached the passage next beyond, which they knew to be unguarded. Thence they were to make their way to the north bastion, acting as circumstances might determine.

Burton was the first to pass through the opening. He had advanced but a little way before he encountered a flock of fowls, whose roost he had invaded. Wadsworth listened with breathless anx-

iety to the cackling that apprised him for the first time of this new danger. At length it ceased without having attracted the attention of the guards, and the general with difficulty ascended in his turn. He passed over the distance to the gallery unnoticed, and gained the outside by the door that Burton had left open.

Feeling his way along the wall of the barracks to the western side, he made a bold push for the embankment, gaining the rampart by an oblique path. At this moment the door of the guard-house was flung open, and a voice exclaimed, "Relief, turn out!" Fortunately the guard passed without seeing the fugitive. He reached the bastion agreed upon as a rendezvous, but Burton was not there. No time was to be lost. Securing his blanket to a picket, he lowered himself as far as it would permit, and dropped without accident into the ditch. From here he passed softly out by the water-course, and stood in the open air without the fort. It being low tide, the general waded the cove to the main-land, and made the best of his way up the river. In the morning he was rejoined by his companion, and both, after exertions that exacted all their fortitude, gained the opposite shore of the Penobscot in safety. Their evasion is like a romance of the Bastile[N] in the days of Richelieu.[N]

S. A. DRAKE.

Notes.—***Fu ɥee'***, a small, light musket with a long, thin barrel. The name is from *fusil*, meaning a spindle.

Blunderbuss, a kind of short musket with a very wide bore, sufficient to take in several bullets at once. It is a destructive weapon at close quarters.

Chevaux-de-frise (shĕv'o-de-freez) is a defense constructed of wood or iron in such a way as to present an array of sharp

ragged points toward an enemy. It is an impassable barrier to cavalry.

Bastile (bas teel') was a famous French fortress, whose towers and cellars were used as prisons. The inmates of the dungeons of the Bastile were entirely shut off from hope of escape, and forgotten by the outside world.

Richelieu (Rĭsh'eh lo͞o) (1585-1642) was a famous French statesman.

Language.—***Nouns*** or ***pronouns*** used as the subject of a sentence are said to be in the ***nominative case.*** Point out four examples of ***nominative case*** in the lesson.

88.—SNOW-BOUND.

pôr tĕnt', *an omen; an indication.*
sphĕr' ụlẹ (sfĕr' o͝ol), *orb.*
quĕr' ụ lo͝us, *fretful; complaining.*
lŷt' terẹd, *placed straw for beds.*
mĭr' a ẹlẹ, *a wonder; something contrary to the laws of nature.*
wān' ing, *declining.*
pĕl' li ẹlẹ, *crystal.*
ẹouch' ant, *lying down.*
rhўthm, *harmonious movement.*

The sun, that brief December day,
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A por'tent seeming less than threat,
It sunk from sight before it set.
A chill, no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Or life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,

And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,—
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,

We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth, white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's[N] leaning miracle.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette[N] on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Biography.—For biographical sketch of John Greenleaf Whittier, see page 88.

Notes.—***Pisa's*** (Pee'sa's) ***leaning miracle.*** At Pisa, Italy, there is a round, marble tower, 180 feet high, called the Leaning Tower, on account of its deviating fourteen feet from the perpendicular. Although this wonderful tower is apparently about to fall, it has stood firm for more than seven hundred years.

Silhouette (sil'oo et) is a shadow outline filled in with a dark color. A hundred years ago, the profile silhouettes of individuals were cut out of black paper, and were kept as likenesses. Humorous illustrations of the silhouette order are now common in pictorial papers.

Elocution.—With what ***tone of voice*** should this poem be read?

89.—THE RUBBER TREES OF THE AMAZON.

con vŏl'vu lĭ, *climbing plants with bell-shaped flowers.*
är'bo rĕs'çent, *tree-like.*
ā'rŭmş, *lilies.*
ĕst'ū a ry, *an arm of the sea.*
măn'grōvȩş, *certain tropical trees.*
ā'gūȩş, *chills.*
pre çīsȩ'ly, *exactly.*
co ăg'ū lātȩs, *becomes thick.*

Ascending the Mississippi from its mouth, one passes by four great tributaries—the Red, Arkansas, Ohio, and Missouri; the Missouri, in its turn, receives the Platte and Yellowstone, so that we can reckon altogether six branches which exceed seven hundred miles in length. This is a larger number than the Asiatic or African rivers possess.

The Niger has no large branches at all; the Nile has only three or four, which are almost dry during half of the year; the Yang-tse-kiang has no single branch as long as the Ohio; and so with the rest. In South America, the Parana receives the Uraguay and Paraguay, each as large as the Red River. So far, *the comparison* is favorable to the Mississippi.

Now glance at a map of the Amazon. There are *at least sixteen* tributaries that measure more than

seven hundred miles in length; the most of them exceed a thousand. Some of these great branches receive streams almost as large as themselves, and the lesser rivers that flow into the Amazon would count up a full hundred or more. King of rivers, the Amazon bears a princely train.

In studying the great valley of the Amazon, our first step will be to distinguish between the main-land and the flood-plain; we must separate these two in our minds as sharply as they are defined in nature. The main-land is always beyond reach of the floods, though it may be only a few inches above them; it has a foundation of older rock, which crops out in many places. The flood-plain, on the contrary, has clearly been formed by the river itself; its islands and flats are built up of mud and clay, with an occasional sand bank; but they are never stony, and only isolated points are a few inches above the highest floods.

Our first rambles will be among the islands and channels of the varzeas, or flood-plains, with their swampy forests, and great stretches of meadow, and half submerged plantations. Any one who is not blind must feel his soul moved within him by the marvelous beauty of the vegetation. Not a bit of ground is seen; straight up from the water the forest rises like a wall—dense, dark, impenetrable, a hundred feet of leafy splendor. And breaking out every-where from among the heaped-up masses are the palm-trees by thousands. For here the palms hold court: nowhere else on the broad earth is their glory *unveiled as* we see it. If palms, standing *alone, are esteemed* the most beautiful of trees, *what shall we say* when their numbers are counted

not by scores, nor hundreds, but by thousands, and all in a ground-work of such forest as is never seen outside of the tropics?

The scene is infinitely varied: sometimes the palm-trees are hidden, but even then the great rolling mass is full of wonderful changes, from the hundred or more kinds of trees that compose it; and again the palms hold undivided sway, or only shrubs and low climbing vines soften their splendor. Down by the water's edge the flowering convolvuli are mingled with shield-like leaves of the arborescent arums, and mangroves standing aloft on their stilt-like roots, where they are washed by the estuary tides.

The Indian pilot points out numbers of rubber-trees, and we learn to recognize their white trunks, and shining, bright-green foliage. This low tide-region is one of the most important rubber districts, and hundreds of natives are employed in gathering and preparing the crude gum. Occasionally we see their thatched huts along the shore, built on piles, and always damp, reeking, dismal, suggestive of agues and rheumatism; for the tide-lowlands, glorious as they are from the river, are sodden marshes within, where many a rubber gatherer has found disease and death.

The rubber-trees are scattered through marshy forests, where we clamber over logs, and sink into pools of mud, and leap the puddles; where the mosquitoes are blood-thirsty, and nature is damp and dark and threatening; where the silence is unbroken by beast and bird—a silence that can be felt.

In the early morning, men and women come

with baskets of clay cups on their backs, and little hatchets to gash the trees. Where the white milk drips down from the gash they stick their cups on the trunk with daubs of clay, molded so as to catch the whole flow. If the tree is a large one, four or five gashes may be cut in a circle around the trunk.

On the next day other gashes are made a little below these, and so on until the rows reach the ground. By eleven o'clock the flow of milk has ceased, and the natives come to collect the contents of the cups in calabash jugs. A gill or so is the utmost yield from each tree, and a single gatherer may attend to a hundred and twenty trees or more, wading always through these dark marshes, and paying dearly for his profit in fever and weakness.

A day's gathering will be a calabash of white liquid, in appearance precisely like milk. If left in this condition it coagulates after a while, and forms an inferior whitish gum. To make the black rubber of commerce the milk must go through a peculiar process of manufacture. Over a smoldering fire, fed with the hard nuts of the tucuma[N] palm, is placed a kind of clay chimney, like a wide-mouthed, bottomless jug; through this chimney the thick smoke pours in a constant stream. Now the rubber gatherer takes his mold—in this case a wooden one, like a round-bladed paddle—washes it with the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the liquid coagulates.

Then another coat is added—only now, as the wood is heated, the milk coagulates faster. It may *take the gatherings* of two or three days to cover *the mold thickly* enough. Then the rubber is

still dull white, but in a short time it turns brown, and finally almost black, as it is sent to the market. The mass is cut from the paddle and sold to traders in the village. Bottles are sometimes made by molding the rubber over a clay ball, which is then broken up and removed.

During the wet months, from February until June or July, this ground is under water, and the huts of the natives are wholly deserted. The floods would not entirely interrupt the gathering, were it not that the gum is then weak, and of comparatively little value. Besides, the trees need this period of rest to make up for the constant summer drain.

Rubber is almost the only product of these lowlands. The whole region is simply an endless succession of channels, small lakes, and swamps covered with forests, beautiful beyond thought from without, a dismal wilderness within.

HERBERT H. SMITH.

Note.—The ***tucuma palm*** is from thirty to forty feet high, and its stem is encircled with narrow rings of black spines arranged with beautiful regularity. Its fruit is about an inch long, and almost globular in shape.

Language.—Nouns or pronouns used to complete the meaning of a verb or participle, or the relation indicated by a preposition, are said to be in the ***objective case;*** as, "In a few days' ***time*** after leaving the ***mouth*** of the Arkansas ***River,*** we saw ***New Orleans.***"

The noun ***New Orleans*** completes the meaning of what word?—***mouth*** completes the meaning of what word?—***time*** and ***river*** complete the relations indicated by what words?

Select or compose a sentence illustrating the different uses of the objective case.

Composition.—Select six parts suitable for the treatment of the subject—"A Visit to the Amazon," using the narrative order, and introducing the description of such scenes or objects of *interest as* will make the composition attractive, as well as *instructive.*

90.—ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

in ĭq′ui ty (in ĭk′wĭ tў), *wrong; gross injustice.*
ḡṳĭn′ eạṣ (ḡĭn′eṣ), *gold coins of England, valued at about $5 each.*
at tĕst′, *affirm; prove.*
dis ḡṳĭṣẹd′, *concealed.*
cĕn′dor, *fairness; sincerity.*
plā\nt′if\, *one who begins an action to obtain a remedy for an injury.*
prĭv′i leḡẹ, *advantage.*
ad dūçẹd′, *offered.*
coun′sel orṣ, *lawyers.*
ne fā′ri ọŭs, *wicked.*

A gentleman, who possessed an estate in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died; when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in his elder brother's favor, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

In the course of time the elder brother returned, but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief-Justice, in regard to it. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

The cause was tried at Chelmsford, in Essex. On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and, thus equipped, entered the county hall where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff, and, entering into conversation with him, inquired what were his pros-

pects; to which the plaintiff replied, "My cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life."

"Well, honest friend," replied the pretended miller, "will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right and privilege to take exception to any one juryman through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power."

The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand, and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," he asked, "by taking exception to that gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord," said the plaintiff, "to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge had been highly bribed, and in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said: "Well, sir, whom do you wish to have in place of him you have challenged?"

After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, "My lord," said the plaintiff, "I will choose yonder miller, if you please." Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment and slipped ten golden

guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five.

"How much have you obtained?" whispered the miller to his next neighbor.

"Ten pieces," said the latter.

The miller said nothing further at that time. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence that could be adduced in his favor were brought forward.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed like the judge. The witnesses deposed that they were in the same country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The counselors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just."

They waited but a few minutes; and then supposing that all were determined in favor of the younger brother, the judge said, "Gentlemen, are you all agreed? and who shall speak for you?"

"We are, I believe, all agreed," replied one, "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed!"

"Why," said the judge, in a very surly tone, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"*I have several* reasons, my lord," replied the *miller. "The first is,* they have given to all these

gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five, which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such penetration of judgment, such a knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

As the speaker was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?"

"I came from Westminster Hall,"[N] replied the miller, "my name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious business. I will come up this moment and try the cause over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial anew, and subjected the testimony to the most searching scrutiny. He made the elder brother's title to the estate clear and manifest from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unraveled all the sophistry of the latter to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

Notes. — For biographical sketch of Sir Matthew Hale, see p. 288.

Westminster Hall, London, was the building in which the "***Court of the King's Bench***" held its meetings.

Language.—In expressing thoughts, a verb with its subject will sometimes form only an incomplete sentence, and it becomes necessary (1) to use an *objective case,* (2) an *adjective*, or (3) a second *nominative case,* in order to make a complete sentence.

Examples.—(1.) "It astonished *the judge.*" (2.) "We are *happy.*" (3.) "My name is *Matthew Hale.*"

In the first example, *astonished* is called a *transitive* verb, because it expresses an action that "goes over" (Latin, *transit*) and must have an object.

Are and *is* (2 and 8) are forms of the verb "to be," and simply "tie" words together. Any form of "to be" is therefore called a *copula* (tie).

91.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

çe lĕs'tial (lĕst' yăl), *heavenly.*
bąl'dric, *girdle.*
pąll, *black cover.*
răck, *ruin; destruction.*
wĕl'kin, *heavenly.*
bĕl'lĝed, *swelled out.*

When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush madly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Biography.—Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) was a native of New York, and began his career as a poet at seven years of age. He was associated for a time with the poet Halleck (author of "Marco Bozzaris"); and in 1819, they together wrote the "Croaker Papers," which gave them a great reputation.

Drake's longest poem is "The Culprit Fay"; his most popular poem, "The American Flag."

Elocution.—With what *tone of voice* should this lesson be read?

Point out the *emphatic words* in the first stanza. What *inflections* are used in the last stanza?

Language.—What figures of rhetoric are used in stanzas two and three?

Standard, flag, banner, are what kind of words?

Words and phrases are sometimes used independently; as, "Majestic monarch of the cloud!" "Mr. Speaker." "John." *Monarch, speaker, John,* are examples of what is called *independent case.*

All verbs not requiring an *object* to complete their meaning are called *intransitive;* as, We all *laughed.* They have *gone* away.

Point out an example of a *transitive verb,* an *intransitive verb,* and a *copula* in the lesson.

Composition—Select parts for an analysis of the subject—"A Rainy Day."

Suggestion.—Parts of a narrative may be treated in letter form, particular attention being devoted to the use of punctuation *marks and capital letters.*

92.—SILK-WORMS.

co cōōn′, *case made by the silk-worm to hold its larvæ.*
chrȳs′a lĭdş, *forms into which the worms pass before becoming perfect insects.*
e jĕct′ing, *throwing out.*
ex pănd′ed, *spread out.*
cō′mȧ, *deep sleep; lethargy.*
tăḷş, *weights, each of one ounce and a third.*
nŏx′iȣs (nŏk′shŭs), *injurious; hurtful.*
dĕft, *apt; dextrous.*
cŏr re spŏndş′, *agrees.*
ăr o măt′ic, *fragrant.*
dĭ mĭn′ū tīvḷ, *very small.*

In endeavoring to give some account of the manufacture of silk, the most important branch of Chinese industry, the first point to be noticed is the mode in which the silk-worms are reared. Those who are engaged in this work select a certain number of male and female cocoons. They have no difficulty in distinguishing the sex, as the cocoon which contains the male is strong, very pointed at each end, and smaller than that which contains the female, which is thick, round, and soft.

At the end of a period of fifteen or twenty days, the moths come out of the cocoons. They free themselves by first ejecting a fluid which dissolves a portion of the cocoon. All moths, the wings of which are expanded at the time of their birth, are regarded as useful, whereas those which have crumpled wings, no eyebrows, and are without down, are considered useless, and at once destroyed.

After a day, the male moths are removed, and the females, each having been placed on a sheet of coarse paper, begin to lay their eggs. In the silk districts of the north, owing, I suppose, to the severity of the *climate,* pieces of cloth are used instead of sheets of *paper.* The number of eggs which one moth lays, is

generally five hundred, and the period required for her to perform so great a labor, is, I believe, about seventy-four hours. The females often die almost immediately after they have laid their eggs, and the males do not long survive them.

The egg of the silk-worm, which is of a whitish, or pale ash color, is not larger than a grain of mustard seed. When eighteen days old the eggs are carefully washed with spring water. The sheet of coarse paper or piece of cloth on which they were laid, and to which they adhere, is very gently drawn through spring water contained in a wooden or earthenware bowl. During the autumnal months the eggs are carefully kept in a cool chamber, the sheets of paper or pieces of cloth being suspended back to back from bamboo rods placed in a horizontal position.

In the tenth month of the Chinese year, which corresponds with our December, the sheets are rolled up, and then deposited in a room which is well swept, and free from all noxious influences. On the third day of the twelfth month the eggs are again washed, and then exposed to the air to dry.

In the spring of the year, the eggs being now ready to bring forth, the sheets are placed on mats, and each mat placed on a bamboo shelf, in a well-swept and well-warmed chamber containing a series of shelves arranged along the walls. The shelves are almost invariably made of bamboo, the wood of which emits no fragrance, aromatic wood being especially avoided as unsuitable for the purpose.

At the time of their birth the worms are black, and so small as scarcely to exceed a hair in breadth. *Owing to their* diminutive size, those in charge of

them cut the leaves of the mulberry-tree, on which they are fed, into very small pieces. This is done with very sharp knives, so that the leaves may not be bruised, and consequently retain as much sap as possible.

When the worms are quite young, they are fed not less than forty-eight times in twenty-four hours. In course of time their meals are reduced to thirty in twenty-four hours; and when they have attained to their full growth, they get only three or four in the day. Occasionally—that is, once or twice during the first month—the worms are fed with mulberry leaves well mixed with the flour of green pease,[N] that of black beans, and that of rice. This mixture is supposed to be cooling and cleansing to the worms, and to tend to the production of strong and glossy silk.

Like all other creatures, these insects have their seasons of rest, and to these seasons the Chinese give distinguishing names. The first sleep, which takes place on the fourth or fifth day after birth, is termed the "hair sleep," and lasts but one day. The second sleep takes place on the eighth or ninth day, and the third, on the fourteenth; the fourth and last sleep, which takes place on or about the twenty-second day, is styled, in consequence of its long duration, the "great sleep." On the near approach of each period the worm loses its appetite. It erects the upper part of its body, and sleeps in this position.

During each period of sleep it casts its skin, continuing in a state of repose until the new skin *is fully matured*. It relieves itself of the old skin *by wriggling* out at that part of it which covers

the head, and which is broken. Sometimes the worm dies in consequence of its inability to free the end of its body from the old skin. The skin being shed, the worm grows very quickly in size and strength.

Between the successive periods of rest, there are generally intervals of three or four days, during which these little creatures eat most voraciously. During the four or five days which immediately follow the "great sleep," they have a greater appetite for food than they have hitherto manifested. When they have reached the age of thirty-two days they are full grown, each being about two inches in length, and almost as thick as a man's little finger.

When the worms are gradually increasing in size they are separated periodically, into several lots so as to give them more room. Now that it is full grown, the worm, which before was of a whitish hue, assumes a tint resembling that of amber. At this period they cease to partake of food, and begin to spin the silk from their mouths on the frames or shelves on which they have been placed.

In spinning, they move the head first to one side and then to the other, and continue the operation until the whole body has been enveloped in a cocoon. The time which a worm requires to accomplish this labor is, I believe, from three to five days; and as soon as it has inclosed itself in the cocoon, it falls into a state of coma, casts its skin, and eventually becomes a chrysalis.

The attendants then place the bamboo shelves on which the cocoons lie, near a slow fire of *charcoal* or wood, in order that the chrysalids may

them cut the leaves of the mulberry-tree, on which they are fed, into very small pieces. This is done with very sharp knives, so that the leaves may not be bruised, and consequently retain as much sap as possible.

When the worms are quite young, they are fed not less than forty-eight times in twenty-four hours. In course of time their meals are reduced to thirty in twenty-four hours; and when they have attained to their full growth, they get only three or four in the day. Occasionally—that is, once or twice during the first month—the worms are fed with mulberry leaves well mixed with the flour of green pease,[N] that of black beans, and that of rice. This mixture is supposed to be cooling and cleansing to the worms, and to tend to the production of strong and glossy silk.

Like all other creatures, these insects have their seasons of rest, and to these seasons the Chinese give distinguishing names. The first sleep, which takes place on the fourth or fifth day after birth, is termed the "hair sleep," and lasts but one day. The second sleep takes place on the eighth or ninth day, and the third, on the fourteenth; the fourth and last sleep, which takes place on or about the twenty-second day, is styled, in consequence of its long duration, the "great sleep." On the near approach of each period the worm loses its appetite. It erects the upper part of its body, and sleeps in this position.

During each period of sleep it casts its skin, continuing in a state of repose until the new skin *is fully matured*. It relieves itself of the old skin *by wriggling* out at that part of it which covers

the head, and which is broken. Sometimes the worm dies in consequence of its inability to free the end of its body from the old skin. The skin being shed, the worm grows very quickly in size and strength.

Between the successive periods of rest, there are generally intervals of three or four days, during which these little creatures eat most voraciously. During the four or five days which immediately follow the "great sleep," they have a greater appetite for food than they have hitherto manifested. When they have reached the age of thirty-two days they are full grown, each being about two inches in length, and almost as thick as a man's little finger.

When the worms are gradually increasing in size they are separated periodically, into several lots so as to give them more room. Now that it is full grown, the worm, which before was of a whitish hue, assumes a tint resembling that of amber. At this period they cease to partake of food, and begin to spin the silk from their mouths on the frames or shelves on which they have been placed.

In spinning, they move the head first to one side and then to the other, and continue the operation until the whole body has been enveloped in a cocoon. The time which a worm requires to accomplish this labor is, I believe, from three to five days; and as soon as it has inclosed itself in the cocoon, it falls into a state of coma, casts its skin, and eventually becomes a chrysalis.

The attendants then place the bamboo shelves on which the cocoons lie, near a slow fire of *charcoal or wood,* in order that the chrysalids may

be destroyed by its heat, otherwise these would, in three weeks more, break from their prison and appear in the imago form—the last perfected state of insect life.

The chrysalids having been destroyed, the cocoons are removed from the frames and placed in baskets. Women and girls, carefully selected for the task, now unwind the cocoons—a process which they make easy by placing them in boiling water. These workers must be deft of hand, and expert in the business, fully capable of making the threads of equal size, and of producing them bright, clear, and glossy.

When the cocoons are put into boiling water, the outer layer, which is called the silk rind or shell, is first unwound. Another set of women or girls, who are equally expert, are then engaged to unwind the inner layers of the cocoon, called the silk pulp or flesh. In the course of a day one woman can unwind four taels of silk in weight. The most expert workers can not, I believe, turn off more than five or six taels' weight.

Industrious workers, who are masters of the business, will finish one season, or silk harvest, in the course of eighteen or nineteen days. Ordinary or second-rate workers will require twenty-four or twenty-five days to get through the same amount of work. From long, white, and shining cocoons a small and good thread of silk is obtained; from those which are large, dull in color, and not firm of texture, a coarse thread is produced. This coarse thread is used in making the stuffs with which *dresses* are lined. The chrysalids are eaten by the *workers* as food of an excellent kind.

Biography.—John Henry Gray, the author of this piece, was for many years a resident of China. His work entitled "China" is an accurate description of the customs and industries of the "Celestial Empire."

Note.—*Pease* is one of the plural forms of pea, and is used when no definite number is mentioned. We say two peas, three peas, etc., when the definite number is given.

Language.—Either the subject or predicate of a simple sentence may be compounded; as "Women and girls now unwind the cocoons." *Women and girls* together forming a *compound subject.* If we add to the sentence just given *and make them into thread,* the *predicate* will also be *compound.*

Select from the lesson two examples of *simple, compound,* and *complex sentences.*

Compose a *simple sentence* containing a *compound subject* and a *compound predicate.*

Nouns and *pronouns* are of the *first person* if they represent the speaker; of the *second person,* if they represent a person or thing spoken to; and of the *third person,* if they represent a person or thing spoken of.

93.—LATOUR D'AUVERGNE.

per pĕt′ū ā′ted, *caused to last; preserved.*
ăn′nals, *records.*
mĕr′it ed, *deserved.*
as sa͡ult′, *attack.*
dis tĭn͡c′tion, *renown.*
to pŏg′ra phy, *exact features; appearance.*
pōst pōn͡, *put off.*
grĕn′a dı̆ērs′, *a company of tall, stout soldiers.*
de fīl͡′, *narrow passage.*

Heroic deeds of bravery have been handed down to us by writers of all ages and countries, and nearly every nation has thus perpetuated the name and fame of one or more fearless souls, who, by some marvelous act of courage and fortitude, became famous in the annals of history.

The name of Latour d'Auvergne, a member of a regiment of grenadiers in the army of Napoleon, is one which is regarded by the French nation

with pride, and which figures prominently in the history of its armies.

For many years after his death, his name was regularly called, when the companies of his old regiment paraded for their daily roll-call.[N]

Then it was that the ranking sergeant stepped forward, and, saluting the commanding officer, said with a loud voice, "Dead on the field of Fame!"

To a stranger, this daily incident could not but excite wonder, but to the soldiers of the army, and all others having knowledge of the circumstances which occasioned the strange proceeding, the words, "Dead on the field of Fame!" had a thrilling significance, and caused a momentary thought of veneration to flow back to the brave soldier who was thus proudly honored.

This honor was, however, well merited. Latour d'Auvergne entered the army, for which he was educated, in the year 1767. Serving with marked distinction, he was frequently named for promotion, but uniformly refused all such honors, being content to command a company of grenadiers, which appeared to be the extent of his ambition.

At one period in his career, when a number of companies of grenadiers were massed in one body, he was placed in command of eight thousand men, although he retained only the rank of captain. This caused him to be known as the "First Grenadier of France."

While on a visit to friends who lived in the vicinity of a future field of action, he busied himself in studying the topography of the surrounding country, with a view of making good use of the *knowledge* thus gained, should occasion require.

He had scarcely completed his observations, when, to his amazement, he learned that a part of the Austrian army was rapidly pushing forward with the intention of possessing a mountain pass, to prevent an important movement the French army was then on the march to accomplish.

Latour d'Auvergne knew that the Austrians were only a few hours distant, and that they would pass the point at which he was staying. He did not intend to be captured, and immediately started off for the pass. He knew that it was defended by a small garrison, consisting of about thirty men, who were stationed in a strong tower at the entrance of the pass, and his object was to give these men warning of their danger.

On arriving at the tower, he found that the garrison had fled upon hearing of the advance of the Austrians, and that they had left behind them thirty muskets, all in prime order.

Latour d'Auvergne was made furious by this discovery. Hastily searching about the building, he found that the cowardly soldiers had destroyed a large part of the ammunition before leaving, a fact which caused him a moment of intense anxiety, but then, with a countenance indicating fearless determination, he fastened the main entrance, and secured it with such heavy articles as were at hand.

He then proceeded coolly to load all the muskets, and place them with an ample supply of ammunition near the loop-holes which commanded the pass, and through which the enemy must march. Having some provisions with him, he ate heartily, and then calmly awaited events. He had actually

resolved to defend the tower alone against the Austrians.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy could advance only in double files, which would expose them to a direct fire from the tower. Patiently Latour d'Auvergne awaited their approach, but they were long in coming, and he at one time concluded that the expedition had been abandoned.

About midnight the practiced ear of the old soldier caught the sound of approaching troops. On they came, nearer and nearer, until he heard them entering the narrow pass. He immediately discharged two muskets into the darkness as a warning that some one at the tower knew their intentions; then he heard the officers giving hasty commands, and the troops appeared to be retiring from the defile.

He was not further disturbed until morning. The commander of the Austrians, assuming that the garrison had received information of his approach, and was prepared to resist him, concluded he could not capture the tower by surprise as he had intended, and thought it wise to postpone his attack until daylight.

Early in the morning he demanded the surrender of the garrison. A grenadier stepped forward to answer the messenger, and said, "Say to your commanding officer that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

The bearer of the flag of truce returned, and, shortly after, a piece of artillery[N] was wheeled into the pass. In order to get a correct aim on the tower, it was necessary to place it in front, and

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

"As the troops entered the pass, the firing from the tower opened again." (See page 417.)

directly within easy musket range. No sooner had it been put in position, than rapid firing from the tower opened on the artillerymen, and was continued with such deadly precision that the cannon was hauled off after two or three discharges, with a loss of five men.

Finding that the artillery could not be used effectively, the Austrian commander determined upon an assault. As the troops entered the pass, the firing from the tower opened again, with such vigor and accuracy that fifteen men fell, killed or disabled, before half the distance was reached.

In like manner, three more assaults were repulsed, and ere sunset the enemy had lost forty-five men in killed and wounded. The Austrian commander noticed that the firing from the tower had been unusually rapid and accurate, and what was strange, every shot appeared to come from one particular point. For a time this puzzled him, but he finally concluded that there were several loop-holes near together, and so situated in the tower as to bear directly on the defile.

As night approached, the Austrian commander again demanded the surrender of the garrison. This time he received a favorable reply. The garrison proposed to surrender in the morning, provided they were permitted to march out with their arms, and proceed to the French army without interruption. The terms were agreed to.

Latour d'Auvergne had passed a day of great anxiety. He began the fight with his thirty muskets, all loaded and ready for use. His fire had been rapid and accurate, for he was one of those efficient soldiers who seldom waste a shot.

A worthy object had caused him to bravely defend the tower, and that was, to hold the position long enough to enable the French army to accomplish its maneuver. This completed, he knew the pass would be of no use to the Austrians.

At sunrise the next morning, the Austrian troops were ranged in line on both sides of the pass, leaving a space between them for the garrison to march out. The massive door of the tower opened, and directly the brave old grenadier, almost staggering under his load of muskets, marched out, and passed along between the lines of soldiers. To the intense amazement of the Austrians, he was alone.

The Austrian commander, in surprise and astonishment, rode up to him and inquired why it was that the garrison did not follow him.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the grenadier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone defended the tower against my forces?"

"I have that honor, colonel," was the calm reply.

"How came you to make such a bold attempt, grenadier?" inquired the colonel.

"Because, sir, the honor of France was in peril," replied the noble old soldier.

The colonel stood for a moment viewing the soldier with evident admiration. Then raising his cap, he said with much feeling, "Grenadier, I salute *you.* You have proved yourself the bravest of the *brave.*"

The officer then gave orders to have all the

muskets which Latour d'Auvergne could not carry, sent with him into the French camp, and then wrote a letter to the French commander, relating the circumstances. When Napoleon learned the particulars of the affair, he desired to promote Latour d'Auvergne, but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier.

The brave old soldier was killed at the battle of Oberhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at the daily roll-call of his regiment was ordered and continued by the great and appreciative Napoleon.

Notes.—***Roll-call*** refers to the practice of assembling soldiers by tapping loudly upon a drum, and then calling over their names to find out whether or not all are present. The compliment to d'Auvergne consisted in keeping his name on the roll of the grenadiers after his death and having him accounted for daily as one whose deeds made him worthy of perpetual remembrance.

A ***piece of artillery*** is a single cannon, mortar, or howitzer. A battery of ***ten pieces,*** means a body of artillery containing ten pieces of ordnance—cannons, mortars, or howitzers.

Language.—What are the essential parts of every sentence? What are the uses of adjectives and adverbs? What words are employed to connect sentences? Why are personal pronouns used instead of proper names?

94.—THE DEAD GRENADIER.

de fī′ant, *bold; daring.*
mī′ter, *head-covering of a bishop.*
dĭg′ni ty, *true worth.*
fûr′ lō, *leave of absence.*

On the right of the battalion a grenadier of France,
Struck through his iron harness by the lightning of a lance,
His breast all wet with British blood, his brow with British *breath,*
There fell defiant, face to face with England and with death.

They made a miter of his heart—they cleft it through and through—
One half was for his legion, and the other for it too!
The colors of a later day prophetic fingers shed,
For lips were blue and cheeks were white and the fleur-de-lis[N] was red!
And the bugles blew, and the legion wheeled, and the grenadier was dead.

And then the old commander rode slowly down the ranks,
And thought how brief the journey grew, between the battered flanks;
And the shadows in the moonlight fell strangely into line
Where the battle's reddest riot pledged the richest of the wine,
And the camp fires flung their phantoms,—all doing what they could
To close the flinty columns up as old campaigners would!
On he rode, the old commander, with the ensign in advance,
And, as statued bronzes brighten with the smoky torch's glance,
Flashed a light in all their faces, like the flashing of a lance;
Then, with brow all bare and solemn, "For the King!" he grandly said,
"Lower the colors to the living—beat the ruffle[N] for the dead!"
And thrice the red silk flickered low its flame of royal fire,
And thrice the drums moaned out aloud the mourner's wild desire.
Ay, lower again, thou crimson cloud—again ye drums lament—
'Tis Rachel[N] in the wilderness and Ramah[N] in the tent!

"Close up! Right dress!" the captain said, and they gathered under the moon,
As the shadows glide together when the sun shines down at noon—
A stranger at each soldier's right—ah, war's wild work is grim!—
And so to the last of the broken line, and Death at the right of him!
And there, in the silence deep and dead, the sergeant called the roll,
And the name went wandering down the lines as he called a passing soul.

O, then that a friendly mountain that summons might have heard,
And flung across the desert dumb the shadow of the word,
And caught the name that all forlorn along the legion ran,
And clasped it to its mighty heart and sent it back to man!

There it stood, the battered legion, while the sergeant called the roll,
And the name went wandering down the lines as he called for a passing soul.
Hurra for the dumb, dead lion! And a voice for the grenadier
Rolled out of the ranks like a drum-beat, and sturdily answered "HERE!"

"He stood," cried the sons of thunder, and their hearts ran over the brim,
"He stood by the old battalion, and we'll always stand by him!
Ay, call for the grand crusader,[N] and we'll answer to the name."
"And what will ye say?" the sergeant said.
"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF FAME!"

And dare ye call that dying? The dignity sublime
That gains a furlough from the grave, and then reports to Time?
Doth earth give up the daisies to a little sun and rain,
And keep at their roots the heroes while weary ages wane?

Sling up the trumpet, Israfeel![N] Sweet bugler of our God,
For nothing waits thy summons beneath this broken sod;
They march abreast with the ages to the thunder on the right,
For they bade the world "Good-morning!" when the world had said "Good-night!"

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Biography.—For biographical sketch of Benjamin Franklin Taylor, see page 204.

Notes.—***Fleur-de-lis*** (flŭr-de-lē′), the royal insignia or badge of France. It represents a lily, or, as some insist, the head of a javelin.

Beat the ruffle means beat a low, vibrating sound on a drum, not so loud as a roll-call.

Ra′chel, the youngest daughter of La′ban and wife of Jacob. She was the mother of Joseph and Benjamin.

Ra'mah was one of the cities of Benjamin; by metonymy it here means the soldiers of Ramah.

Israfeel:—In heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute. E. A. Poe.

95.—SCENE FROM "KING JOHN."

rheum, *thin fluid secreted by glands.*
ar'ras, *curtain; hangings woven with figures.*
scru'ples, *doubts.*
wan'ton ness, *sport; gayety.*
spies, *persons sent into an enemy's camp to find out their strength.*
prate, *talk.*
craft'y, *artful; sly.*
wince, *shrink.*
mal'ice, *ill-will; evil.*

Scene—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT *and* Two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy which you will find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt* N Attendants.

Young lad, come forth: I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me,
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, 'tis not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. (*aside*). If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. (*aside*). His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
(*Aside.*) How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous[N] torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?[N]
Arth. *Too fairly*, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your grief?"
Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye,

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter **Attendants,** *with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt* **Attendants.**

Arth. Alas! I then have chidᴺ away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth,[N] the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[N] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
atures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Biography.—William Shakspeare (1564-1616), the greatest of English poets and dramatists, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England.

Very little is known in regard to his early life, and the manner of his education must remain matter for conjecture. At the age of twenty-two he went to London, and soon came into notice as a writer of plays. It is not possible here to go into the details of his success or to speak of his marvelous genius. His first drama was written in 1590 and the last in 1613; in all they number thirty-five.

Notes.—***Dispiteous*** is made up of the prefix ***dis*** and the stem ***piteous,*** and means without pity, cruel. The word is now obsolete.

Fair writ means well written, hence easily read and understood.

Ex' e unt is a Latin word, meaning they go forth, depart.

Chid (for chidden) ***away,*** means driven away by reproaches.

Troth is the same as truth. ***By my troth*** means nearly the same as "on my honor."

Tarre (tär) means drive, drive with a whip (obsolete).

96.—THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

(A. D. 1759.)

in trĕnchẹd′, *surrounded with a ditch; fortified.*
skĭr′mish erş, *light troops sent in advance to discover the strength and movements of an enemy.*
es côrt′ed, *accompanied.*
en dūr′ançe, *fortitude.*
eär′naġe, *slaughter.*
in ĕv′i ta blẹ, *unavoidable.*
re douṭ′, *outwork placed within another outwork.*
rē′-en fōrçe′ments, *additional forces.*
a lăc′ri ty, *readiness; a cheerful willingness.*
çhĭv′al rọŭs, *gallant.*
flo tĭl′là, *fleet of small vessels.*
ĕl′e ġy, *sorrowful poem.*

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the Battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were already men of honorable fame.

France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife, stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man—mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. That portion

of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to secretly lead his whole army, and make the plains his battle-ground.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were all kept secret.

At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, 1,600 strong, silently embarked in flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits. Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide in the friendly shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterward related, repeated, in a low voice, to the officers by his side, this stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard:"

"The boast of heraldry,[N] the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus gave vent to the intensity of his feeling, in the poet's words, his eye was *constantly bent* upon the dark outline of the

heights under which he was hurrying. At length he recognized the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had, in the meantime, been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half of the ascent was already won, when, for the first time, "Qui vive?" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in a panic. The captain, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the *path which* Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his *army.*

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for re-enforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path; and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed, and they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not placed in position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general: it was still left him, however, to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless

endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body; but he *concealed* his suffering, for his work was not yet *accomplished*. Again a ball from the redoubt struck

him in the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed.

"Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way every-where."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe;

"tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat."[N] His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle bravely.

WARBURTON.

Biography.—William Warburton (1698-1779), commonly known as Bishop Warburton, was a distinguished English divine, whose services to the literature of his time are universally admitted.

Notes.—*Heraldry* in the lesson means "proud name," or "old and titled family," since *heraldry* is the science that relates to deciphering the meaning of the various devices and designs used as emblems by the old and titled families in kingdoms.

"God be praised! I die happy," according to another authority, were Wolfe's last words.

Elocution.—Pronounce in a whisper the following lines, as an exercise in articulation—

"In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard."

Point out the words that are most difficult to pronounce in the first sentence of the second paragraph. Whisper them.

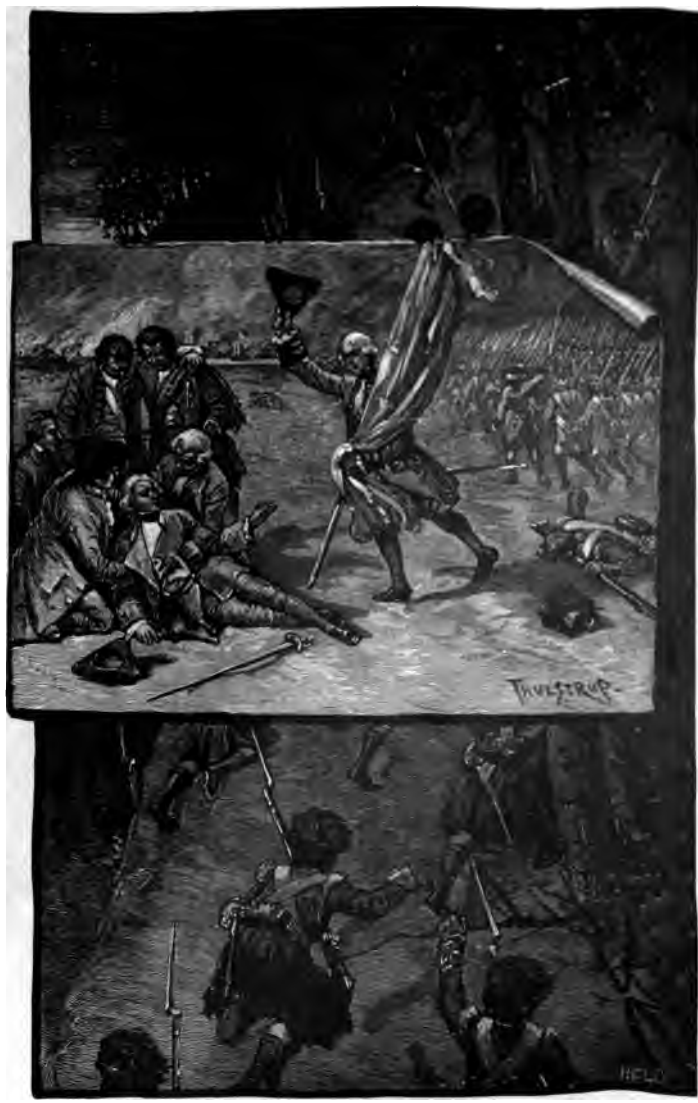
Language.—Explain the difference in meaning of the following words:—chief, commander, leader, general.

Compose a sentence in which any one of them could be correctly used; and then, if possible, compose two sentences in which the words can not be interchanged.

Select from the lesson two words which are synonymous.

Composition.—In considering the question of merit in regard to a composition, we may ask the following questions—

1. Does the treatment bear altogether upon the subject?
2. Is the treatment complete?
3. Is the language in keeping with the subject?



"God be praised! I die happy." (See page 484.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

97.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

ăn'them, *church music adapted to passages from the Scriptures.*
çĭr'cum scrĭbĕd', *bounded; limited.*
cŏn'tem plā'tion, *reflection; musing.*
ig nō' blę, *mean; base.*
mĕl'an chŏl'y, *grief; gloom.*
ĕp'i tăph (ĕp'i tăf), *a writing on a tombstone in memory of the dead.*
in ġĕn'ū ŭs, *noble; frank.*
jŏc'und, *merrily.*
im pūtę', *charge; attribute.*
prĕg'nant, *teeming; filled.*
un făth'omęd, *unmeasured.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:—

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden,[N] that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton[N] here may rest,—
Some Cromwell,[N] guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;—
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery,—all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven,—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

Biography.—Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was a native of London and a graduate of Cambridge University.

After visiting foreign countries, Gray returned to Cambridge, and remained there during the rest of his life. His "Ode to Eton College" was published in 1747 and his "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," in 1749. Although many of his poems are devoid of interest to the general public, his "Elegy" more than compensates for the rest. On the death of the poet Colley Cibber, he was offered the post of poet laureate, but declined the honor.

Notes.—John Hampden (Hămp'den) (1594-1643) was regarded as a hero by the English people, on account of his determined stand against unjust taxation.

John Milton (1608-1674), the author of "Paradise Lost," is referred to.

Oliver Cromwell. See note, page 212.

Elocution.—Give full particulars in regard to the proper manner of reading this poem.

Language.—Notice the number of different ways in which the words composing the third line of the first stanza may be arranged.

98.—THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

PART I.

mär'shal ing, *arranging; leading.*
chĕr'ished, *nurtured with care; dear.*
ĕn'voys, *messengers.*
de fīled', *soiled; rendered foul.*
sā'traps, *governors of provinces.*
frēē'bōōt'ing, *robbing; plundering.*
ab hôr'red', *hated.*
pō'tent ate, *ruler.*
ŏb'se quies, *funeral services.*

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the *little free* states that nestled amid the rocks and *ılfs of the* Eastern Mediterranean.

Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion.

"All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skillful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active, native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortals.

His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court.

And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men, but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire; they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every *temple that fell* in their way. Death and desola-

tion were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new king, Xerxes, was gathering such myriads of men as would crush the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his; but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of submission.

A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and was attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast around the shores of the Ægean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southward into Greece.

The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and

a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look on your map of Greece for the great island of Negropont, or for its old name, Eubœa.

It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it. Between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Œta rose up and barred their way.

Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side.

These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space. In this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates.

A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with each other; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep, narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by *which it was possible* to cross from one territory

to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the farther side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had recently become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all others in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame.

Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi[N] that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed.

These Spartans, with their slaves, made up his own share of the number, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three *hundred* celebrated their own funeral rites before *they set out*, lest they should be deprived of them

by the enemy, since it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed.

Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or to hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle with their shield, or on it—either carrying it victoriously, or borne upon it as a corpse.

Note.—The ***Temple at Delphi,*** situated in Phocis, Greece, was renowned in ancient times on account of its oracle. The chief magistrates and priests of the temple were selected from the Delphian nobles, while the Pythia (pĭth'ĭa), or female who delivered the oracle, was selected from some family of poor country people. So correct were the responses of the oracle supposed to be, that long journeys were made for the purpose of consulting it.

Elocution.—An easy style of reading should be cultivated, and the best directions that can be given for acquiring it are—

1. To study carefully what we are to read, so as not to be hindered by any difficulties in meaning.

2. To practice frequently reading aloud, so as to gain perfect control over the organs of speech.

Language.—Distinguish the meaning of the following words: trembling, shaking, quivering.

Mention three prefixes and two suffixes, and give examples of their use.

When words keep their regular meaning, they are said to be used in a ***literal*** sense.

In the first sentence of the second paragraph on page 448, are the words employed in a ***literal*** or ***figurative*** sense?

State what kinds of sentences are used in the first paragraph. Select a complex sentence for analysis, and point out the subject and predicate, and divide each into its simplest parts.

99.—THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

PART II.

hŭs′ band ed, *economized; used carefully.*
shĭm′ mer ing, *gleaming; glistening.*
al līȩd′, *united.*
re dēȩmȩd′, *recovered; regained.*
ĭn′ ex hąȳst′ i blȩ (ĕgz hawst′), *unfailing.*
brănd′ed, *burnt by a hot iron.*
sēȩr, *prophet.*
bōd′ed, *indicated; foreshowed.*
scȳûrgȩd (skûrjd), *lashed; beat.*

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the *Spartans,* some of them engaged in active sports,

and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen.

Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would not believe, however, that so petty a force intended to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backward; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named

Hydarnes, was sent off at night-fall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hill-side.

"Battle of Thermopylæ."

In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was

discharged at them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, the morning light disclosed to the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; it was not the sparkle of water, but the sheen of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears.

Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Leonidas ordered him to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary person in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open.

As for himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two millions of enemies, were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the slaves or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each.

Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that he had come to fight, not to carry letters; and the other, that his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know.

Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade."

Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his slave to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and *had husbanded* the lives of his men; but he now

desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began.

The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain.

Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus inclosed on all sides.

The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they went toward the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The slaves probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill, still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain bristling with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight.

The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the fore-front of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. Pillars were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted the attacks of the Persians. The inscription was as follows—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column—

"Go, traveler, to Sparta; tell
That here, obeying her, we fell."

and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen.

Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would not believe, however, that so petty a force intended to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backward; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders *in the* rear! A Persian general, named

100.—THE RAVEN.

rĕl′ e van çy, *fitness; suitableness.*
sĕr′ a phĭm (fĭm), *angels of the highest order.*
lōr̀e, *knowledge; wisdom.*
sur çēa̱sè′, *cessation; stop.*
ne pĕn′ the, *an Egyptian drug which lulled sorrow for the day.*
rĕs′ plt̀e, *rest.*
de e-ō′ rum, *dignity.*
dē′ mon, *an evil spirit.*
mi̊ĕn (meen), *look; appearance.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen *censer*
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he *hath* sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,[N]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the *floor*
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

EDGAR A. POE.

For we can not help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he *hath sent* thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,[N]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

EDGAR A. POE

Biography.—Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, February 19th, 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849.

At an early age, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, and attended school in England. Returning to America in 1822, he finished his school-days in Richmond, Virginia, and then continued his studies at the University of Charlottesville. He published a small volume of his poems in 1829, which was well received. From that time, Poe made a number of attempts to gain a livelihood as an editor, all of which proved unsuccessful on account of his unfortunate temperament and his dissolute habits. He died in Baltimore at the early age of thirty-eight.

The wonderful music of his verses and the originality of his style, have given Poe a high place among poets. The "Raven" and the "Bells" are two of his most popular pieces. His prose writings are remarkable for their weird character and for a gloominess of sentiment that impresses the reader unfavorably.

Notes.—Aidenn (ā'den) is an Anglicized spelling of the Arabic form of the word Eden, and refers to Paradise, the place where spirits dwell after death.

Elocution.—What is the general sentiment of the poem? What then should be the manner of reading it?

What words are emphatic in the first stanza?

The dash used in the last line of the poem is to mark a long pause for the purpose of making the following word very emphatic.

Mark the cæsura in the fourth stanza.

Notice the effect of the rhyme at the middle and end of the first and third lines of each stanza.

Language.—What is the meaning of the words—"the pallid bust of Pallas"?

GOLD DUST.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

COLERIDGE.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKSPEARE.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

HOLMES.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

BEECHER.

Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

CHESTERFIELD.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

BRYANT.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.

EMERSON.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.

BURKE.

Biography.—Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, February 19th, 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849.

At an early age, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, and attended school in England. Returning to America in 1822, he finished his school-days in Richmond, Virginia, and then continued his studies at the University of Charlottesville. He published a small volume of his poems in 1829, which was well received. From that time, Poe made a number of attempts to gain a livelihood as an editor, all of which proved unsuccessful on account of his unfortunate temperament and his dissolute habits. He died in Baltimore at the early age of thirty-eight.

The wonderful music of his verses and the originality of his style, have given Poe a high place among poets. The "Raven" and the "Bells" are two of his most popular pieces. His prose writings are remarkable for their weird character and for a gloominess of sentiment that impresses the reader unfavorably.

Notes.—Aidenn (a'den) is an Anglicized spelling of the Arabic form of the word Eden, and refers to Paradise, the place where spirits dwell after death.

Elocution.—What is the general sentiment of the poem? What then should be the manner of reading it?

What words are emphatic in the first stanza?

The dash used in the last line of the poem is to mark a long pause for the purpose of making the following word very emphatic.

Mark the cæsura in the fourth stanza.

Notice the effect of the rhyme at the middle and end of the first and third lines of each stanza.

Language.—What is the meaning of the words—"the pallid bust of Pallas"?

GOLD DUST.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

COLERIDGE.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKSPEARE.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

HOLMES.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

BEECHER.

Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

CHESTERFIELD.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

BRYANT.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.

EMERSON.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without *virtue.*

BURKE.

The Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

LONGFELLOW.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON.

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His hope with all.

WHITTIER.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

CHANNING.

Whoever can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

SWIFT.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.

EMERSON.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine
The constant creaking of a country sign.

COWPER.

The base wretch who hoards up all he can
Is praised and called a careful, thrifty man.

DRYDEN.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

LONGFELLOW.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools,
Yet now and then you men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out; on a second interview we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.

COLTON.

O many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SCOTT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him.

FRANKLIN.

Good name, in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And *makes me poor* indeed.

SHAKSPEARE.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

COWPER.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! Be bold!" and every-where—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector on the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

LONGFELLOW.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

KINGSLEY.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Education, briefly, is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull *them up* every now and then, as children do flowers they have *planted, to see* if they are growing.

LONGFELLOW.

DEFINITIONS

OF NEW WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK, THAT DO NOT APPEAR AT THE HEADS OF THE LESSONS.

A

a bīdę̀′, *remain; stay.*

ab sûrd′ly, *foolishly; inconsistently.*

a cā′ci a (a kā′ shĭ ȧ), *a tropical shrub.*

a cădʹ e my, *a school of high grade; an institution for the promotion of the fine arts.*

a dī̇ę̀ū′, *good-by; farewell.*

ad jŭdg̊ę̀d′, *decreed; awarded; determined.*

ăd′ mi ra blę̀, *excellent; worthy of admiration.*

ăd′ vẽrsę̀, *acting against; opposing.*

ăg̊′i tā′ ted, *disturbed; excited.*

a glōw′, *glowing; heated.*

ą̄ī̇s′lę̀, *a passage in a church.*

a lăcḵ′, *an exclamation of sorrow.*

ăl′pen stŏcḵ, *a staff used in traveling among the Alps.*

a lū′mi nŭm, *a white metal with a bluish tinge.*

ăm′mu nĭ′tion (am mu nĭsh′-un), *materials for charging firearms.*

ănd′I rons̨ (ī′ŭrnz), *utensils for supporting wood in a fire-place.*

ăn i mā′tion, *liveliness; ardor; vigor.*

an noyę̀d′, *disturbed; molested.*

ăn′nu al, *yearly; occurring once a year.*

a nŏn′, *in a short time; quickly.*

ăn′te lōpę̀, *an animal resembling the deer.*

ăn′ties, *odd actions or gesticulations.*

ăn′tĭ mo ny, *a brittle metal of a silvery white color.*

ăn′ vils̨, *iron blocks upon which metals are hammered.*

ap prīs̨ę̀d′, *informed; gave notice.*

ärchę̀d, *curved.*

ärch′ er, *one who shoots with a bow and arrow.*

är′id, *dry; parched with heat.*

är′ma ment, *a force equipped for war.*

är′mor, *defensive clothing made of metal.*

är tĭl′ ler y, cannon; great guns.

ärt'less, *simple in manners; honest.*

as pīr'ants, *those who seek or strive eagerly.*

åsps, *small poisonous serpents.*

as sā'ing, *testing ore to determine the amount of a particular metal in it.*

as sĕm'bly, *a company of persons.*

as sō'ci ates (shĭ āts), *companions; mates.*

as trŏn'o mers, *those skilled in a knowledge of the heavenly bodies.*

a sȳ'lum, *a place of retreat and security.*

ăth'lētes, *wrestlers; those who engage in muscular exercise.*

ăt'om, *a minute particle.*

at tĕnd'ant, *one who accompanies.*

at tīred', *dressed; arrayed.*

au'di ence, *an assembly of hearers.*

aught, *any thing.*

au thŏr'i ty, *legal or rightful power.*

a vail', *benefit; assist or aid.*

a venge', *vindicate by punishment.*

B

băg' gage, *tents, clothing, and other necessaries of an army; trunks, valises, etc., carried by travelers.*

bah, *an expression of contempt.*

bald, *destitute of hair; unadorned.*

bal loons,' *bags filled with gas or hot air, so as to float in the atmosphere.*

bălm, *any thing which heals or soothes; a plant.*

băr bā'rians, *uncivilized persons.*

bărge, *a boat for the conveyance of passengers or goods.*

bărk, *the rind of a tree; a kind of vessel; the noise of a dog.*

băr'racks, *buildings to lodge soldiers; huts; cabins.*

băr'ri er, *obstruction; boundary.*

băr'tered, *exchanged; gave in exchange.*

bāse'ment, *the lower story of a building.*

bask, *lie in warmth; exposed to genial heat.*

bat tăl'ions (yŭns), *divisions of the infantry in an army.*

băt'ter ies, *bodies of cannon, used for attack or defense.*

be cŏm'ing, *appropriate; suitable.*

bee'tles, *insects having horny wing-covers.*

be feath'ered, *covered with feathers.*

be guil'ing, *deluding by artifice or craft.*

be hāv'ior (hāv'yŭr), *conduct; deportment.*

be stowed', *applied; imparted.*

bē'tel, *a species of pepper, the leaves of which are chewed by the inhabitants of the East Indies.*

be wĭgged', *furnished or covered with a wig.*

bīde, *stay; remain.*

bier, *a frame-work used for carrying the dead.*

blight, *a bend in the sea-coast.*

blănd, *mild; gentle; courteous.*

bleak, *cold; cheerless.*

blĭght, *any thing nipping or biting; to injure by blight.*

blĭss'ful, *full of joy or happiness.*

blŭn'der bŭss, *a short gun with a large bore; a blunderer.*

bois'terous, *loud; noisy; stormy.*

bow'er (bou'er), *an anchor carried at the bow of a ship; a shady recess.*

bōw'ie-knīfe, *a long knife used as a weapon.*

bōwl'ders, *large stones, or masses of rock.*

brā'çes, *the ropes rove through blocks at the ends of yards on a vessel; props; supports.*

brăg'gart, *a boaster.*

brăn'dy, *a spirituous liquor.*

brāy'ing, *making a harsh noise.*

brā'zen, *made of brass.*

brĕd, *trained; instructed; educated.*

brībed, *corrupted by a reward.*

brīd'al, *pertaining to a bride, or to a wedding.*

brŏnze, *a metal composed of tin and copper.*

brōōd, *the number hatched at once.*

browse, *feed on tender branches or shrubs.*

brut'al, *cruel; savage.*

bŭck'lers, *pieces of defensive armor.*

bŭlb, *an expansion or protuberance on a stem, as on a retort or thermometer.*

bully, *quarrelsome person; noisy, blustering fellow.*

bŭmp'ers, *drinking glasses filled to the brim.*

bŭst, *the upper part of the human figure, including the head, shoulders, and breast.*

bŭz'zards, *birds of prey.*

C

cā'ble, *a large rope or chain.*

căc'tus, *a very prickly tropical plant.*

ca lăm'i ty, *accident; mishap; disaster.*

ca păç'i ty, *ability; talent.*

căp'tors, *those who capture.*

căr'di nal, *principal; chief; as, the cardinal points.*

căr'ol, *the song of a bird; a song of joy.*

căs'sa vă, *a tropical plant from which tapioca is made.*

căt'a lŏgue, *list; register.*

ca thē'drals, *large churches.*

cau'tious (shŭs), *careful; prudent.*

căv'a lier', *an armed horseman; a knight.*

çēiled, *had the ceiling covered.*

çĕl'e brā'ted, *well-known; distinguished.*

chāfes, *wears by action.*

çhā'ſsẹ, *a two-wheeled carriage.*
chăr'i ots, *ancient vehicles or war cars.*
chăr'i ta blẹ, *intended for charity; benevolent.*
chāstẹ, *pure.*
ch'ĕm'ic alş, *substances used for chemical effects.*
ch'ſēf' tạin, *a commander or leader.*
chĭş'elẹd, *cut; engraved.*
chōrẹş, *small jobs of work.*
çin ch'ō'nȧ, *a Peruvian tree, and its bark.*
clăd, *clothed.*
clăm'or, *noise of the voice; outcry.*
clăsh'ing, *striking together with noise; interfering.*
clĕft, *split open or off; riven.*
clĭmẹ, *climate.*
clŏd, *mass of earth or turf.*
clŭ'ch, *gripe; power.*
cō'bra, *a poisonous serpent.*
co lō'ni al, *belonging or pertaining to colonies.*
cŏm'bat, *a struggle; contest by force.*
com mĕr'cial (shăl), *pertaining to commerce or trade; mercantile.*
com mĭs'sion (mĭsh'ŭn), *certificate of rank.*
com mĭt'teẹ, *a number of persons appointed to manage any matter.*
com păr'a tĭvẹ ly, *relatively.*
com plāſnt', *expression of censure or regret.*
com plĕx'ion (plĕk'shŭn), *color or hue of the skin, especially of the face.*
com plī'ançẹ, *act of complying; concession.*
cŏm'pli ment, *expression of civility.*
cŏm'rādẹ, *companion; associate.*
cŏn, *study over.*
con dŭct', *lead; guide; escort.*
con fĕsſ'orş, *those who confess.*
con found', *mix; perplex.*
con sĕnt'ed, *gave assent; complied.*
con sti tū'ted, *made up; established; formed.*
con sūmẹ', *destroy, as by fire; expend; waste.*
con tĕnd'ing, *struggling; striving.*
con trōl', *direction; command.*
con vẹẏ' (kŏn vā'), *carry; transport; transmit.*
côrd'aġẹ, *any thing made of rope or cord.*
côrpsẹ, *the dead body of a human being.*
côr'sâſrş, *pirates.*
côrsẹ'lets, *light breast-plates.*
couch'eş, *places for rest or sleep.*
coun'sel, *advice; opinion; one who gives advice.*
coun'te nançẹ, *the expression of the face.*
cọu rā'ġẹọŭs (kŭ rā'jŭs), *brave; daring.*
cọſ'ri er, *a messenger.*
cōſrt'ierş (yĕrş), *members of a princely court.*

cōu͟rt'ly, *court-like; high bred; dignified.*
cōvę, *a bay or inlet.*
cow'ard lçę, *lack of courage.*
cŏx'cōmb, *a vain, showy fellow; a fop.*
crăft, *handiwork.*
crăgş, *rough, steep rocks.*
crămpęd, *restrained from free action.*
crăvę, *entreat.*
cre ātę', *to form out of nothing; cause to exist.*
crĕd'it orş, *those to whom money is due.*
crĕv'i çeş, *narrow openings; fissures; clefts.*
crĭnk'leş, *wrinkles.*
crĭ'sis, *decisive moment; turning point.*
crĭt'ic al, *dangerous.*
crŏc'o dĭlę, *an animal of the lizard tribe; an alligator.*
crŏsş'-ques'tion, *cross-examine.*
cru'çi blę, *a chemical vessel or melting-pot.*
cru͟dę, *in its natural state; unrefined; unfinished.*
cu͟ck'ōō, *a bird which derives its name from the note it utters.*
cûrb, *bend to one's will; restrain; confine.*
cŭs'tom a ry, *usual; according to custom.*

D

dā͟n'ty, *over-nice; hard to please.*
dăn'glę (dăng'gl), *hang loosely.*
dā͟nt'ed, *checked by fear.*
dą͟wn, *begin to appear.*
de çēāsęd', *dead.*
de fĕnd'ant, *one who defends.*
de flęd', *challenged; dared.*
dē'i ty, *God.*
dĕl'i ca çīęş, *those things pleasing to the senses, especially that of taste.*
de lĭ'ciu͟s (lĭsh'ŭs) *most agreeable to the taste.*
dĕm o crăt'ic, *pertaining to government by the people.*
dĕp'ū tīęş, *assistants.*
de sīgn' (or de şign'), *purpose.*
de şīr'u͟s, *anxious.*
dĕs'o lāt ing, *destroying.*
de spīşę', *scorn; disdain.*
de spītę', *in spite of.*
de spŏnd'en çy, *permanent discouragement.*
des pŏt'ic, *absolute in power.*
dĕs'ti tūtę, *deficient; lacking.*
de tā͟nęd', *kept back.*
dē'vi ā'tion, *turning aside.*
de vōt'ed, *applied; gave up to.*
dĭl'i gent ly, *carefully.*
dīrę, *dreadful.*
dis bănd'ing, *dispersing; breaking up.*
dis chărgę', *release from duty.*
dis clōşęd', *made known.*
dĭs'cord, *dissension.*
dis cŭsş', *debate; examine.*
diş dā͟nęd', *despised; scorned.*
dis grāçę', *dishonor.*
dis mȧst'ed, *deprived of masts.*
dis pătch', *message.*
dis pĕl͟ęd', *banished; drove away.*

dis pẽrsę′, *scatter.*
dis pĭt′e ȩŭs, *having no pity.*
dĭs po ṣĭ′tion (zĭsh′ŭn), *manner of being disposed.*
dis tĭl\ṣ, *falls in drops.*
dis tĭn′guishȩd (ğwĭsht), *celebrated.*
dĭ vẽrt′ed, *turned aside.*
dĭ vĭn′i ty, *state of being divine.*
dŏcḳ, *wharf.*
dŏl′phinṣ (fĭnṣ), *kind of fish.*
dō̄mȩd, *destined.*
dȩŭb′let, *a waistcoat or vest.*
dō̄zȩd, *slept.*
drăg′onṣ, *fabulous winged serpents.*
drŏn′ing, *moving slowly; living idly.*
dū′ra blę, *lasting.*
dū′ri o, *a Malay fruit tree.*
dwĭn′dlę, *become less; diminish.*
dȳȩṣ, *colors.*

E

ēą′glets, *young eagles.*
ēąrl, *a nobleman.*
ĕb′o ny, *a hard wood (usually black) from Madagascar and Ceylon.*
ĕe′sta sy, *excessive joy; rapture.*
ĕd′dĭȩṣ, *currents of water moving in a circular direction; whirlpools.*
ef fĕct′ū al ly, *producing the desired effect.*
ĕf′ fi ġy, *a likeness in sculpture, painting, or drawing.*
e lĕe′tric al, *occasioned by, or pertaining to, electricity.*
ĕl′o quent (kwĕnt), *expressed with fluency and power.*
em bărkȩd′, *went on board a vessel.*
ĕm′ber, *a lighted coal smoldering in ashes.*
ĕm′blemṣ, *types; signs; symbols.*
en çĭr′clȩd, *formed a ring or circle about.*
en cŭm′brançę, *that which hinders or burdens.*
ĕn dĕą′voring, *attempting; trying.*
en sūȩd′, *succeeded; followed as a consequence.*
en tăn′glȩd (tăng′ğld) *twisted or caught.*
en trēą′t′, *make an earnest request.*
ĕs′sençę, *solution in spirits of an essential oil; as, essence of mint.*
ĕs sĕn′tial (shăl), *absolutely necessary; indispensable.*
e tẽr′nal, *without beginning or end; everlasting.*
ē′ther, *supposed matter above the air; the air itself.*
e vā′ṣion, *act of avoiding; prevarication.*
e vĕnt′ū al ly, *ultimately; finally.*
ex çĕl′, *go beyond; surpass.*
ex çĕsṣ′, *that which exceeds what is usual or proper.*
ĕx′e cū ted, *carried into effect; accomplished.*
ĕx′e unt (Latin), *they go out; they retire.*

ex plō′ṣionṣ (zhŭnz), *burstings with loud noise.*
ex pōrt′ed, *sent out of the country.*
ex trĕm′i ty, *the farthest point.*
ĕx ul tā′tion (ĕgz ŭlt), *joy over success; triumph.*

F

fā′blȩ, *a fictitious story intended to teach some useful lesson.*
făb′ric, *a manufactured article, as cloth.*
fāi̯n, *glad.*
fāmȩ, *reputation; celebrity.*
fârȩd, *was supplied with bodily comforts.*
fârȩ wĕl′, *good-by; adieu.*
fa tīgu̯ȩd′ (tēgd), *wearied.*
fą̄wn, *a young deer.*
fer mĕnt′ed, *having undergone the process of fermentation.*
fĕs′ti val, *religious anniversary; festive celebration.*
fĕs tōōnṣ′, *garlands or wreaths hanging in depending curves.*
fĕt′terṣ, *binds.*
fīȩ, *an exclamation denoting dislike or blame.*
fi̯ĕndṣ, *blood-thirsty foes.*
fīfȩ, *musical instrument.*
fīrȩ′ lŏckṣ, *old-fashioned musket.*
flĭt′fu̯l ly, *irregularly.*
flăg′ging, *hanging loosely.*
fla mi̯ŋ′go, *a wading bird of a bright red color.*
flăt′terṣ, *praises falsely.*
flāu̯nt′ing, *waving; making a showy display.*
flēȩt, *a number moving or sailing together; a squadron of ships.*
flōȩ, *an extensive field of ice floating in the ocean.*
flŏg, *whip; chastise.*
flōu̯d′-tīdȩ, *the rising tide.*
foilȩd, *defeated.*
fōrȩ bōd′ing, *inward conviction, as of approaching trouble.*
fōrȩ′-căs ţlȩ (kăs sl), *fore part of a ship, above or below the deck.*
forsāk′ȩn, *left alone; abandoned.*
fôr′ti tūdȩ, *resolute endurance.*
found′erȩd, *filled with water, and sunk.*
frāi̯l, *weak; fragile.*
frāi̯l′tiȩṣ, *weaknesses.*
frăŋk′ly, *freely; openly.*
frĭc′tion (shŭn), *rubbing.*
frŏnt′i̯ēr, *border; extreme part.*
fŭn′nel, *a vessel shaped like an inverted cone, for conveying liquids into close vessels.*
fŭr′rōw, *channel; groove.*
fu ṣēȩ′, *musket; firelock.*

G

găl′lant, *splendid; magnificent.*
găm′bolṣ, *skippings; leapings.*
gärb, *dress; clothes.*
gär′landṣ, *wreaths of flowers.*
găs′tro nōmȩ, *one fond of good living.*
gą̄u̯z′y, *thin, like gauze.*
ġe ŏm′e try, *the science of quantity and mensuration.*
ġīd′dy, *light-headed; wild.*
ġi̯ll, *the fourth part of a pint.*
ġĭm′let, *an implement for boring.*

glā′ çi̯ēr (glā′ sēr), *great mass of ice moving slowly down a mountain slope.*

glăd′ i ā′ tors, *sword-players; prize-fighters.*

glēbe, *turf; soil; land belonging to a parish church.*

glĭm′mer ing, *shining faintly.*

glĭmpse, *a short, hasty view.*

glўç′ er ĭne, *a sweetish liquid obtained from fat.*

gnăt, *a small, blood-sucking fly.*

gōld′ fĭnch, *a singing bird.*

gôrg′ es, *fills greedily.*

gôr′ get, *armor to defend the throat.*

gō′ ry, *covered with blood; bloody.*

gọu̯r′ mänd, *greedy eater; glutton.*

grā′ ci̯ọŭs (shŭs), *favorable; condescending; kind.*

grăph′ i̯c (grŭf), *clear; well delineated.*

grāt′ ed, *furnished with a grate; as, grated windows.*

grăt′ i fў, *indulge; please; humor.*

grōss, *coarse.*

gŭl′ lĭes, *channels worn by water.*

gўm năs′ ti̯cs, *muscular exercises for the health.*

H

hăg′ gard, *pale; thin; wasted by want or suffering.*

hâu̯r′-trĭg′ ger, *a trigger that discharges a fire-arm by a very slight pressure.*

hạlt, *stop, in marching or traveling.*

hăm′ let, *a small village.*

hănd′ cŭf′ ted, *having the hands confined by fetters or handcuffs.*

hâre, *a small timid animal; a kind of rabbit.*

härsh′ ly, *in a harsh or rude manner.*

hā′ zy, *misty; foggy.*

hēad′ land, *a high or mountainous cape.*

hei̯gh′ ened, *made better; increased.*

hĕlm, *the instrument by which a vessel is steered.*

hĕr′ ald ry, *the art or office of a herald.*

hĕr′ on, *a large wading bird.*

hĕr′ rings, *small fish.*

hĭll′ oek, *a little hill.*

hōu̯r′ y, *white or whitish.*

hŏl′ i dāy, *day of joy and gayety.*

hōme′ ly, *plain.*

hōme′ spun, *spun or woven at home; coarse; rude.*

hŏv′ els, *small mean houses; open sheds.*

hŏv′ ered, *remained in flight over or about.*

hŭb′ ble-bŭb′ ble, *a tobacco-pipe so arranged that the smoke passes through water.*

hūes, *colors; tints.*

hŭm′ drŭm, *dull; stupid.*

hŭm′ moek, *a rounded knoll or hillock.*

hŭs′ band ry, *care of domestic affairs.*

hŭsk′ y, *rough in tone; hoarse.*

I

ĭ'dol, *an image of any thing which is worshiped.*
il lū'mi nā'ted, *made bright by light; illustrated.*
im păs'si blę, *incapable of passion, or pain.*
im pĕr'ish a blę, *not perishable; indestructible.*
ĭm'pi ọŭs, *very profane; irreverent.*
im pōrt'ed, *brought from another country.*
im prụ'dençę, *rashness; lack of prudence.*
in ăd'e quātę, *not equal to the purpose; insufficient.*
ĭn'dex, *that which points out or shows.*
ĭn'dig nā'tion, *anger mingled with contempt.*
ĭn'di go, *a blue coloring matter.*
in dŭlġ'ęd', *cherished.*
in fē'ri or, *of less importance or value.*
in flāmę', *excite to an excessive degree.*
ĭn'flu ĕn'tiăl (shăl), *having influence; powerful.*
in fū'ri ā ted, *greatly enraged.*
ĭn'got, *a bar of metal cast in a mold.*
in ĭ'tialş (ĭsh'ălz), *the first letters of words.*
ĭnṇ, *a public house; a hotel.*
in nū'mer a blę, *more than can be numbered.*
in tŏx'i cā'tion, excessive rapture; drunkenness.
im pärt', *give; grant.*
in sĕn'si bly, *not felt or perceived.*
in sŏlv'ent, *unable to pay debts.*
ĭn'ter mĭt', *to cease for a time.*
ĭn'ti mātę, *near; close.*
in vādę', *enter with hostile intentions.*
in văl'ū a blę, *precious beyond estimation.*
Iş'let (ī'let), *a little island.*

J

jăg'ġed, *notched; uneven; rough.*
jăṇ'ty, *airy; showy.*
jăvę'lin, *a kind of spear.*
jęal' ọŭs, *anxiously careful; suspicious.*
jęer'ęd, *scoffed; mocked.*
jĭb, *foremost sail of a ship.*
joists, *small timbers.*
ju dĭ'ciọŭs (dĭsh'ŭs), *prudent; wise.*
jŭmp'er, *a fur under-jacket.*

K

kĭn'dred, *relations; kinsmen.*
kĭlṇ, *a pile of brick constructed for burning.*
kĭng'-bōlt, *a bolt which connects the forward axle of a vehicle to the other parts.*
ḳnĭġḥt' hŏŏd, *the character or dignity of a knight.*

L

lăb'y rĭnth, *place full of windings.*
lā'dęn, *loaded.*
lăgş, *moves slowly; delays.*

lärd'er, *room where provisions are kept.*
lät'tiçe, *a net-work of wood or iron.*
laụ'rel, *an evergreen shrub.*
lēa, *meadow or sward land.*
lēadş'man, *one who heaves the lead.*
lēav'en, *change for the better.*
lēdġ'er, *a book containing a summary of accounts.*
lē'ġion (lē'jŭn), *a military force.*
lī'a bĭl'i tiẹş, *financial obligations.*
lĭb'er ā'ted, *released; set free.*
lị̈eū tĕn'ant, *a military officer.*
lĭst'less, *indifferent; inattentive.*
lĭt'ter, *a light bed on which a person may be carried.*
lĭt'er al ly, *strictly according to the letter.*
lĭt'er a ry, *versed in literature; pertaining to literature.*
lị̈ä' mȧ, *an animal of South America.*
lōathed, *detested; hated.*
lō'eal, *limited to a place.*
lō'eust, *an insect similar to the grasshopper.*
lōl'ing, *reclining; leaning.*
lōth, *unwilling.*
lŭl', *quiet, after storm or confusion.*
lŭs'ter, *brightness; splendor.*
lȳre, *a stringed, musical instrument.*

M

măg'nātes, persons of rank or distinction.
ma gueẹ' (ma gwē'), *the Mexican aloe.*
ma hŏg'a ny, *a tropical tree whose wood is highly valued for cabinet purposes.*
mā'mẹd, *crippled; disabled.*
mā'zẹ, *Indian corn.*
ma jĕs'tie al ly, *with a dignified appearance.*
măl'let, *a wooden hammer.*
ma nẹū'ver, *dexterous movement.*
măn'grōve, *a tree of the East and West Indies.*
măn'tle, *a loose over-garment.*
mär, *injure or deface.*
măs'tie, *a gum from the mastic tree.*
ma tūred', *perfected; completed.*
mēa'ġer, *scanty; defective.*
mê lée' (mā lā'), *a confused hand-to-hand conflict.*
mĕsh'eş, *spaces inclosed between threads of a fabric.*
mĕs'sen ġer, *one who bears a message.*
mewed (mūd), *shut up; confined.*
mĭd'ship man, *a naval cadet or young officer.*
mĕth'od, *mode of action.*
mĭn'i a tūre, *small; on a small scale.*
mĭn'strel, *singer; musician.*
mĭnt, *place where money is coined.*
mĭr'ror, *looking-glass.*
mŏb, *a riotous crowd.*
mŏcked (mŏkt), *tantalized; derided.*

mōdę, *manner.*
mōld'er ing, *wasting away; crumbling.*
mǫnk'ęy-wrĕnch, *a wrench having a movable jaw.*
mo nŏt'o nǫŭs, *unvaried.*
mo răsḳ', *soft, wet ground; marsh.*
mowṣ (mouṣ), *masses of hay or grain stowed in a barn.*
mŭl'ti tū'di nǫŭs, *having the appearance of a multitude.*
mŭm'blęd, *uttered in a low tone.*
mu ṣĭ'cian (zĭsh'ăn), *one skilled in music.*
mŭs'ter, *summon up; command.*
mys tē'ri ǫŭs, *difficult to understand.*

N

nąǫǫght (nawt), *nothing.*
nā'vy, *a fleet of war ships.*
nĕs'tlę, *lie close; move restlessly.*
nō'ta ry, *an officer who attests writings.*
nǫŭr'ishęd, *supported with food.*
nŏz'zlę, *nose, or projecting part.*

O

ŏb'li gā'tion, *the state of being indebted for acts of kindness.*
ŏb'sta ęlę, *that which hinders.*
ō'ęher, *kind of clay, used for painting.*
ob trąd'ed, *thrust upon, against the will.*
ō'dor, *perfume; smell.*
op prĕsḳ'ĭvę, *unjustly severe; burdensome.*
ôrbęd, *circular; round.*
ō'ri ent, *eastern.*
ō'ri ōlę, *bird of the thrush family.*
ôr'to lan, *a small European bird, which is esteemed delicious food.*
ŏt'to mans, *stuffed seats.*
ō'ver-tăskęd', *over-worked.*

P

păngṣ, *agonies.*
pär'lęy, *discussion.*
pēęręd, *looked anxiously.*
pĕl'i ęan, *a large water-fowl.*
pĕn'al ty, *punishment.*
pĕn'çilęd, *drew with a pencil.*
pĕn'i tençę, *sorrow for wrong done.*
per chançę', *perhaps.*
pēr'ti nent, *appropriate.*
pĕt'ty, *small; trifling.*
pĭlęs, *large timbers driven into the ground.*
pĭl'laǧę, *plunder.*
pĭn'ing, *longing.*
pĭ'ratęs, *sea robbers.*
plăç'id, *calm; quiet.*
plāt'ed, *folded.*
plănt'ąĭn, *a tropical tree and its fruit.*
plĭęd, *went regularly to and fro.*
plŭęk, *perseverance.*
plū'maǧę, *feathers.*
pŏmp, *showy parade.*
pŏn'der ǫŭs, *weighty.*
pōr'ing, *carefully reading; studying attentively.*
pōr'tal, *gate or entrance.*
pōr'ti ęōṣ, *piazzas.*
prē'çinęts, *location.*

pre tĕxt′ (or prē′tĕxt), *pretense; excuse.*
prŏph′et, *one who foretells.*
pro tru̍d′ing, *being thrust out.*
prŏv′erb, *adage; maxim.*
prŏv′in çe̱s, *divisions of a country.*
pŭb′li can, *ancient tax-gatherer.*
pŭlp, *soft mass.*
pur sū̍ts′, *occupations.*

Q

quăf̱t, *drink.*
qua̍r′ry, *cavern or pit where stones are cut from the earth.*
qua̍r′ter-dĕc̱k, *the after-deck of a vessel.*
quĕst, *search.*
quĭ′nĭne̱ (or quĭ nīne′), *a substance obtained from the cinchona tree.*

R

rā′di ŭs, *half the diameter of a circle.*
răm′pärt, *bulwark; defense.*
răv′a ge̱, *devastations; wastes.*
rē̱alm, *province; domain.*
re būkē̱′, *reproof.*
rĕc̱k′les̱s, *careless.*
re fīnē̱d′, *polished; polite.*
re fôrm′, *return to good habits.*
rē′gal, *royal.*
rĕg′i ment′aḻs, *uniform of a regiment; military outfit.*
rĕn′deẕ vo̍u̍s̱ (de vō̍), *place appointed for meeting.*
re pa̍st′, *meal; victuals.*
re pū̍tē̱′, *reputation.*
rĕs̱′er vôiṟ′ (vwôr), *basins or places where water is collected and kept for use.*
re sō̍u̍rçē̱′, *resort; dependence.*
re tôrt′ed, *replied sharply.*
re vĕn̈ē̱′, *return of injury.*
rȟy̆mē̱s̱, *verses; poetry.*
rĭb′bing, *furnishing with ribs; giving the appearance of ribs.*
rĭg̈′id, *stiff; unyielding.*
rĭg̈′or, *severity.*
rī′ot, *uproar; tumult.*
rī′valṣ, *equals or excels.*
rō̍gu̍ē̱s̱, *knaves; dishonest persons.*
ru̍′mors, *flying stories.*
ru̍′ral, *country; rustic.*
rŭs′set, *of a reddish brown color.*

S

sā′ber, *a short sword.*
săl′ly, *leap or rush out; go out.*
săn̈c′ti ty, *purity; holiness.*
sānē̱, *of sound mind.*
sc̱ăf′fold, *a staging for workmen, or for the execution of a criminal.*
sc̱ălp, *deprive of the skin of the top of the head.*
sc̱ămp, *a knavish fellow; a rogue.*
sc̱ôr′pi onṣ, *small reptiles that have a sting.*
scouts, *those sent out to discover; spies.*
serū′ti ny, *close search.*
sc̱y̆thē̱s̱, *instruments for mowing grass.*
se c̱rētē̱′, *conceal; hide.*
sĕn′try, *a soldier on guard.*

se rĕn′i ty, *state of being calm or peaceful.*
shăd′ōw̰ed, *faintly represented; shaded.*
shĭrkĕd, *sought to avoid duty.*
shōa̰ls, *shallow places; sand bars.*
shrĕds, *small pieces.*
shroud, *dress of a corpse; winding-sheet.*
sĭck′lē, *reaping-hook.*
sĭngĕd, *slightly burned.*
skĭff, *a small boat.*
snĭv′el ing, *crying; whining.*
sŏl′stiçe, *the point in the ecliptic where the sun is farthest from the equator.*
sŏm′ber, *dark; gloomy.*
sŏv′er ĕi̯gn, *supreme ruler.*
spā′çi̯ŭs (shŭs), *large in extent; roomy.*
spĕc′ta cle, *sight.*
spīre, *a steeple.*
spĭt′ted, *put on an iron prong to be roasted.*
spûrn, *to reject with disdain.*
stăg′nant, *motionless; dull.*
stăn′çhion (shŭn), *prop or support.*
stärk, *stiff; rigid.*
stēe̯r′aġe, *act of steering.*
stĭm′ū lāte, *animate; excite.*
stў, *a pen for swine.*
sŭc′cor, *help.*
sŭr′ly, *cross; crabbed.*
sur rĕn′dered, *yielded; gave up.*
sur vĭv′ing, *living; outliving.*
sus pĭ′cion (pĭsh′ŭn), *mistrust; doubt.*
swāi̯n, *a rustic; a country gallant.*
swa̰rth′y, *of a dark color, as, a swarthy complexion.*
swā y̆, *command; influence.*
swo͞on, *faint; a fainting fit.*
sўmp′toms, *signs or indications.*

T

tăck, *change course.*
tăl′ons, *claws of a bird of prey.*
tā′pirs, *tropical animals.*
tăp′pan, *a tropical tree.*
tēe̯ns, *years between twelve and twenty.*
tĕl′e grăm, *a message sent by telegraph.*
tĕr′ra pĭns, *large turtles.*
tī̆ers, *rows, one above another.*
tĭt′tle, *a very small part.*
tŏd′dled, *walked with short steps.*
tō′gȧs, *loose outer garments worn by the ancient Romans.*
tōlls, *rings with slow strokes.*
tŏm′a hȧw̰k, *an Indian war hatchet.*
tor nā′do, *violent storm of wind; hurricane.*
tŏt′ter ing, *shaking.*
tōw̰ed, *drawn through the water by a rope.*
trāi̯′tor, *one that betrays his country.*
trançe, *state of insensibility; catalepsy.*
trăn′quil (trank′wĭl), *peaceful; quiet.*
trĕss′es, *locks or ringlets of hair.*
trĭb′ū ta ries, *branches.*

trī′dent, *a scepter or spear, having three prongs.*
trĭg′ger, *the lever used to discharge a gun or pistol.*
trĭp′le, *threefold.*
trō′phĭes (fĭz), *things captured in battle.*
trŏth, *truth; veracity.*
truçe, *temporary stoppage of battle or contest.*
trŭdged, *traveled on foot.*
tŭn′nĭes, *fishes of the mackerel family.*
tŭsks, *long, protruding teeth, as of the elephant, the wild boar, etc.*
twāin, *two.*
twēed, *light, cotton goods.*

U

ŭn′der tōne, *a low tone.*
un gāin′ly, *awkward, clumsy.*
ū′ni fôrm′i ty, *sameness; consistency.*
un păr′al leled, *having no equal; matchless.*
ŭn′re mĭt′ting, *without ceasing; persevering.*
un tīr′ing, *not tiring; patient.*

V

vāgue, *indefinite; unsettled.*
vāles, *valleys.*
va lïse′, *a traveling satchel.*
vānes, *weather-cocks.*
vaunt′ed, *boasted.*
vēered, *turned aside; changed.*
vĕngeance, *infliction of pain in return for an injury.*
vĕnt′ed, *let out; emitted.*
vī′brāte, *sound; move to and fro.*
vĭ çĭn′i ty, *neighborhood.*
vĭct′ual (vĭt′l), *supply with provisions.*
vied, *strove; attempted to equal or surpass.*
vĭl′la, *a country residence.*
vĭv′id, *bright; sharp; active.*
vŏl′ley, *discharge of many firearms at once.*

W

waist′cōat, *a garment worn under the coat.*
wan (wŏn), *pale.*
ward′ers, *keepers; guards.*
ward′rōbe, *wearing apparel; a closet for clothes.*
war′rant (wŏr′rant), *guarantee; maintain.*
watch′-tow′ers, *towers for sentinels.*
wa′ter-spouts, *whirling columns of water at sea.*
wā′vered, *moved to and fro; fluctuated.*
wăx′ing, *increasing; becoming.*
wēal, *happiness; prosperity.*
whēez′ing, *breathing hard.*
whĕr′ries, *light, shallow boats.*
wĭg′wams, *Indian huts.*
whĭn′ny ing, *neighing, as of a horse.*
wĭck′er, *made of twigs.*
wĭtch′ing, *fascinating; bewitching.*
wīld′-fīre, *a substance very hard to quench when on fire.*
wōe, *sorrow; grief.*

wont'ed, *accustomed.*
woo'ed, *made love to; courted.*
worst'ed (wŭrst), *defeated.*
wrēathed, *twisted; entwined.*
wrĕst'ed, *took by force.*
wrĕtch, *a vile knave; a miserable person.*

wrĭth'ing, *twisting.*

Z

zĕph'yr, *a gentle breeze; the west wind.*
zĭg'zăg, *having frequent short, sharp turns.*

NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES USED IN THIS BOOK, WITH THEIR PRONUNCIATION.

A'bra ham
A dôr'no
Æ ġæ'us
(ē ġē'ŭs)
Æ'sop
(ē'sŏp)
A lăd'din
Al ĕx'is
Al gē'ri a
Al'len
A lŏn'zo
Am'a zon
A ris'to dē'mus
Ar'kăn saw (saw')
Ar'thur
A'si a
(a'shĭ a)
Ast'ley
At'ti ca
Aus'tri an

Băb'y lon
Bag a dū'ce
Bā'ker
Bĕl'le
Bĕn'ja min
Ben Wy'vis
Blāke
Böl'ler man
Bŏn'
Bŏn'sall
Boyd
Brăn'den burg
Brandt
Brin'dle
Brĭt'ons
Brŏŏks
Bruhl
Bûr goyne'
Bûr'ton

Çæ'sar
Camp'bell
(kăm'el)
Cärk
Cärs'ten
Cās'pi an
Cas tĭl'ian
Ca'tus
Ca'tus sus
Cau'dle
Cävel'li er'
(käv'le ā')
Chăl dē'an
Chĕs'a pēake
Chĕlms'ford
Chĭ nēse'
Chrĭst
Çim mē'ri an
Co lōgne'
Co lŭm'bĭ a
Cŏn'rad
Cŏp'per fĭeld
Co ri can'cha
Cŏr'inth
Crŏm'well
Cŭs'ter
Cuz'co
(koos'ko)

Dā'cian
(dā'shăn)
Dăn'ube

Dĕm′a rā′tus
Dĕv′on shĭre
Dĭ en′ĭ cēş
Dol′go ru′ki
(dol′go rōō′ke)
Dọ′the boyş
Dȳ′akş

Eb en ē′zer
E′den
E lī′jah
E lĭz′a beth
Eph i al′tēş
E thi ō′pi an
Eu bœ′a
Eū′ġene *or*
Eu ġēne′
Eū′ry tus

Fĕn′no
Fĕr′di nand
Fĕr′ro
Flō′ri an
Frănk′lin
Frŏn′te nac

Gā′bri el
Gĕn′o a
Gĕọf′frey
Gĕr′ma ny
Gĭl′e ad
Gīles
Glĕn ēō′
Glouces′ter
(glŏs′ter)
Gŏd′frey
Go mẹ′rä
(go mā′rä)
Gôr′go

Gŏth′ic
Grēeçe
Green′wich
(grĭn′ij)

Hăm′burg
Hămp′den
Hăn′cock
Hăns
Hay′den
Hay′es
Haẉ′ley
Hĕc′la
Hĕl′les pont
Hĕn′der son
Hĕn′ne pin
Hĕr′cu lēş
HĬ′ram
Hō′ġarth
Hō′reb
Hū′bert
Huṇ gā′ri an
(hung gā′rĭ an)
Hŭns′don
Hy där′nēş

I′da ho
Il li noiş′
(noiş) *or* (noi)
In′caş
I ō′ni anş
Ire′land
Iş′a bel
Iş′ra el Ite
Iş′ra fēel
I vän′

Jā′cob
Jā′lĭ

Jăp′an ēşe
Jăs′per
Jĕm′mĭe
Je ṛu′sa lem

Ken tŭck′y
Kōrt
Kēr′lĭe

Lăb′ra dōr′
Lā Chĭne′
(lä sheen′)
Lā Rĭc′ca
Lā Săl′le′
Latour′ d'Au vergne
(lä toor′do vārn′)
Le nōre′
Le ŏn′i das
Liṇ′col′n (lĭnk′on)
Lō′ġan
Lōngue′vĭl′le
(lōng′vĭl)

Mac dŏn′ald
Ma lāy′
Ma′li bran′
(mä′le brŏn′)
Măr′a thon
Mär′tin
Mc Gā′ry
Me ġĭs′ti as
Mem bre′
(mŏm brā′)
Mĭch′i gan
Mĭl′ton
Mis sọu′rĭ
Mō′haẉk
Móṇck′ton
Mont cäl′m'

Mon te zu'mas
Mont gom'er y
Mont're al'
Môr'gan
Môr'gan town'
Mŏr'ris town'
Môr'ton
Mŭn'son
Mŭr'ray
(mŭr'l)
Mūse
My çae'næ

Nĕg ro pont'
New Or'le ans
Nich'o las
Nick'le by
Nï'ger
Nï'ña
(neen'ya)
Nôrse
Nôr'way
Nor wē'gi an

O ber hau'sen
Œ'ta
Ohl'sen
O'man
On'on da'ga
Or'phe ŭs
O sï'ris
Ow'en

Pa çïf'ic
Păl'las
Păr'a dise
Pä rä guay'
Pä rä nä'
Pär'ma
Păsque
(păsk)
Pē'leg
Pe lï'des
Pel'o pon nē'sus
Pē'lops
Pĕn'ning ton
Pe nŏb'scot
Pĕr'ley
Per sĕp'o lis
Pe ru'
Pĕ'ter sen
Phā'ra oh
Phil'a dĕl'phi a
Phō'çi ans
Phœ'bus
Phœ nï'çian (nïsh'ăn)
Pi erre'
(pē ār')
Pïn'na ely Bĕrg
Pïp'chin
Pïn'tä
Pïn'zon
Plăt'te
Pla tæ'a
Plū'to
Pōr'tu gūese
Po to'mac
Prŏv'i dence
Prus'sian
(prŭsh'an *or* pru'shan)

Que bec'

Rā'chel
Ra'leigh
Rā'mah
Ray'mi
Reil'ly
Ri bourde'
(re boord')
Rï'ley
Rŏd'ri go
Rœsch'en
Ro mä'nof
Ro'en
Rŭg'by

St. An'drew
(ăn'drū)
St. El'mo
St. Geôrge
St. Law'rence
St. Swïth'in
San Säl vä dōr'
Sar a tō'ga
Sär'dis
Sa văn'nah
Seŏt'tish
Sēa'ton
Sē'lim
Sĕn'e ca
Shăn'non
She wa'nee
Smïke
Sŏn'tag
Spā'in
Spăn'iards
(spăn'yards)
Spăn'ish
Spär'ta
Spĕck'le
Spring'field
Squeers
Stăn'ley
Strŏs'ser
Sū'sa
Sŭ'si

Sŭs'sex	Tĭm'mer manḥ	Vĕn'ĭçḥ
Swĭv'el er	Tĭ mŏr'	Vir ḡĭn'i us
	Tit ĭ eā'eā	
Tĕm'pe	Tŏn'ty	Wąds'wŏrth
Ten'nes sēḥ'	Trā'çy	Wąl'ter
Thameş (tĕmz)	Trĕn'ton	West Point'
Thē'banş	Tū'nis	Whĭp'plḥ
Thĕs'pi anş		Wĭl'son
Thes sā'li anş	U bĕr'to	Wọlfḥ
Thĕs'sa ly	Un'der wo͝od	
Thọ̆m'as	U'ru guāẏ	Xĕrx'eş (zĕrx'ēş)
Thọ̆m'as ton		
Thọ̆th'mēs	Văl pā rḥĭ'so	Yăng'tse KI ăng'